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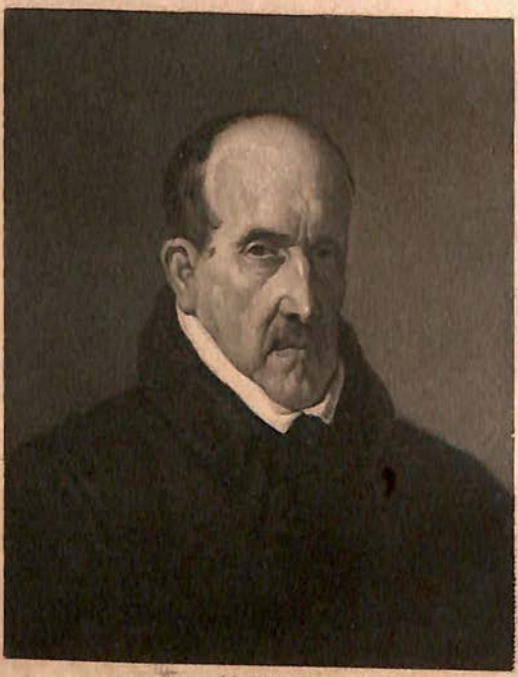

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Gongora.

From a portrait by Velazquez in the possession of H. Reeve Esq.

Published by John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1862.

GONGORA

AN

Historical & Critical Essay on the Times of Philip III. & IV. of Spain

With Translations

93683

BY EDWARD CHURTON

'Don Lewis of Madrid is the sole master.'—BEN JONSON

VOL. I.

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET
1862

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TO THE PIOUS MEMORY

OF

ROBERT SOUTHEY,

POET LAUREATE,

THE FRIEND OF SPAIN AND SPANISH LITERATURE,

THESE VOLUMES

ARE GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.

I thought of thee on stern Sebastian's height,
Gazing on rock, and flood, and sounding shore,
And sparkling waves, that danced in Eastern light,
When Morn her orange-wreath in beauty wore:
I heard the broad Atlantic's solemn roar,
Look'd to the steadfast hills, and thought of thee
Bidding thy bedes at Mercy's golden door,
Till Pride was quell'd, and suffering realms were free;
That evermore the pine-clad Pyrenee
Might be this loyal land's unbroken zone,
And Truth, more fair than Morn o'er sparkling sea,
Might dawn to blend long-sever'd faiths in one.
Shall it not come, that dawn of Truth so fair?
Thy spirit lives, and Heaven records the prayer!

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL ESSAY.

SEC.		PAGE
1.	Introductory remarks. Influence of Gongora on Spanish Literature	1
2.	Literary period of Spain. Design of this publication	2
3.	Memoir of Gongora. Born at Cordova. His family	3
4.	Educated at Salamanca. Oxford and Salamanca in the Sixteenth Century	5
5.	Gongora's character as a Student. Number of Students at Salamanca, and subsequent decline . .	6
6.	Early fame as a poet	9
7.	He leaves Salamanca. His life at Cordova. Notice of him by Cervantes	11
8.	His "Song on the Battle of Lepanto" . .	12
9.	His "Ode on the Armada," and "St. Hermengild"	13
10.	Sonnets to Cabrera. Cabrera's History of Philip II. A Second Part not published . . .	13
11.	Alvar Bazan, first Marquis of Santa Cruz; and the Duke of Medina Sidonia	14
12.	Philip II., Mr. Motley, and the Armada. The Count of Fuentes. Death of Philip II. . .	15
13.	First acquaintance of Lope de Vega with Gongora .	16

SEC.		PAGE
14.	Gongora takes holy Orders at Cordova	17
15.	He comes to Court. His occupation as a Poet there. Peace with Great Britain. Mission of Lord Howard to the Court of Spain, and of the Duke of Frias to the English Court	18
16.	Reasons for the Peace on both sides. Deaths of Drake and Essex. Skilful diplomacy of Spanish ambassadors in England	19
17.	Public reception of Lord Howard at Valladolid	21
18.	Climate of Valladolid	22
19.	Festivities continued. Gongora's description of them. His "Panegyric on the Duke of Lerma"	23
20.	Philip III. His character, education, and ministers	24
21.	Baptism of the Prince. Public ceremony. Robbery of the child's trinkets	25
22.	Ratification of the Peace. The Duke of Lerma's dinners	27
23.	Masquerade and Ball	28
24.	Historical, Sacred, and Allegorical Masques	29
25.	Bull-fights, and tilting-shows	29
26.	Gongora's Sonnet, and Stanzas from his Panegyric, on the Peace with Great Britain	30
27.	Pedro Franqueza, and Rodrigo Calderon. Gongora's promotion as honorary chaplain to the King	33
28, 29.	The Duke of Lerma	34, 36
30.	Literary character of the period	37
31.	Profuse expenditure of the Court	39
32.	Mission of the Duke of Mayenne. Provision for his tables and followers. Gongora's Sonnet	40
33.	Expulsion of the Moriscoes. Archbishop Ribera	42
34.	Causes and effects of the expulsion	44
35.	Other countries must bear a part of the blame	45

SEC.		PAGE
36.	The loss to Spain may have been exaggerated; but the injustice cannot be palliated or denied	48
37.	Sufferings of the expelled. Were there any Christians among them?	49
38.	Operations against the pirates in Barbary. Larache and Mamora. Gongora's Sonnets	50
39.	Long continuance of the piratical states. Renegades and outlaws find refuge there	51
40.	Distinguished freebooters. Danger of the Andalusian coast	53
41.	Coast of Granada. Attack on Adra. Denia, a port of refuge. Gongora's Ballad	54
42, 43.	Retrospect of the history of the redemption of captives	55, 56
44.	Ineffective attempts against the Algerines. Gongora's lines in the Panegyric	57
45.	English and French naval wars with Algiers	59
46.	Late vengeance of England	60
47.	Ransoms negotiated by the Friars	61
48.	Prevalence of robbers. State of Catalonia	62
49.	Cervantes. Public favour to rogues and vagabonds. How to be accounted for	64
50, 51.	Lawlessness of the people. University Students	66
52.	Street-Frays, often fatal	68
53.	Privileged Classes. The Duke of Macqueda	69
54.	The Duchess of Najera	72
55.	Thieves and bullies	73
56.	Don Gaspar de Ezpeleta	74
57.	Gambling in the higher ranks. The Count of Gelves	75
58.	The Duke of Lerma's melancholy	76
59.	Bull-fights and Masques	77
60.	The Duke at Ventosilla	79

SEC.		PAGE
61.	Court-Fools and Dwarfs	80
62.	Another side to the picture. The Duke's patronage of convents, churches, colleges, and hospitals	82
63.	Evils of excessive numbers of religious orders, friars, and hermits	83
64, 65.	Efforts to reform convent-discipline. St. Teresa and the Reform of the Carmelites	84, 85
66.	Her penetration of character	87
67.	Her management of her disciples	88
68.	Her beatification in 1614. Growth of her order in France and Spain and other countries	90
69.	Eminent converts. Royal recluses	91
70.	Inward voices, or answers to prayer. Asceticism at variance with natural affection. Sisters of Pascal. The Prioress of Granada	92
71.	Recluse piety. Longing for death. Catharine de Jesus	94
72.	Poetical tournament at Teresa's beatification. Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Gongora. Friends of Teresa among the Mystics. William Law	95
73.	Juan de la Cruz, and Geronymo Gracian	97
74.	Cardinal Deza, and Bishop Pacheco	100
75.	Convents, hospitals, and population of Madrid in the early part of the seventeenth century	101
76.	Charity of the Spanish people	102
77, 78.	Brother Francisco del Niño Jesus. Carmelite affectation of odd names. The religious confidences of the Lay Brother with Philip II. and Philip III.	104, 105
79.	Archbishop Ribera, and the Duke of Medina Celi	108
80.	Devotion of the Spanish peasantry. Religious keepsakes	109

SEC. PAGE
81. Charities of Philip III. 110
82, 83. The Spanish nobility. Loyalty. Last days of the Duke of Alva 111, 112
84. The Count of Miranda 113
85. Andres de Prada 116
86. Magdalen de la Cerda, Marchioness del Valle . 117
87. The Duke del Infantado 119
88. Causes of the Duke of Lerma's fall. Gondomar's fable 120
89. The Count of Lemos. Idle tales of Le Sage . 120
90. The Duke's retirement. The King's kindness . 122
91. Lewis de Aliaga 122
92. The Duke of Uceda. Last days of the Duke of Lerma 123
93. Archbishop Sandoval. The King's Progress to Portugal, celebrated by Gongora . . . 124
94. Death of Philip III. State of Spain at his death . 126
95. Public expenditure. Sumptuary Laws. Morals . 127
96, 97. Character of Philip III. Gongora's ode to his memory. The Infanta Margarita . 129, 131
98. His learning and accomplishments, and benevolence 133
99. His justice to the Arragonese. Remarks on the history of Antonio Perez 136
100, 101. The Inquisition in this reign. Examination of Llorente's estimates 138
102, 103. The Inquisition under Philip IV. and Charles II. 139, 141
104. Jews and Protestants, the earlier victims . . 142
105. Afterwards Portuguese 143
106. Notice of D'Arce Reynoso, Inquisitor-General, and his discerning zeal against James, Duke of York 143
107. Estimate of the ordinary work of the Inquisition . 145
108. Opinions of old Spaniards. Father Navarrete . 147
109. Gongora remains at Madrid. The Count-Duke. School of Gongora 148

SEC. PAGE

110-117. Juan de Tassis, second Count of Villamediana. Sketch of his life, and his unhappy death 149-163

112. Lord Holland's account of him. Verses, probably by Lope de Vega, ascribed to Gongora. Tale borrowed from the Chronicle of Queen Fredegonde 152

113. Madame D'Aulnoy's Tales and Travels. Enquiry into the time of Villamediana's death; which is misdated by Lord Holland and Mr. Ticknor . . 155

114. Different causes assigned for it 159

115. Verses on his death by different contemporary poets, Velez de Guevara, Gongora, and others . 161

116. His abusive lampoons, and profligate character . 162

117. Uncertainty about the perpetrators of his death. Probable reason why they were not discovered . 163

118. Felix Hortensio Paravicino 165

119-121. His sermons at Court. Gongora's Sonnet addressed to him. A kinsman of Cardinal Sforza Palavicini, and of Sir Horatio. His poems 166-168

122. Other disciples of Gongora. The Duke of Sesa . 170

123-126. Rodrigo Calderon. His public execution, Oct. 21, 1621. Poems of Gongora and Villamediana on his death 171-177

124. Mr. Ford's remarks corrected 173

125. Birth and family of Calderon. His rise and great power under the Duke of Lerma . . 175

126. Gongora's regard for him. Restitution of his son, Francisco Calderon, after his father's death . 177

127-129. Visit of the Duke of Buckingham and Prince Charles to the Court of Spain. Politics of Puritans, and Spanish Friars. Villamediana's Sonnet 178-182

130, 131. Illness and death of Gongora. He goes to die at the city of his birth. Editions of his poems 183-186

SEC. PAGE

132-150. Critical estimate of his poetry. Opinions of preceding critics 189-212

133. Lope de Vega. His mystification of the question. 189

134, 135. More to the same purpose. Lope's sonnets for and against Gongora. Le Sage, Gil Blas and Fabricio 191, 193

136. Luzan. The French school 195

137. Appeal to Don Quixote 196

138. Gongora intended his ornate style to check the prevalent slovenliness of gentlemen who wrote with ease. The Argensolas. Quintana's censure of them 197

139. The ornate style distinct from the conceited . . 198

140. Appeal to Wordsworth on poetic diction . . 198

141. Gongora's "Polifemo" defended. Mr. Ticknor . 200

142. His "Soledades," how far defensible. Blunder of Sismondi 201

143. Mr. Ticknor. Figure of hyperbole . . 203

144. Sonnet to Dr. Bavia. Mr. Ticknor, Luzan, and Lord Holland 205

145. The estimate summed up. Ramon Fernandez and Quintana. Gongora's command of his own language 208

146-150. A short account of his Poems; and the rule of selection in those which appear in these volumes translated 209-212

POSTSCRIPT—The Portrait of Gongora by Velazquez . 216

TRANSLATIONS.

I. HISTORICAL POEMS.

POEMS ON THE TIMES OF PHILIP II.

PAGE

The Song of Lepanto 221
Herrera's Sonnet on Lepanto 223
To Juan Rufo, on his poem entitled the Austriad . . . 224
On a Portrait of Alvar Bazan, first Marquis of Santa Cruz . 225
On the Tomb of Alvar Bazan, by the Count of Villamediana 226
The Count of Fuentes 227
Ode on the Armada 228
The Winning of Cales, by Cervantes . . . 233
The Escorial 234
To Lewis de Cabrera, on his History of King Philip II. . 235
To Lewis de Cabrera, on the Second Part of his History . 236

POEMS ON THE TIMES OF PHILIP III. AND IV.

SONNETS—

1. Embassy of the English Lord Admiral . . 237
2. Valladolid 238
3. Bull-fight at Valladolid 238
4. Growth of Madrid 239
5. To Felix Hortensio Paravicino . . . 240
6. Juan de Acuña 240
7. Christobal de Mora 241

SONNETS— PAGE

8. The first assault on Larache—A Dialogue . 242
9. On the capture of Larache . . . 242
10. The expedition to Mamora . . . 243
11. The winning of Mamora 244
12. Auto de la Fè at Granada . . . 244
13. On the death of Henry IV. . . . 245
14. The Duke of Mayenne 246
15. The Cardinal Infant 246
16. The Count of Lemos 247
17. To the Blessed Virgin, praying for the health of Philip III. 248
18. The poet offers a wax candle to the Blessed Virgin for the health of Philip III. . . 248

Ode on the death of Philip III. 250
On the visit of Charles, Prince of Wales, to the Infanta Maria 253

POEMS ON RODRIGO CALDERON.

To Rodrigo Calderon, written before his fall . . 254
On the death of Rodrigo Calderon . . . 256
On the death of Rodrigo Calderon . . . 257
On Rodrigo Calderon 258
The death of Rodrigo Calderon, by Villamediana . . 259

POEMS RELATING TO JUAN DE TASSIS, COUNT OF VILLAMEDIANA.

To the Count of Villamediana, on his poem entitled Phaeton 264
To the same, on his jewels, paintings, and horses . . 265

NINE SONNETS BY VILLAMEDIANA— PAGE

1. Say, what is Beauty? 266
2. Faith 267
3. The Crucified 267
4. On the death of the Count of Corunna . . 268
5. Praise of the Duke of Lerma . . . 269
6. Reasons for retirement 269
7. Written in his banishment from court . . 270
8. Philip IV. in council 271
9. Hard words on Steenie and Baby Charles . . 271

Rhymes on the ministry of Olivares . . . 273

Gongora on the death of Villamediana . . . 274

POEMS ILLUSTRATING THE POET'S PRIVATE HISTORY AND PERSONAL FRIENDSHIPS.

SONNETS—

1. On his youthful sickness 275
2. To Don Geronymo Manrique, bishop elect of Cordova 276
3. Primero 276
4. The poet and his patrons 277
5. On the censure pronounced against his "Lonely Musings." I. 278
6. On the censure passed on his "Lonely Musings." II. 278
7. Polypheme and his critics 279
8. The poet's troubles at Valladolid . . . 280
9. How loan oft loses both itself and friend . . 280
10. The poet's life at court 281
11. On his departure from court after the change of ministers in the year 1618 282

SONNETS— PAGE

12. To himself, on the death of his friends . . 282
13. To an excellent foreign painter, who was taking his portrait 283
14. To himself. Hope deferred . . . 284
15. To himself. Defiance of fortune . . 284
16. To himself. Resignation and confidence . . 285
17. Leaving the court 286

Despondency 287
Louisa de Cardona 289
On the death of Louisa de Cardona . . . 290

LINES TO PEDRO DE ANGULO AND OTHERS.

To Pedro de Angulo 294
To Pedro de Angulo, staying at Granada . . 297
To Lewis de Ulloa, a gentleman of Toro . . 298
To Juan de Villegas 299

ESSAY

IT may well seem remarkable, to one who considers the great influence of the poet Gongora on the poetry and polite literature of his own country, that hitherto there should have been no attempt to bring his poems more immediately to the test of English criticism by translation. The influence of Alexander Pope on our versifiers of the last century was not more prevalent, nor sustained for a longer period, than the influence of Lewis Gongora on the courtly wits of Spain. True it is in the meantime, that his name has been cast out as evil by critics on both shores of the Atlantic, and on both frontiers of the Pyrenees, associated with the Euphuists and "fantastical Spaniards" whom Shakspeare has personified in his Osriç and Armado, and all those artificers of affected phraseology, who "spin the thread of their verbosity finer than the staple of their argument."

But the least favourable judges, whose abomination of the Purists and the school of Elegant Obscurity has been the most pronounced, have yet been willing to allow to Gongora the praise of wit, genius, and learning, and have spoken with unreserved admiration of those portions of his writings, which they considered to be exempt from his peculiar vice of style.

(2.) What is more important, the study of these poems is necessary to all who wish to become acquainted with the age of Spain's brief literary renown, her short Augustan era, the age of Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Quevedo, and Calderon; her days of courtly splendour under the ministry of the Duke of Lerma, and the Count-Duke Olivares, and when the fine arts, beginning to attract the titled patrons of that splendid court in the works of Coello, Pantoja, and the famous Greek, were crowned with the wonders of the pencil of Zurbaran, Velasquez, and Murillo. For Gongora's writings are eminently national, an image of the history of his time; his sonnets, with their vivid touches of character, are historical portraits of the chiefs and statesmen of his age; his other poems were often suggested by the events which were then passing, and have thence a further interest beyond their poetical merit: and on this ground alone they deserve a different kind of attention from any that can be claimed by the multitude of Spanish ballad-mongers, the mechanical mock-birds of the classics, the tribe of pastoral poets whom Cervantes alternately imitated and

laughed at, and all the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.

It will be the object of this Essay, with the honest desire of affording useful pleasure, which animated our veteran critic and moralist of the last century in writing his lives of the English Poets, to lay before the reader a short account of the life and times of Lewis Gongora, the manners of the Spanish Court under the Duke of Lerma, the poet's patrons, friends, and imitators, the literary history of his poems, the controversies of critics concerning them, and lastly, the principle which has guided the translator in the selection now offered to the English public.

(3.) Lewis de Gongora y Argote was born at Cordova on the 11th of July 1561. His father was Don Francisco de Argote, corregidor, or chief magistrate, of the city of Cordova; his mother, Doña Leonora de Gongora. Both his parents were of ancient and noble extraction; but, probably because his mother was of the higher lineage, the son seems to have chosen not only to call himself by her family name conjointly with his father's, but to write it first of the two. The name is derived from a little village of Navarre, Gongora, in the valley of Aranguren; and the name of the lord of this place, Don Antonio de Gongora, appears among the nobles and gentlemen of the province, in public acts of the reign of Charles V.* There was also a Gonzalo de Gongora in the preceding century,

* Chavier, Fueros de Navarra, pt. ii. 19 and 36.

who had married into the family of the Count of Cabra, one of the most powerful nobles of Castille in the time of Henry IV. The branch, however, from which the poet was descended, was probably that of Ximeno de Gongora, Lord of Magaña in the province of Jaen, the source of the house of the Marquis of Almodovar, and the Viscount of Puebla de los Infantes, two brothers receiving these titles from Philip IV. in the later years of his reign. Pedro de Gongora y Lujan, sixth Marquis of Almodovar, was successively Minister Plenipotentiary and Ambassador at the Court of Lisbon and of St. Petersburg in the time of Charles III.* There was also about the same period a worthy prelate, whose name shews him to have been descended from the same family. Don Antonio Caballero y Gongora, after being for some years Archbishop of Santa Fé in South America, returned home to be made Bishop of Cordova; where, among other good works, he is commended for having been the founder of a school of design, as a means of reviving the study of the fine arts in his diocese.† The family of the Gongoras of Magaña appear to have held by hereditary right the dignity of a *Veintiquatro*, or member of the Council of Twenty-four, by which Cordova and other principal cities of Andalusia were governed. We find some of the personal friends of the poet holding the same office; particularly Don Pedro de

* Ramos, Titulos de Castilla, p. 116, 117; Malaga, 1777.

† Ponz, Viage in España, vol. xvii. 37; Madr. 1792.

Angulo, a literary friend, whom we may have occasion to mention hereafter.

(4.) At the age of fifteen, Gongora went to the University of Salamanca; where it was his father's wish that he should perfect himself in the study of the laws, canonical and civil.

"I would have you to know," says a Spanish bachelor, in a light production attributed to Cervantes, "that I am a graduate of the University of Salamanca, not of Alcala, where poor students go, losing the privileges and exemptions given at Salamanca to the sons of Spanish gentlemen."* This may possibly have been said in jest; for some of the *privileges* were certain practical jokes, not unlike those which Antony Wood describes as undergone by himself at Oxford a few years later, shewing such a relish for their remembrance as to imply his fond regret that they were afterwards interrupted, like other good old customs, in the civil war.†

"We came," says the hero of an amusing tale of the same period,‡ "to the city of Salamanca, the mother of wits, and queen of sciences; and joined ourselves to the rest of the students. But as soon as it was seen that I was a freshman, a circle of fellow-students was formed round me, and all came pre-

* El Buscapié, p. 13, 14.

† Antony Wood's Life, p. xiv. Antony's speech is much according to the conceived notion of *Gongorism*.

‡ El Donado Hablador, first published in 1624.

pared with a handful of chalk or lime-powder, which they showered upon me as thick as hail in March; after which they kindly enquired after the health of the good lady my mother, and my brothers at home, and asked whether I had shed many tears at parting from them, and whether I had brought any plum-cake or comfits for my college-breakfasts. Then I had to mount up to one of the Professors' chairs, and was forced to stay there till I had made a speech. When this was done, they pronounced me free of their company; but all the while I was looking like a pigeon in a flock of crows; for my black gown came out of the encounter as white as a miller's working suit."

(5.) The tide of students in these days to Salamanca was almost as large as any which we read of to Oxford in the Middle Ages. The writer just quoted speaks of five thousand as admitted in one year; and in Gongora's time, according to the account of his friend and biographer Gonzalo de Hozes, the whole number amounted to fourteen thousand.* Other writers of the age of Philip II. reckon it at fifteen or sixteen thousand. "From Salamanca alone," says one of these writers, "there have gone out more subjects for the King's service, than from all the military regiments in the world. It is a living well of distinguished men; and the more his Majesty draws from it, the more it flows."† "They come," says another, "from all the

* Vida de Gongora, prefixed to his Works.

† Garnestolendas de Castilla, 1603, p. 19.

provinces of Spain and Portugal, from Majorca, the Canaries, and the West Indies, New Spain, and Peru; and no small number from remote dominions, as I myself can attest, having been for many years an eye-witness at Salamanca. There are always French students there from the meridian of Paris, a few Flemings, and many Italians. There are many from England, and many from Ireland, even in these years, when these kingdoms are lost to us, having no commerce or treaty with Spain."* The poverty of a large proportion of these students, "their want of shirts, and no superabundance of shoes," is amusingly described by Cervantes; but there were in those days also prizes worth the seeking, preferments which converted their hungry fare into plenty, and their beds of rushes into holland sheets and damask coverlets. It seems to have been the custom for young noblemen and gentlemen at this period, as it was also formerly at Oxford, to go up attended by their foster-brothers, or sons of old tenants and domestics; and these poor followers often became fellow-students with their masters.†

The mirthful spirit of youth is not easily checked by adverse fortune. When the ceremony of conferring degrees was to be enacted, the public orator, called by the cant term of *El Gallo*, or the crowing cock, presented the candidates in a commendatory speech

* Pedro de Medina y Diego de Mesa, Grandezas de España, 1605. Ponz, Viage de España, xii. 202.

† Don Quixote, p. i. c. 37. El Licenciado Vidriera, init.

of burlesque character, suggested by the name, personal appearance, or other peculiarity of the individual, for the amusement of the juniors. Royalty was sometimes present at these free and easy festivities.* Gongora has a poetical address of this kind among his ludicrous poems, which seems to have been composed, and may have been recited, at the graduation of a little doctor of divinity, "with a squint in his serene eyes," whom he accuses of preaching Italian nonsense in his sermons.†

It is painful to contemplate the decline of this old abode of learning. In 1785 the number of students, according to Townsend, including the Irish College, had fallen to 1909.‡ A Spanish account a few years later describes a still greater depression and impoverishment.§ And since the destruction perpetrated by the French in the Peninsular War, who left only three of the twenty-five colleges standing, there has been no effectual effort to revive the studies of the place. The landed endowments of the University, confiscated by order of Napoleon, have only in scanty measure been restored. The students, a few years ago, were no more than 400 in arts, and about 75 in theology, taught by some fourteen professors. There is also a Normal School for training Masters of Elementary

* Carnestolendas de Castilla, p. 11, 12.

† Poem, "Tenemos un doctorando."

‡ Travels, ii. 79.

§ Ponz, xii. 293, says the whole population in 1788 was 2800.

Instruction, which at the same period contained about 40 pupils.* Such is the melancholy aspect of the decayed sister of Oxford, Paris, and Bologna, over whose ruins the shade of the beneficent Alfonso the Wise might weep, and from whose dust we must pray that a voice will yet go forth reviving the memory of Nebrixa, Ximenoz, Arias Montano, Antonio Agustin, Melchior Cano, and a crowd of other worthies, whose names should stamp it with the veneration due to holy ground.

(6.) "Among all his fellow-students," says Hozes, "Don Lewis was acknowledged as the first, gazed on and admired as a kind of Saul among the studious crowd, overtopping them all by the head and shoulders." The allusion seems to suggest, what may be inferred from other literary notices, that the poet was tall of stature. Lope de Vega, perhaps for the same reason, calls him "the Andalusian giant."† His portrait in the Royal Gallery at Madrid, painted by Velasquez in one of the later years of his life, gives the impression of a large robust person ;‡ and Sedano seems to speak as if he had this portrait in view, when he says that he was of a venerable and grave aspect, strongly formed, and somewhat above the middle size. §

His time at Salamanca, however, was not much

* Madoz. Dicc. Geogr. Hist. xiii. 660.

† In his "Laurel de Apolo."

‡ The portrait is numbered 527 in the Catalogue of the Madrid Museo, 1850. § Pref. to Parnaso Español, vii. xvi.

devoted to the studies of the law, or to prepare himself, according to his father's wishes, for the practice of an advocate. His genius did not incline that way; or, as Hozes tells us, in a phrase apparently well-chosen, "he was genially disinclined to it." Instead of qualifying himself to defend clients, he became himself a client of the Muses. "These," says his biographer, "were the sweet, but dangerous, years of his life: the merry grace-cups, which he drank to them in unfettered numbers, were sometimes so highly seasoned, as to be too strong for a healthful relish, like piquant sauce that burns in the mouth." His studies at Salamanca therefore were probably like Dryden's at Cambridge, such as to make him a proficient in classic poetry, but not such as to check a propensity for the gaieties of the student's life. Several of his most lively poems are said to have been composed at the University: but these it is not now easy to distinguish from the rest, unless it be the sally on the Don or Doctor above mentioned. There is also a sonnet which speaks of a strange attack of illness suffered there. He remained for three days in a state of insensibility, and his friends began to account him dead: but he recovered, and it had little effect in sobering the tone of his youthful spirit. A more grateful sonnet written on the same occasion, records his obligation to Geronymo Manrique, Bishop of Salamanca, and Bishop Elect of Cordova, at whose palace he was nursed during his sickness.

(7.) He seems to have left Salamanca without taking any degree of Licentiate or Doctor, or winning his title to the tuft—white, green, crimson, or blue—with which the graduates in the sciences were decorated. Few particulars are known of the next twenty years of his life. Mr. Ticknor has pointed out that he was noticed by Cervantes in his "Galatea" as early as the year 1584,* when he was no more than twenty-three years old, as even then a known author; and the notice is made with some discrimination in its terms, calling him "a rare lively genius," and one "whose knowledge was profound." His usual residence during this period was near Cordova; and he speaks in one or two of his poems as if he had succeeded to some patrimonial property—a house with a pleasant garden and orange-grove, and a murmuring stream flowing by. There can be little doubt that he associated with persons of distinction in the city and province, and was acceptable to learned bishops and other churchmen, as well as to nobles and gentlemen in the neighbourhood. There is no information, beyond the internal evidence of some of his poems, about any love-scenes, or attachment to any of the fair sex, which may have occurred in this early portion of his life: but it looks as if he had been at one time an admirer of Louisa de Cardona, a young lady of Valencia, who died at an early age, after becoming a nun in the convent of Santa Fé at Toledo; and perhaps after-

* Lib. vi. p. 294, ed. 1736.

wards of Catharine de la Cerda, a person of high family, and for some time maid of honour to Margaret, Queen of Philip III. But Hozes observes, no doubt from his own knowledge, that many of these poems were written as exercises of poetic fancy, and not properly in his own character.

To this portion of his life are also attributed many of his lighter humorous and satirical effusions, which, it is said, were not always free from personalities. But whatever offence he may have given in this way, it was the effect of natural impetuosity rather than malice; and his regret for it is attested to have been sincere and lasting. In his ordinary conversation and intercourse with other men, no man could be more clear of offence: he was gay, ardent, and sparkling with wit: but his discourse was always candid and ingenuous. He did not forfeit the esteem even of those whom he might seem to have provoked.

(8.) An early historical date is of course to be given to a spirited "Song on the Battle of Lepanto," the most glorious warlike achievement of the reign of Philip II. The story has been often told by the Muse of History, but never more vividly than in the last pages written by the pen of the late W. H. Prescott.* The more vivid must be our regret that this truthful historian of the times of Spanish greatness should have left his tale half told. Gongora was, indeed, only a boy in 1571, and we cannot suppose

* Hist. of Philip II. Book v. c. x.

the song to have been written when the news of the great victory was first brought to Spain; but no doubt it haunted his youngest poetic dreams, and this song may have been one of those productions which attracted the early notice of Cervantes already referred to.

(9.) The "Ode on the Armada," must have been written before the sailing of the Spanish fleet in 1588. This is therefore in some measure a juvenile performance. It appears to the present writer scarcely to deserve the preference which has been given to it among the lyrical compositions of our poet. But if the English reader can pardon the scandal against Queen Elizabeth, he will find that Gongora expresses himself towards the conclusion as if he doubted the good policy of attacking England, and would rather have seen his country employing its naval forces against the piratical Moors. A better ode is that "on the Festival of St. Hermengild," which was occasioned by a public celebration at Seville, and must be dated sometime while the poet still resided in Andalusia.

(10.) There are not many more of his poems which refer to the events of the reign of Philip II., or which can be certainly dated as written during that reign. He has two sonnets, and a complimentary poem in triplets, addressed to Lewis Cabrera, the historian of that monarch. But Cabrera does not appear to have published the First Part of his History till the year 1619, more than twenty years after the death of Philip. The Second Part, which Gongora speaks of as if he

had seen it, was never published; and a portion of it only is said to be now preserved in MS. in the library of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid.* The cause of its suppression seems to speak something for its historical importance. It was to have touched upon the ticklish subject of Antonio Perez, and the arbitrary proceedings of Philip with the Arragonese for their rescue of that notable prisoner.† The Arragonese petitioned Philip III. that it should not be printed till it had been sent to Zaragoza; where they committed the examination of it to their own distinguished poet and historian, Bartholomew Argensola. Argensola having made his notes and emendations in the margin, it was returned to the Council of State at Madrid; but, the author not consenting to its appearance with these annotations, the work has remained thus far lost to public view.

(11.) There is a spirited sonnet on the portrait of Alvar Bazan, first Marquis of Santa Cruz, a Spanish naval commander of some distinction at Lepanto, and afterwards at the Azores;‡ who died, perhaps, under some chagrin or affront received from his royal master when the king complained of his slowness in equipping the Armada, which he was to have commanded.§ His death occasioned the command to devolve on the

* Prologo á las Relaciones de Cabrera, Madrid, 1857, p. vi.
† Geddes, Tracts, vol. ii. Relaciones de Ant. Perez.
‡ Sir Walter Raleigh, Hist. B. v. c. i. sec. vi. and ix.
§ Miñana, Hist. de España, lib. ix. c. iv.

Duke of Medina Sidonia, a lubber, who was no match for Howard or Drake, and, although he was of the race of Guzman the Good, shewed no great alacrity when a courageous decision to invest the port of Plymouth was proposed by one of his subordinates.* He did no better afterwards in the little wars with the Moorish pirates in the following reign; and appears to have been remarkable for nothing, in the decline of life, except his great wealth and little influence. When Gongora came to write his epitaph, in a poem hardly worth translating, he thought it best to confine himself chiefly to the praise of the sculpture on his monument.

(12.) Philip II. is now running the gauntlet of Mr. Motley's historical commentary. His memory is not very much cherished at present even in Spain; and it is not very likely that any English writer will do for him what has been done lately for Henry VIII. or other supposed sufferers from prevalent prejudice. Let nothing be said or imagined by the writer or reader of these pages, to diminish from the feelings with which an Englishman must regard the deliverance wrought by the English navy in 1588, when

> —"Those huge castles of Castilia's king,
> That vainly threatned kingdomes to displace,
> Like flying doves they did before them chase."

But an Englishman can afford to do justice to a proud and stubborn foe, when he sustains an unbroken spirit

* Id. ibid. c. v.

in adversity. It is well known that the news of the ill-success of the Armada was brought to Philip, as he stood watching the building of the Escorial. He received the message, but remained to mark the raising of a great stone to its place in the palace-convent's wall; then turning to the messenger he said, "I sent them forth to fight with the enemy: I could not secure them from the tempestuous winds and waves." The suffering seamen and soldiers who returned he relieved with all charitable care. Candour must allow there was more dignity in this than in the reception which George II. gave to the Duke of Cumberland after Closter-Seven.

Gongora admired Alvar Bazan. He admired also the Count of Fuentes, one of Philip's generals, who did gallantly at Cambray, governed well in Lombardy, and whose memory has been recently honoured in a sweet poem of William Wordsworth's, inspired amidst the ruins of his abode near the Lake of Como.* But he does not appear to have sought any nearer approach to the Court of this sovereign, whom perhaps he regarded at a distance with something like the fox's caution towards the sick lion. We have no account of his having visited the capital before Philip's death.

(13.) Before this time Lope de Vega had made his acquaintance, probably in the year 1593. On a visit to the southern province, he sought an introduc-

* The poem entitled "Fort Fuentes." Sedano, in Parnaso Esp. VIII. Ind. xxxviii. calls the Count of Fuentes a poet.

tion to the literary giant, and met with a grateful reception. He found him, as he says, surrounded by a literary society, but acknowledged as their chief, so that Fame seemed to speak of him as the old oracle of Greece had spoken of Socrates compared with Sophocles and Euripides.* The friendly regard of the two poets seems to have continued without interruption from the time of this interview, though there were occasional conflicts on questions of taste in later years, to which it may be necessary to advert hereafter.

(14.) About the year 1605, when he was approaching the grave age of forty-five, Gongora became a candidate for the holy orders of the Church, was ordained priest, and obtained a prebendal stall in the cathedral of Cordova. It is possible that some failure of the means which had hitherto supported him in private life induced this change. And henceforth he appears to have passed some portion of every year in attendance on the Court, first at Valladolid, where it was held for some years in the reign of Philip III.—a removal, however, of which Gongora by no means approved,—and afterwards when it was restored to its established residence at Madrid.

The Count of Villamediana, in a poem of uncertain date, speaks as if he thought that Gongora might have found the society of Cordova too rude to satisfy his more cultivated taste. But the rhymes are too

* Lope, Filomena, p. 192; Madr. 1621.

satirical to rest upon: they speak little for the writer's good humour:—

"A grand town-square, close streets, or rather straits;
A rich old Bishop, traders poor as rats;
Fair horses, ambling slow, with such soft paces,
As well might teach the women better graces;
Women, whose gait and pace so strong and coarse is,
You'd think they practis'd steps with stalking horses;
Rude shapeless houses, men like corn-stalks tall,
Cobblers' and stitchers' work on every stall;
Stumm'd wine to drink, lean bread to feed upon;
A crowd of fools,—wise Gongora all alone;—
I found at Cordova:—if bad's the best,
Let him, who finds aught better, paint the rest."*

(15.) "Gongora at Court," says Pellicer, "played the part of the waggish stork in Persius: he noted every thing, and pecked at every thing with his satirical pen."† It was the time when the English Lord High Admiral, Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, many years after the destruction of the Armada, and when some interval had elapsed since the capture of Cadiz, was sent on a more peaceful mission by King James, with a splendid retinue, to the Court of Spain, and was received with corresponding splendour.

The way had been prepared by a previous mission on the part of Spain. The envoy was Juan de Tassis, first Count of Villamediana, father of the poet above mentioned, one of the most distinguished disciples of

* Villamediana MS. † Vida de Cervantes, p. cxiv.

the school of Gongora. His avowed object was to congratulate James on his accession to the throne of Elizabeth; but having ascertained the pacific disposition of the new monarch, he reported it to the Spanish ministers at home, and the Constable of Castille, Juan de Velasco, Duke of Frias, was sent on a special embassy to the Court of Great Britain, to arrange the terms of the treaty. He arrived in London on the 20th of August 1604, and the proclamation of peace, which continued between the two countries till 1624, was welcomed with demonstrations of joy by the English people.*

(16.) Indeed the statesmen in both countries were by this time somewhat weary of the long war. It had languished before the death of Elizabeth, after the unrelenting soul of Philip II. had taken flight, and Drake and Essex were no longer living. If religious bigotry on one side, and some degree of warm zeal on the other, had left room for milder counsels, there was still some reason why two brave nations should have respected each other. Leicester had gained no laurels in the Netherlands; and Raleigh candidly confesses the failure of the attempt on Tercera.† Drake's last expedition to the Spanish main was disastrous to himself; and Lope could reanimate his countrymen's

* Davila, Felipe III., p. 94-97.

† Camden, Elis. ii. 135. Sir Walter Raleigh, Hist. of the World, v. i. sec. 9. A digression from his history of the First Carthaginian War, well worthy of attention at this moment.

hopes with the "Dragontea," in which he sang his fall. James appears to have accomplished what Burleigh had long desired.* The French ambassador opposed it,† the more perhaps, because, after the union of the two Crowns, the event would separate France to a greater distance from her old allies beyond the border. The deputies from Holland were also busy in their efforts to retard it. But, as it was to the praise of the Duke of Lerma's discernment to have employed men of great ability on other foreign services; such as were Pedro Giron, Duke of Osuna; Pedro Osorio, Marquis of Villafranca; and Alonso de la Cueva, Marquis of Bedmar,—the last indeed accused on doubtful grounds of a plot against the state of Venice, which has connected his name with the conspirators of Otway's thrilling tragedy,—so the diplomacy of Villamediana seems to have been as skilful as that of the famous Gondomar, who shortly afterwards took his place. He was a full month at the English Court, it is said, before the French minister had any suspicion of his errand. The fruit of it appears in a journal of the historian of the Court of Spain.‡

"Valladolid, Dec. 28, 1604. It is now rumoured,

* Camden, Elis. ii. 160.

† Chifflet, Maison de Tassis, p. 184; Antw. 1645. See a letter of Henry IV. to De Beaumont, Lettres Inedites de Henry IV., p. 398; Paris, 1860.

‡ Cabrera, Ralaciones; Madrid, 1857, p. 232. A valuable historical record, lately published by order of the Spanish Government.

that the Admiral of England is coming to visit his Majesty, and to be present at the oath which he has to take about the peace. It is said that he brings thirty-seven lords and gentlemen with him; and, what with servants and other attendants, as many as three hundred persons."

(17.) He came, and had his public reception at the Court in Valladolid on the 26th of May 1605. The Duke of Frias, who had lately returned from his own mission to England, rode out, at the head of a large attendance of noblemen and gentlemen, to meet him. The Lord High Admiral was waiting at an orchard or pleasure-ground a quarter of a league distant.

Such public shows are somewhat dependent upon weather. The Duke of Alva, Antonio, grandson of Fernando de Toledo the iron-handed general, was a great invalid; and the cortége having waited for him some time to no purpose, at length set out without him.

It was now past five o'clock in the evening. The Constable and his party were gaily dressed in their best riding suits, and the Admiral and his English friends were equally well appointed. But at the critical moment, the sky, which had been previously calm and clear, was overcast with clouds, and discharged such a shower of rain, that all were beginning to find it uncomfortable. The Constable proposed to Lord Howard that they should put themselves inside

the state-coaches, which were there provided, and were waiting to follow the riders, more as a point of ceremony than for use: but to this the English ambassador would not consent; it would be a bad compliment to the great number of people who had come to have a sight of him and to do honour to the occasion; on the contrary, he wished to be introduced to everybody, and conversed with them all, when he had learnt their names, as they rode onward to the entrance of the city, being able to converse readily in the language of Castille. But by that time, as the rain continued, the plumes of feathers in their hats presented a drooping appearance, and the "linen collars labyrinthian set," as Bishop Hall describes them, had lost their starch, and the laced jackets were wet to their inner linings.*

(18.) Ford speaks of Valladolid as if he thought the position of this ancient town, at the confluence of two rivers, in a rich and fertile country, favoured as it had been by some of the former sovereigns of Spain, and adorned with splendid buildings, might have recommended it as preferable to the later capital of the realm, of which few visitors have been able to discern many attractions in aspect or climate. But the damp and cold winters, and summers alternately scorching or deluging with rain, were found to be productive of so much discomfort to the courtiers, that, after a trial of about five years, the attempt was abandoned. It

* Cabrera, Relaciones, p. 243.

was perhaps after witnessing some such public spectacle as the foregoing, disconcerted by the watery element, that Gongora penned his sonnet beginning with the line—

"Valladolid, thou art the Vale of Tears."

Two other sonnets addressed to the same temporary abode of royalty are equally uncomplimentary. The last accuses the inhabitants of some practices to which "the gude town" of Edinburgh in later times is said to have been addicted. However, the splendour of the bull-fights, tilting-matches, and tournaments, seems at other times to have called forth his admiration for what was done even on the banks of the Pisuerga.

(19.) The visit of Lord Howard was of course celebrated with all the pomp of masque and festival, of which the Court under the Duke of Lerma's administration was capable. In his elaborate "Panegyric" on the Duke, Gongora describes the fire-works, with which, among other costly shows, the English envoy was entertained :—

"With fiery dust fine artists came to raise
Marvels of darting light ; the sudden glow
Spangled with purple eyes the dim night-haze ;
And tongues of fire rained showers so fast in flow,
That Night herself, in gladness with the blaze,
Gems from her starry mantle seemed to throw,
To deck the brilliant throng, that glittered soon
In dance and banquet thro' the gay saloon."

The time of the Lord High Admiral's arrival at Valla-

dolid fell in with that which had been fixed for the baptism of the young Prince, afterwards Philip IV., who was born in the preceding month, April 8th, 1605.

(20.) Philip the Third, says Llorente, was a prince "whose education had made him more fit to live under the frock of St. Dominic, than to govern a kingdom."* This is spoken with some scorn; and more impartial inquirers into history will see reason to qualify it. Philip the Pious was a gentle-spirited and merciful man, religious according to the system of his church and country; one, indeed, who left the care of government too much to his Ministers, but, when he interfered, tempering the rigour of the law, mitigating harsh sentences, and averse from shedding blood. History, as it is commonly written, is scarcely fair to the character of such pacific sovereigns. More of this hereafter. But as far as regards his education in his minority, it is sufficiently known that his tutor was not a Dominican Friar, or a monk or friar of any Order, but a secular priest, Garcia de Loaysa Giron, Archdeacon of Guadalaxara, in the diocese of Toledo; which diocese he afterwards governed for a few years as Vicar General under the Archduke Albert, and subsequently himself as Archbishop. All writers agree in reporting him to have been a most amiable man, a courteous gentleman as well as a learned clerk, who fulfilled his duties conscientiously and

* Hist. de la Inquisicion, c. 37.

well.* It was not therefore from his education that the king was led to place himself under the direction of the sons of Dominic; but the Duke of Lerma, who was a great patron of theirs, once or twice recommended a candidate from their cloister to the office of King's Confessor, always an important appointment in the Spanish Court. Of one of these Friars, Diego de Mardones, who became bishop of Cordova in 1606, Gongora gives a grateful character.

(21.) The baptism of the young Prince was therefore arranged, according to the Duke's wishes, to take place in the Church of the Dominican Convent, St. Paul's, at Valladolid, of which the Duke was a second founder, and in which, after his death in 1625, he was honoured with a splendid tomb. A private passage led from the palace to the house of the Count of Miranda, situated in the way to the church; and from thence a temporary open gallery, hung with rich tapestry, conducted the procession to the porch of the sacred building. The ceremony took place on Whitsunday. The Duke, who came last, carrying the royal infant in his arms, shewed him at the windows of the gallery on either side to the assembled people below. The English envoy, with his suite, were spectators of the scene from the house of the Count of Ribadavia, also near. Cardinal Sandoval, the Archbishop who succeeded Loaysa, awaited them under a dorsal canopy

* Davila, Felipe III. 14-26. Nic Antonio in Bibl. Script. iii. 514. Amat, Hist. Eccl. xi. 383.

at the church door, attended by other prelates, who, in this ceremony, took the part of acolytes. Here the Prince of Piedmont, as godfather, received the babe from the hands of the minister, and after the solemnity of certain exorcisms, the brilliant concourse entered the church. A passage had been inclosed with rails, to secure an approach for the princely party to the portion of the building called the great chapel, where, under a tester of brocade supported by silver pillars, stood the old font, in which St. Dominic was said to have been baptized. This rude plain remnant of old sculpture, somewhat decayed by age, had been transplanted for the occasion from a nunnery church at Rioja, and must have presented a curious contrast to the finery by which it was surrounded. A silver vase, containing, as Gongora says, a little of the water of the sacred river of Palestine, was placed within the bowl of the font; and here, at the hands of the Primate of Spain, the young Prince received the names of Philip Dominic Victor, in honour of his father, of the saint, and of the Prince of Piedmont. It is a singular illustration of the lawless character of a portion of the mob who had crowded into the church, that at the very moment while the ceremony was concluding, the babe having been for a time eased of his outer garments, a little hat and cloak, to enable him to be presented with fewer impediments at the font, some thieves contrived to carry off the jewels and trinkets from his dress, and with them a highly-

prized relique of the wood of the sacred Cross, which had been successively the property of Charles V. and Philip II.

The English party are reported to have observed, that Valladolid was too small a place for such festal shows, and that they would have made a much finer display in the streets of London. But it is a melancholy sight to the traveller, who now visits this abode of old magnificence, when he finds the noble church, with its rich façade and gable crowned with the arms of the courtly Sandoval, after being sorely defaced by the French Marshals under Napoleon, turned to the vile uses of a public prison.

(22.) The public ceremony, by which Philip III. swore to observe the peace made by the Constable in his name with King James, followed a few days after. The Lord Admiral was honoured with a seat in the King's presence among the nobles of his Court. His dress for the occasion was a suit of white satin, doublet and hose alike, such as is sometimes represented in portraits of the age of Vandyke. When the treaty had been signed by the royal hand, the trumpets gave a flourish of joy, and the business of the mission was at an end.

The Duke of Lerma's skill in giving dinners was at least unquestionable. Lord Howard was now to witness it. However numerous the guests, the excellent order and silence of the serving-men, the well-attempered music of the minstrels, the rich display of all

that was bright and rare on the side-boards, the gold and silver plate, the Venice-glasses and china-ware, and withal the changes of costly viands, in such abundance as to satiate the most hungry soul, and so exquisitely cooked as to entice the coyest appetite, supply the chronicler of the Court with continual themes of admiration. After the rich repast, the evening was concluded with one of those comedies of which Lope had now furnished a plentiful supply to the courtly theatre.

(23.) At another time the English visitors were invited to a masque and ball given in honour of the young Prince. The Duke seems to have been the presiding genius here also. The place was a new and spacious saloon, long and wide as the Abbot's hall at Fountains, where, the curtain being withdrawn, the upper end displayed a hanging roof, spangled like the vault of heaven, but with little mirrors instead of stars, reflecting all the blaze of flambeaux, lamps and chandeliers, and twinkling to every movement of the courtly company below. Through this glittering throng the little Princess Royal, then a child of four years old, afterwards the queen of Louis XIII. and mother of Louis XIV., was drawn by two diminutive ponies in a little triumphal car: from which she was lifted to take a seat in front of her royal parents, to hear the singers and gaze at the spectacle, till she was desirous to be carried to her bed.

There was an old Spanish dance called the Torch-

dance,* which modern authorities do not sufficiently explain. Philip III., whose accomplishments as a dancer are well attested, took his part in it towards the conclusion of these revels. After treading a measure with Catharine de la Cerda, already mentioned as the subject of many of Gongora's admiring sonnets, the King bade her challenge the Queen to take her place, while he left his to be taken by Lord Howard. The English envoy duly appreciated the high courtesy of being invited to dance with the Queen of Spain. The gentlemen of his suite appear to have only figured in a *pas seul* by turns, as many as took a part in the ball.

(24.) The Court-Masques seem to have closely resembled those which were performed at the English Court in the reigns of the first Stewarts, for which Inigo Jones furnished the machinery, and for which Ben Jonson, Shirley, and other poets exercised their craft. Strange, that the Muse of Masques should afterwards have ceased to inspire in both countries, when England had seen her triumph in Milton's Comus, and Spain had witnessed her wild and solemn power in the wonderful *Autos* of Calderon.

(25.) The rest of the days were given to martial shows; a review of cavalry, which, unfortunately falling on a day of excessive heat, was fatal to some of the officers or soldiers engaged in it; bull-fights; tilting-matches, and tournaments; at which the caparisons

* La Danza de la Hacha; Cabr. 252.

of the steeds and liveries of the riders were magnificent. The Spanish chronicler who records these things does it with a tacit reflection on the English tailors, that they could not quite match all this Castillian finery. Or perhaps he means to contrast Spanish profusion with Scottish thriftiness, when he tells us how the Lord High Admiral presented Queen Margaret, in the name of Anne of Denmark, with a piece of jewellery, a spread eagle made up of pearls and precious stones. It was valued at 12,000 ducats; but his royal mistress bade him accompany it with a message of regret that her poverty could not afford a richer present. Cabrera takes care to say that the presents sent from the Court of Spain in return were of higher value. But some of the most distinguished nobles, while they begged the Ambassador's acceptance of beads of ambergris and fine lace-work, desired him to send them from King James some English hawks and Irish grey-hounds.* These noble dogs were valued for their use and boldness in the boar-hunt. When Gondomar was afterwards leaving his office as Ambassador to the English Court, King James granted him the peculiar privilege, that he and his heirs might export horses, dogs, and falcons.†

(26.) Gongora wrote a severe satirical sonnet on this occasion: it seems, however, to have been for a time suppressed:‡

* Cabrera, 245, 252, 3. † Davila, 241.

‡ Published by Pellicer in his edition of Don Quixote, 1798, I. cxv.

"Our Queen had borne a Prince. When all were gay,
A Lutheran envoy came across the main
With some six hundred followers in his train,
All knaves of Luther's brood. His proud array
Cost us, in one fair fortnight and a day,
A million ducats of the gold of Spain
In jewels, feasting crowds, and pageant-play.
But then he brought us, for our greater gain,
The peace King James on Calvin's Bible swore.
Well, we baptiz'd our Prince; Heaven bless the child!
But why make Luther rich, and leave Spain poor?
What witch our dancing courtiers' wits beguil'd?
Cervantes, write these doings: they surpass
Your grave Don Quixote, Sancho, and his ass."*

That this sonnet is Gongora's there seems no reason to doubt: it bears strong marks of his hand in its terse style and caustic humour. But that the poet could write with more decorum on the same subject, is evident from the concluding stanzas of his "Panegyric," composed about the same time. He alludes to the public characters already mentioned, and also to the Archduke Albert, who had been a zealous promoter of the peace; and sufficiently intimates the common feeling of the Spaniards towards the memory of the unfortunate Mary Stewart, while he makes a somewhat whimsical estimate of her son's motives:

"In him, who reigns where many a shadow thrown
From wavy sails o'ercasts the silver Thames,
The lord of Britain, Mary's rightful son,
Elizabeth's adopted heir, King James,

* Pellicer, Pref. to Don Quixote, cxv. Cervantes had written a relation of these festivities, dedicating it to the Count of Miranda. Valladolid, 1605, 4to.

With dogmas to his mother's faith unknown
Nature at strife a mother's portion claims,
A fire in embers dim, yet not in vain,
Kindling mild thoughts of peace with faithful Spain.

"This embryo spark of life, that scarcely knew
As yet with certain light to rise and shine,
The princely care of Albert fann'd and blew
With breath of gentle counsels, still benign,
Still to his churchman's patient virtues true.*
Then well did Spain the ministry assign
To one, who well could either ensign wield,
The herald's wand, or warrior's sword in field,

"To Tassis of Acuña, heir of fame,
Of Villamediana first to bear
The Count's new honour;—to the charge he came,
Attemper'd well with gentleness austere:
The peaceful wand that charms wild serpents tame
He bore, and sheath'd his flashing sword of fear,
And went a noble envoy, not in vain,
With peace desir'd by Britain, sought by Spain:

"Mild peace, which soon Velasco ratified,
Castille's high Marshal, thunderbolt of war:
Whereby old Janus' gates, long open'd wide,
Were clos'd, and seas and fruitful lands afar
Joy'd in returning commerce. Iris, dyed
In rainbow hues, calm as soft evening star,
O'er England and o'er Spain her symbol spread,
Rejoicing that long-cherish'd hate was fled.

"This quiet of the world's old rebel mood
With our indulgent Duke all favour found;
E'en bloody Mars makes truce in deadly feud,
And wears awhile his burnish'd helm unbound;

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* The archduke had been in holy orders, and had held the see of Toledo; then by Papal dispensation he resigned his see and cardinal's hat, and married Isabel, sister of Philip III.

The Darting God, and Huntress of the Wood,
Give pause to flying lance and arrowy wound;
The spear beneath the tree, the bow on spray,
Reserv'd for active use some later day."

It seems right to suppose that these complimentary and elaborate stanzas express the poet's more permanent feelings towards the great minister: for this is only one of many passages in his poems which speak gratefully of the Duke, and his kinsman the Archbishop, and his nephew the Count of Lemos, the generous patron of literary men.

(27.) Gongora speaks gratefully also of Rodrigo Calderon, now approaching the zenith of his fortunes; but not without a sense of his danger, of which he tried to warn him. But we find not a word in the way of compliment spoken of the other creature of the Duke, Pedro Franqueza, whom Philip III. made Count of Villalonga, a man whose contemptible character is attested by those who had occasion to know him.*

To the Duke, and to the Marquis of Siete Iglesias, a title to which Calderon was advanced not long before his fall, Gongora owed the dignity of honorary chaplain to the King. It seems to have been an office without duties, and without pay, unless it may have recommended him to some occasional private grants from the royal bounty. One of his sonnets,

* Contarini, the Venetian Ambassador's Memoir, edited with Cabrera, p. 571. He was the person to whom Creswell the Jesuit introduced the emissaries of Catesby in 1601-2.

written in a tone between jest and earnest, makes it probable that he may sometimes have received a present from the Duke and the Count of Lemos, and possibly from other noble patrons; but of this there is but slight evidence.

By this time many of his songs and ballads were set to music, and became popular. Calderon, on a mission to the French Court in 1612, was accompanied by minstrels, who sang them to the guitar. Mary de Medicis gave the Envoy a private audience to hear his musicians; and expressed herself charmed with the song, "Let the light guitar go play,"* of which an English version may be found in another portion of this volume. It is a song on a sufficiently common topic, the praise of a careless country life, far from the toils and cares of state; a kind of life, however, for which poor Mary de Medicis shewed little inclination, when the overbearing Richelieu drove her from the Court of France.

(28.) Several of these minor poems serve to illustrate the character of the Duke of Lerma's government. It was a time of privileged orders and monopolies, as indeed it was in some countries nearer home. The taxes were farmed; the fiscal offices were purchased; and the productive classes were made a prey to needy scriveners and undertakers.† Only the Biscayans, with their stubborn independence and practical good

* Cabrera, Ralaciones, 478. "Andese la gaita por el lugar."
† Davila, 226.

sense, resisted the encroachments on their ancient *fueros*, as they have done at other times, and preserved their municipal magistrates, secretaries, and treasurers. The royal Commissioner, who came to Bilbao and St. Sebastian to effect the sale of the Receivership of the port-duties, was warned, by having his windows broken, that he was engaged in a dangerous attempt, and regarded as a disturber of the public peace.* The poor King was made to confess in his Royal Schedule to this officer, that it was in relief to his present needs that he proposed such a questionable mode of contribution to the public service.† But advice to the Council-Board at Madrid would have been as ineffectual as Bacon's to Sir George Villiers: "Beware of monopolies, the cankers of all trading." The grants and sales went on.

However, we are not to confound the personal character of the minister with the system of the time. It is an ordinary practice to accuse the presiding statesmen in most countries of extortion and misappropriation of the public money: but the outcry often comes from those who are disappointed at not having had the same opportunities of shewing kindness to themselves. The Sandovals went out of power at last not much richer than they came in; not that the

* Gonzalez, Coleccion de Cédulas, etc.; Madr. 1829. Vol. ii. 298.

† Ibid, 291. "Para ayuda á las necesidades que de presente se me ofrecen."

grants and honours with which Philip the Pious loaded them were at all to be despised, but there was no parsimony in the recipients.

(29.) The Duke of Lerma was a minister, whose place in history is much on the same level as Sir Robert Walpole's, or that of Thomas Holles, Duke of Newcastle. He was in some respects a compound of both: he took the public money as largely as the first, and spent it with as little wisdom as the second.* But his master's entire favour was such as to save him the need of the shifts and tricks of Newcastle; and in moral dignity of character he must rank somewhat higher than Walpole. He governed Spain, as other countries may be governed in a time of peace, by petty attachments and family influences. By such government the progress of decay may be disguised, and the sickness of the body politic alleviated for a time: but nothing is done towards a cure.

However, the state was so shaken when he came to the helm, that it would have required a statesman with something of the spirit of a martyr to attempt the remedy. Francisco Sandoval was no such person. He found an empty treasury, and the nation weary of the long wars of the second Philip; and he rightly judged that the land had need of peace. But there was little public benefit from peace, when the wealth, which had been used to feed the wars, was diverted

* "Lo que recibia con una mano, lo daba con otra."—Davila, 41.

only to enrich a greater crowd of place-hunters at home; among whom the minister was at once to satisfy his friends, and propitiate his enemies. "Strange," says a clever living writer on Spanish manners, "that in a country where there is the greatest outcry against the taxes, there should always be the greatest number of people who wish to live supported by them."* The ingots from Mexico and Peru were no longer intercepted by English cruisers; but they were forestalled by loans taken up at a usurious rate of interest, and occasionally, so far from sufficing to pay the charges of troops and officers in Italy and Flanders, the King was in want of money to maintain his own household.

(30.) It is with some reason observed by the Spanish historical critics of the present day, that our published accounts of the period are very defective; and in its most characteristic features the history of Philip III.'s reign remains yet to be written.† Something has been done by the publication of Cabrera's Journal; and something more will be done when we have before us the Memoirs, yet unpublished, of Bernabé de Vibanco, an attached domestic officer of the King's, and a great admirer of the Duke of Lerma.

It may be well, however, to glance at a few particulars. The relief of mind one experiences on contemplating the lenient character of Philip III.'s

* Fernan Caballero, Novela de Lagrimas, c. ix.

† Prologo a Cabrera, p. ix.

government, contrasted with the stern despotism of the preceding reign, is like the feeling with which we think of the times of Haroun Alraschid contrasted with the wars of Omar. Little jealousies, banishments from court, occasional constraints put upon refractory or suspected noble persons, were not unfrequent; but there was no blood shed in civil strife. The literary element expanded itself in a language which is as easily susceptible as the Italian of easy unpremeditated verse. Sedano reckons the Duke of Lerma himself among the poets.* There is no question that poetry was the recreation of almost every educated nobleman and gentleman during this reign. Gongora speaks of the Duke of Feria, the Marquis of Ayamonte and the poets of his house, and the Count of Lemos, whose literary taste is otherwise well attested. To these might be added the Duke of Sesa, the Duke of Medina Celi, the Prince of Esquilache, the Marquis of Auñon, whose verse was probably of a religious turn, as he was a very devout person; the Duke of Macqueda, whose muse was likely to have been the reverse of religious; the Counts of Corunna, Salinas, and Saldaña, and a long list of less titled celebrities, amounting to some hundreds, warlike knights, learned doctors, dignitaries of the Church, and simple friars. There were literary circles, not only at the Court, but at Gongora's own town of Cordova, at Salamanca, Seville, and Granada; and scarcely any except the

* Parnaso Esp. viii. Ind. xli.

ruder provinces, such as Galicia and Estremadura, were without their poets.*

(31.) The historian Davila tells us that he had seen the Duke's account-books; and we must confess that he had some reason to say that the minister spent his money freely "to augment the fame and glory of the illustrious king whom he served." At the public celebration of the marriage of Philip and Margaret in Valencia in 1599, and the subsequent royal progress to the Court, Cabrera reckons the public expenditure to have been near a million of ducats;† but the nobles expended three times as much more on their own account, and the Duke's private contribution amounted to 300,000.‡ All this went less in feasting than in jewels and fine clothes, liveries, and equipages; without reckoning what was given in presents to the Flemings and Italians who accompanied the Queen on her arrival.

Gongora writes like one who, on this or other occasions, had been a witness of such splendid shows:§

> "Fleet as the wind, the courtly Sandoval
> Rode on his airy steed, and with him came
> Spain's noblest sons, high knights and barons all,
> Twice thirty, heirs of many a glorious name:
> Their state was like the dawn, their proud array
> All gold and crimson, like the lord of day.

* Cervantes, Viaja al Parnaso; Lope, Laurel de Apolo, etc. See a note by the Spanish translator of Ticknor, iii. 511.

† Cabrera, Rel. 48.

‡ Davila, Felipe III. 41 and 69.

§ Panegyric, Stanzas 38-39.

There from the new-found world in all its veins
The ruddy ore was lavished, and the pale:
What wonder, when each courser's flying reins
With gems were spangled, when o'er hill and dale
Their feet, that lightly press'd earth's verdant mould,
Were shod with silver, and their bits were gold!"

(32.) The Court, under such a system of expense, must have been more entirely what a poet of our own describes in the time of the first Stewarts:—

"A kind of ants' nest in the state's wide field,
O'ercharged with multitudes of quick inhabitants,
The patient drudges toiling to bring in
What the loose foot of Prodigality
As fast doth fling abroad."

Another occasion of equal profuseness occurred in 1612, when France and Spain made their interchange of royal brides, and Henri, Duke of Mayenne, came, well attended by lords and gentlemen from his own Court, to conclude the terms of the giving and receiving. The Duke of Lerma's share in these entertainments again amounted to 400,000 ducats.* The reader who is familiar with Sully's Memoirs will remember how merrily Henri IV. revenged himself on the old Duke of Mayenne, whom he made to be a kind of fat droll of the court, after he had been at the head of a league which threatened to deprive him of his crown. His successor, according to Gongora, was as eminent an example of that unfailing attribute of French taste, a devout regard to the mysteries of cookery. He was entertained at Lerma by the ser-

* Davila, as before.

vants of the great minister, on his progress from Burgos towards Madrid. The servants were instructed to have the viands well attended to; a mark of attention, says Cabrera, of which the Duke of Mayenne shewed himself very sensible, and presented the Duke of Lerma's majordomo with a gold chain, to which was attached a medallion portrait of himself.* When he was staying in the vicinity of the Royal Palace, it was arranged that the Frenchman's chief serving-man should have a private key to the royal buttery-hatch, at which at a certain hour in the day the provisions for his master's daily use were delivered to him, much in the way in which an anchorite might receive them in the cells of a Carthusian Priory, without seeing the hand from which they came. But there was no Carthusian mortification in the daily fare, which on Spanish flesh-days consisted of eight turkeys, six and twenty capons fattened on milk-diet, a hundred chickens; pigeons, hares, and rabbits in proportion; four and twenty quarters of mutton, forty pounds of beef; veal, bacon, hams, and sausages; bread by the hundred weight; fruits in abundance; and six skins of wine of different kinds, each skin containing a measure equal to six dozen. On fish-days the supply was little less plentiful, consisting of all the varieties of fresh-water fish, and many of those condiments of eel-pies and pasties not unknown to kitchen practice in later days, as well as of certain preparations

* Cabrera, 480 and 486-87.

of stock-fish, dried herrings, and anchovies, the mystery of which is less intelligible to us. Eggs were delivered by the thousand; a hundred pounds of fresh butter were appointed for the frying, and a goat's skin full of oil for those who might prefer a higher flavour. The fruits and other viands, and the wines, were furnished in as full proportion as on those which a Scot might call the lawful days. In other respects the festivities and public shows did not much differ from those which, eight years before, had served to regale the English Embassy.

(33.) Meantime the expulsion of the Moriscoes had been in progress, a measure by which Spain was at once deprived of 600,000 of its inhabitants. The prime minister was not the instigator of this measure; he was probably averse to it. The most prominent adviser was Juan de Ribera, Archbishop of Valencia, who went also by the title of Patriarch of Antioch. He had stood high in the favour of Philip II., had held the See of Valencia for more than forty years, and was now an aged man beyond threescore and ten, when he came forward to press for their expulsion. A little time before, he had published a long letter to Philip III., throwing all the difficulties he could in the way of the peace with the heretics of Great Britain, for whom he had not much more kindness than for the Moors.* Thirty years earlier, in 1581, he had attended by the dying bed of the famous Valencian

* Davila, 98-106.

saint, Lewis Beltran, a model of holiness on the Dominican system, as stern to his disciples as he was severe to himself.* In short he was a man of the stamp of Queen Elizabeth's old enemy Pius V.; and, like him, was regarded by his own devout admirers as a claimant for canonization, an honour at length conceded to his memory by Pius VI. in 1797. But otherwise he was a prelate of blameless life and self-denying habits, a frequent preacher, a liberal almsgiver, and the founder of a sumptuous college, which preserves his name in the city of Valencia. In this work, which occupied him eighteen years, from 1586 to 1604, he not only expended his wealth, but exhibited such tokens of a cultivated taste, as befitted the pupil of Melchior Cano and Domingo Soto, who had been his tutors at Salamanca. His architect was Anton del Rey, a disciple of Juan de Herrera: his painter was the Valencian chief of painters, Francisco Ribalta, who is supposed by good judges to be the probable author of the well-known altar-piece at Magdalen College, Oxford.† When such a man came forward to advocate the measures of extermination, his grave character added weight to his rigorous counsels; and, seconded as they were by the popular zeal, the government was unable to resist them, however the nobles

* Amat, Hist. Eccl. xv. i. 21.

† Ponz, Viage de España, iii. 237-254. A full account of the "Colegio del Patriarca" is also given in Ford's Hand-Book of Spain, 196-198.

and landowners of the southern provinces remonstrated, and foresaw the immediate loss which would fall upon themselves. But the Archbishop is said to have waited to hear of the last Morisco's deportation, as if the event were to him like the fulfilment of the prayer of old Simeon; and, having this comfort, he died, with words like Simeon's on his lips, on the 7th day of January 1611, when he had numbered nearly seventy-eight years.*

(34.) The opinion which the Spaniards in the following century passed on this expulsion may be taken as expressed by Michael Gandara, a statesman of the age of Charles III.† "The Duke of Lerma," he says, "only thought by halves. He desired a firm peace for Spain; but he did not see that the way to secure it was to be well prepared for war. He conceived the plan of dislodging the Moriscoes; but unfortunately he could not at the same time conceive the plan of filling up the void advantageously with Irishmen, Flemings, and other people of Catholic nations, who, persecuted as they then were by the heresies of Luther and Calvin exalted to the throne, desired a portion of possession in Spain, and would have come to be naturalized there with all the pleasure in the world.‡ This was the great evil, and the great mistake,

* Davila, Felipe III. 158.

† El Bien y el Mal de España, sec. 44. A MS. in the possession of the present writer, written in 1759.

‡ Original, "con mil amores."

that he expelled, but did not introduce. It is true that laws were made permitting the immigration of strangers; but no sufficient steps were taken to induce them to come. And a law put into a statute-book, without further steps to enforce it, is like a body without a soul, a mute without a voice."

Gandara attributes the measure too much to the Duke of Lerma, as if he had conceived the plan. The Duke, as well as his uncle, the Cardinal Archbishop, a wise and moderate man, who took the office of Chief Inquisitor unwillingly after twice declining it, and infused something of equity into the proceedings of the Inquisition,* were overborne by the bigotry of Ribera and the popular clamour.†

(35.) Experience has shewn us, by more than one recent example in the East, that it is hardly to be hoped for, that Christians and Mahommedans should live peaceably intermingled together. The expulsion of the Jews from England in Edward I.'s time, and from Spain under Ferdinand and Isabella, when, according to Abarbanel, 300,000 were exiled,‡ were acts less capable of any political justification. There can be no doubt that there was continual danger from the Moriscoes to the internal peace of the realm; and they

* Llorente, cap. xxxvii. 2. 51.

† "Flagitante et urgente Joanne a Ribera, Archiep. Valentino," were the words engraved on a monument in Valencia. Davila, Grandezas de Madrid, 1623, p. 95. See also the last Book of Bleda's famous Chronicle, *passim*.

‡ See Nic. Antonio, Bibl. Script. iii. 824.

were often in secret correspondence with their piratical kinsmen in Barbary.

It has indeed been said, and the late able historian of Philip II. has repeated the statement,* that, in losing the Moriscoes, the country lost the most ingenious and industrious portion of its inhabitants, and this was one of the principal causes of the subsequent decline of the monarchy. This opinion requires some abatements. It is remarkable that in earlier times, in the days of the Cid or of Alfonso the Wise, and even later, though wars between Moors and Christians were frequent, their mutual intercourse at peaceful intervals was well sustained; they lived in good neighbourhood together, and were mutually protected by Moorish or Christian sovereign. This is clear from the terms of many old Spanish Codes and Charters; and the evidence survives in the language, which during this period received so many augmentations of words learnt from the Moors. And the character of these words, the names of magistrates, offices, taxes, and customs, terms of art and science, chemistry and astronomy, marks the superior civilization of the Moors of that period, by which the old Spaniards were not unwilling to profit.† What was it that put an end to this mutual toleration? Was it nothing

* Prescott, Philip II., B. v. c. viii.

† See Dr. W. H. Engelmann's pleasing learned Essay; "Glossaire des Mots Espagnols derivés de l'Arabe." Leyden, 1861.

but the impulse of Torquemada and the Inquisition? Or had not the Moors also deteriorated?

Undoubtedly the Moors of the age of Ferdinand and Isabella were not like the first race of polished Arabs in the days of the Abdalrahmans and Alhakem. They had lost much of their early civilization through their own intestine wars, and through the infusion of African races of ruder habits. The capture of Zahara in 1481, by which they drew upon themselves the vengeance of Castille, was marked by the worst spirit of barbarous Eastern warfare; and the savage cruelties with which they inaugurated their rebellion in 1568 were scarcely equalled by the late Indian tragedies at Delhi or Cawnpoor.

It should also restrain the extreme censurers of the expulsion, to remember, that if Spain was thus exhausting herself, as they suppose, of her most serviceable inhabitants, it was easy for other countries to have profited by it, and to have invited the Moriscoes to settle among them, had they thought it advisable. Did any European power seize the advantage? The Spaniards indeed seem to have suspected Secretary Cecil of having offered them English protection;* but this must have been a groundless surmise: there was no notion entertained in England of doing for them what was done for the French Protestants after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. As to France, there was no party to shew them favour there.

* Davila, 145.

Francis I. had long before advised Charles V. to expel them.* Henri IV. gave them no safe passage into his dominions; his subjects pillaged and ill-treated those who landed at the French ports.† A few seem to have wandered on and found refuge in Protestant Germany; but of these all further record is lost. The just inference is, that all the Christian states of Europe deemed it a vain experiment to try to incorporate the race in their own religious or political system. The trial had been made in Spain, and had failed. No doubt the means there adopted for the conversion of the Moriscoes were not such as to attract willing converts; but where better means have been used, as recently in India, with the Moslem tribes, the result has been disappointing.

(36.) All this is not meant in any way to excuse the iniquity of the mode of their expulsion, contrived, as it must almost seem, with a view to their utter destruction. There was an admonition once given by a man of God which ought to have been remembered by Archbishop Ribera, and the Council of State, which acted on his persuasion; *Wouldest thou smite those whom thou hast taken captive by thy sword?*‡ The power which had once admitted them to the privileges of subjects was bound to protect their lives, their liberties, and property. If they were to be removed from Spain, a refuge should have been provided for

* Llorente, Cap. xii. ii. 8. † Davila, 148.
‡ 2 Kings vi. 22.

them, either in the Spanish colonies, where there was no want of room, or by treaty, in the territory of a foreign state. Many of them were rich; especially those of Andalusia; but they were allowed to take with them none of the precious metals, except what might serve to defray the expenses of their passage across the straits. The rest they might turn into goods, not without paying heavy duties; and the terms of purchasing goods under such circumstances may be easily imagined. Cervantes, in one passage of his writings, seems to accuse them of hoarding the coin of Spain;* this may have served to tempt the cupidity of their enemies, but does not justify it. All was done with that secrecy and disguise, which at this period the Spaniards were willing to endure, and even admire, in the proceedings of the Inquisition among themselves, and were therefore not likely to resent in the course taken with the Moriscoes. Of 150,000 of these unfortunate people, who were driven from the province of Valencia, nearly two-thirds are supposed to have perished within a year, from want, or from ill-treatment at the hands of their kindred, on the coasts of Barbary.†

(37.) It is doubtful what it was that provoked this ill-treatment. Lord Bacon seems to have supposed that the sufferers were Christians, whom the Mahommedan Moors regarded as apostates.‡ Cabrera speaks of their sufferings in terms which give some support

* Colloquio de Dos Perros, Novelas, p. 394.
† Davila, 146. ‡ Conference on a Holy War.

to this opinion.* Cervantes in one place says, it was a marvel if there were one Christian among them;† but the inference to be drawn from his interview between honest Sancho and Ricote the Morisco, a scene evidently true to life, leaves a different impression.‡ There is also an incident in Persiles, where, while he writes as one who meant to justify the expulsion, Shadrach Sherife, the mouth-piece of his sentiments, is like Ricote, a converted Morisco.§ The royal edict indeed exempted from the ban "those who were notoriously good Christians, and the wives and children of old Christians;"‖ but by what test the first were to be distinguished is not apparent. As to Gongora, the little that he says upon the subject is too much in harmony with the notions of Bleda and Ribera, lauding the pious king,

> "Who drove the dregs of Hagar's offspring hence,
> Ne'er to annoy our peaceful homes again."

(38.) It was a less questionable measure, which was undertaken at the same time, to repress the pirates of Africa, by taking from them the forts of El Arish, called Larache by Spanish writers, and Mamora, or El Mamorah. The Spaniards continued to hold both these places till towards the close of Philip IV.'s reign, when an active Moorish prince, Muley Ismael, profiting by the weakness and distress of the peninsular

* Cabrera, 391. † Colloquio, 393-4.
‡ Don Quixote, p. ii. c. 54. § Persiles, b. iii. c. 11.
‖ Davila, 147.

kingdom, recovered them. They were, however, now obtained with more show of naval and military preparation, than they seem to have required, for the acquisition of the first was helped forward by a secret understanding with Muley Xeque, a native chief, who sought the aid of Christian arms to establish his power against his competitor Muley Zidan; and in his expedition against the second, the general, Luis Faxardo, landing from ninety vessels a force of between six and seven thousand fighting men, met with so little opposition, that his subsequent request for a large reinforcement is scarcely accounted for.* It was, however, complied with to the full. The king in court having signified his pleasure, that his courtiers could not serve him so well as by joining the expedition, the loyal spirit of the nation was stirred, the nobles and gentlemen went in crowds to embark from the ports of Andalusia, and every one was ashamed to be left behind. This was in the summer of 1614.

Gongora has left us one or two humorous sonnets on these expeditions, which shew his opinion that they were occasions of great cry and little wool. But on the news of the capture of Larache he wrote as if he appreciated the importance of a step taken towards completing the policy of Ximenes in the capture of Oran.

(39.) Let it be confessed that there was something unworthy of the character of a great nation in command of the seas, when our forefathers rather

* Davila, 177-180.

encouraged than assisted in putting down the pirates and corsairs of the states of Barbary. Would it not have been more for the interests of humanity, and the blessings of commerce, if, instead of what was called "singeing the King of Spain's beard," sending expeditions to gather plunder rather than to wage war, dispatching Drake and Raleigh to Panama and Orinoco, they had first agreed even with Spain to rid the European seas of these miscreants, whose spirit still survived, after our bombardment of Algiers, to animate the Riff Pirates in the middle of this nineteenth century? Our traders to the Levant were often carried captive to the ports of Fez and Tunis even in the age of Monson and Blake; and our incomparable Barrow, in his passage from Leghorn to Constantinople in 1657, had a narrow escape from being made an Algerine rover's prize. But at this period it seems that buccaneers of all nations found harbour at Sallee or other Moorish ports, and sold their plunder to the Moorish Beys.* Two bold fellows are specially mentioned by Cabrera; one familiarly called by the Spaniards *Pie de Palo*, or Timberlegs, an English cruiser, who, after the conclusion of King James's peace, kept up a little private war of his own, and did not surrender to the Count of Elda till he had killed thirty of his men, and wounded the Count himself;†

* Cabrera, 560.

† Id. 280. Another English renegade and pirate, Ali George, occurs in 1617. Notes to Cabr. 597.

the other, Simon Dance, who seems to have been a Dutchman, and perhaps survived, after he had finished his bloody trade, to cultivate tulips, like an honest burgomaster at home—for his pursuers could not take him.

(40.) They were indeed not only Turks and Moors, but the lawless outcasts from all Christian lands, who addicted themselves to these unhallowed ventures. Uluch Ali, or Ochali, mentioned by Gongora in his Song of Lepanto, was a Calabrian who had turned Turk. His skilful seamanship saved him at Lepanto; but subsequently, in danger of falling into the hands of John of Austria, he took poison and destroyed himself.* Hassan Aga, Dey of Algiers at the time of the detention of Cervantes, was a Greek renegade.† Saber Pasha, another Dey near the same time, was a Hungarian.‡ Morat, whom Gongora calls a Calabrian, is said by other authorities to have been an Albanian or Arnaut. He was a contemporary of Simon Dance; and, as Simon made a prize of the Dean of Jaen, whom he sold at Algiers,§ Morat made a bold effort to carry off the Bishop of Malaga from the trim gardens near the city, wherein he used to take his pleasure: but he missed his mark, the prelate having received timely warning.‖ These freebooters probably knew that the wealth of the Church of Spain

* Pellicer, Notes to Don Quixote, iii. 91.
† Id. vol. i. lxviii. ‡ Altuna, Chron. of Redemptionists, 325.
§ Cabrera, 360. ‖ Id. 153.

would flow into their ports to rescue such holy persons. With the same view it was a frequent practice of the pirates to carry off reliques, images of the saints, and such sacred furniture as they found in churches near the coast, things of no marketable value, but which the piety of the Friars of the Order of Redemptionists, when they came on their charitable missions, would often rescue even at a higher price than the captors asked for them. Those who were most exposed to the peril were the herring-fishers of the Andalusian coast nearest to Africa, described by Cervantes as the cream of all the merry rogues and slang characters of Spain. "But their sweets of life," he says, "have a bitter sauce; they cannot sleep securely without the fear that they may be in an instant carried off from Zahara to Barbary." In order to guard themselves from surprise, they had towers built at different distances along the coast, to which they used to retire at night, and appointed scouts and sentinels to watch and give the alarm if any enemy approached: "but it sometimes happened that scouts and sentinels, the poor rogues and their employers, boats and nets and net-makers, went to sleep in Spain, and found themselves the next morning in Tetuan."*

(41.) The towers of which Cervantes speaks, were in progress during the later years of his life, and were not completed till the year of his death, in 1616. It was a design entertained in the time of Charles V.

* Cervantes, Novela de Ilustre Fregona.

and of Philip II., but never executed till the period of the Duke of Lerma's ministry. There were forty-four towers or forts placed at intervals along the whole coast of Andalusia, from Gibraltar to the border of the province of Granada, within such distances as to be able by signal-fires to communicate with each other.* The activity used to complete them appears to shew that the number of corsairs had increased after the expulsion of the Moriscoes. Davila describes a bold attempt made by the Turks or Berbers, with Moriscoes to guide them, in October 1620, on the town of Adra, on the coast of Granada. They came in seven galleys, landed with artillery, and battered down the sea-gate and part of the town-wall. The Spanish governor of the place was slain in a sally; the town was plundered; but the people took refuge in the castle, which they could not take.†

Gongora has a pleasing ballad, describing the escape of a Leonese gentleman with his two daughters, who found refuge in the duke's port of Denia, when in imminent danger of being taken by Morat. It is evidently founded on a real incident.

(42.) The true character of these long piratical wars cannot be estimated without some reference to the records of these worthy friars, who so long took a leading part in the merciful office of bringing the prisoners out of captivity. Bernardine de St. Antonio, a Portuguese Provincial of the Order, and a con-

* Davila, 210. † Id. 250.

temporary of Gongora's, has given us a summary account of the number of expeditions undertaken by the brotherhood up to the year 1625, and the aggregate of released captives, as far as they could be ascertained.* The general redemptions, as he calls them, had been 1341; the number of persons accounted for, of different qualities, age, and sex, was near to 200,000. But of very many of these expeditions no particulars were preserved; and many ransoms were probably effected in other ways, and by more private treaties. Add to this the number of those who died unransomed, and those who were carried off, as Cervantes himself narrowly escaped being carried, to hopeless slavery at Constantinople, or other places in the Turkish dominions. And reckon also those whom we know to have been rescued in war; as Charles V. is said to have liberated 10,000 at the capture of Tunis, and John of Austria to have sent home 15,000 saved from the Turkish galleys at Lepanto; and those whom the knights of Rhodes and Malta from time to time restored to freedom. It is impossible to calculate the myriads of victims, during so long a period of years, in this barbarian warfare.

(43.) More than 420 years had now passed since Innocent III. had incorporated the Order of Trinitarian Friars for the Redemption of Captives. Two years later, in A.D. 1200, at the outset of the stormy reign of King John, two Englishmen, John Inglis a

* Epitome Generalium Redemptionum, etc.; Lisbon, 1625, 4to.

Londoner, and William Scot an Oxford-man, undertook the first embassy to Morocco on this charitable errand. They were among the first disciples of John de Matha, the Founder of the Order; and bore a letter from the Pope to the Miramolin, whose name is familiar to the reader of the times of King John. Even then they found Christian slaves whom they brought off by hundreds.* The decline of the Crusades gave an impulse to the activity of the Moslem cruisers in the thirteenth century; but the full bitterness of this desolating strife was reserved for the period subsequent to the fall of Constantinople. After Lepanto, indeed, the Turks and Moors could no longer dispute the command of the Mediterranean; and, at the period of which we are writing, the Duke of Ossuna in Sicily kept up an efficient fleet to repress any attempt from the Levant; but the swift-sailing galleys from Barbary came down like birds of prey upon any unfortunate trader which ventured to go to sea without an escort. When we call to mind these barbarous piracies, and the character of the people concerned in them, unless we suppose, against historical evidence, that the Moriscoes were altogether different from their African kinsmen, it ought to mitigate our opinion of the impolicy, as distinguished from the injustice of the mode of their expulsion.

(44.) The real impolicy or weakness of Spain was shewn in her not putting forth a stronger arm to rid

* Altuna, 95. Stevens, Additions to Dugdale, ii. 259.

the seas of these rovers, and her not making a more vigorous effort to take their stronghold at Algiers; unless the excuse is to be found in her inability under the pressure of her wars with England and with the Dutch republic. An attempt was made in 1601, the fleet being under the command of Juan Andres Doria, one of the distinguished Genoese family of that name; but it failed through contrary winds. Juan de Cardona and other commanders made demonstrations at Majorca, but with little zeal or concert, only wasting the public treasure. A Franciscan friar who had been long resident in Africa, thinking to effect something by discord among the native princes, with some of whom he was in concert, or to emulate the fame of Ximenes, persuaded the Duke to grant him a supply of men and stores, and landed with a small force to take possession of a port in the Algerine territory: but an ambuscade of Turks was waiting for him, and he and his followers were cut off to a man.*

It seems as if the remembrance of the foul weather which had been so destructive to Charles V.'s fleet sixty years before, discouraged many of these later efforts. To this Gongora alludes in his Panegyric.†

"Algiers, whose seas impure so oft have been
To Spain's lost sons a charnel-field and grave,
Whose wrecks thy sands and rock-bound shores have seen,
When skill avail'd not, valour could not save;

* Cabrera, 153, 182. † Stanzas 48, 49.

O that the rushing flames thy billows green
May redden, when, far flashing o'er the wave,
Thy burning tow'rs shall sink in dust laid low,
And smouldering ruins wait the victor's plough!

"But no! the vision comes not yet: in vain
The wise Cardona wrought, that none might know
To what far port in silence o'er the main
His muffled oars should pass: the winds that blow
Are adverse all; the fleet returns again;
The skill of man hath fail'd: but Heav'n shall throw
Its bolt of vengeance arm'd with penal fire
On that fell hold and sink of pirates dire."

(45.) It must, however, be confessed, that at this period other Christian states displayed little more vigour or alacrity in dealing with these depredators. An English squadron under Sir Robert Mansel, in 1620, made an ineffectual effort to burn the Algerine fleet in their harbour: his failure only served to embolden them the more. In 1627 they made a foray as far north as Iceland, and brought home Christian slaves from the Vestmann Islands. In 1636, while we were disputing about ship-money, they plundered the coast near Plymouth; though this insolence was a little checked in the following year by Captain Rainsborough's success against the rovers of Sallee. The French and Dutch, and the Venetians, occasionally captured and destroyed their vessels, but with no decisive result; till, in 1683, the gallant old Huguenot Abraham Du Quesne, with the navy of France, which he commanded as Vice-Admiral, took and burnt the town, levelled the fortifications, and sank or blew up

every vessel in their port. The last act of resistance on the part of these blood-stained miscreants was to massacre all the French on whom they could lay their hands, and to shoot off the head of the French consul in a mortar against the bombarding fleet.

(46.) Strange that even after this the European powers should again have adopted their former weak and compromising policy, making treaties with the piratical states, which such allies never meant to keep, and feeding their cupidity by paying ransom for those whom they ought to have rescued by force of arms. In 1684, by an act of very bad faith to the Portuguese, Charles II. abandoned Tangier. In the following century Spain was left to struggle disastrously and alone. In 1708, profiting by her weakness from the War of the Succession, the Moors gained possession of Oran. It was gallantly recovered in 1732 by the Count of Montemar; but relinquished after a ruinous earthquake in 1790, and the Spanish garrison withdrawn to Mazarquivir. The efforts made by Charles III. were vigorous; but they failed miserably under the blunders of O'Reilly and other incompetent commanders. At length, in 1816, the arms of Great Britain and Holland under the command of Lord Exmouth inflicted on the Algerines their long-merited chastisement, and put an end to this lasting reproach of Christianity and civilization. Whatever may now be the future of Algiers under French protection, we may rejoice that at least the pining misery of

the captives in that guilty land will be known no more.

(47.) In Gongora's time the misery was nearly at its height. Every year the honest Friars of the Redemption went forth from the Peninsula with the alms of Christian benefactors, or sums entrusted to them by the relatives of the victims, and bought off hundreds of helpless people, women and children.* After the fatal expedition of King Sebastian, Philip II. made use of these friars to redeem the remnant of Portuguese troops left prisoners in Morocco, 2000 in number, and supplied them liberally with funds.† But the very readiness of the faithful to give their money was an encouragement to the Moors to prosecute their trade; and they would sometimes lie in wait to intercept the transports of the newly ransomed, and make them prisoners a second time before they could reach their native shore—a sufficiently humiliating state of things to be endured by a country which had extended her sway to both Indies. The good friars sustained all kinds of hardships and privations in these errands of mercy. Sometimes, if their money failed, they would remain themselves in captivity, that they might send home those whom they came to ransom. Often were they ill-treated by the Moorish judges, pelted with mud and stones by the Moorish rabble; and some of them died under lawless violence, or the rigours of imprisonment. In parti-

* Altuna, 328-9, 340. † Id. 218, 286.

cular, Friar Juan Gil, whose name must be dear to all lovers of literature as the deliverer of Cervantes, endured such trials as shewed him to be no common example of Christian heroism. It is no reflection on the memory of these good friars, that they did not effectually excite the rulers of Christian lands to a different course of action, any more than it is on our own clergy to have raised funds and preached sermons for a society for the redemption of captives, even to the reign of George the Second.* But it is as little to the credit of the governing powers in Great Britain, as to those of Spain, that they left these water-thieves to themselves so long, till their trade died out rather by the operation of kind Nature, which has choked the piratical ports of Morocco with sand-bars, than by the resolute exertion of Christian arms.

(48.) If, however, other countries must share the blame of this unworthy tolerance of robbers on the seas, Spain alone is answerable for the lawlessness of her own people at home. The Catalans were almost a province of brigands. The Roque Guinart of Cervantes was a well-known living character of the time of Philip III.† There were different gangs, who went in bands of fifty or a hundred men each, and no

* "Expended for Redemption of Captives, £400,"—Durham Chapter Accounts, 1663. Surtees Society, xxxvii. 260. If like sums were paid by other cathedrals at this period, it must have been as good as Peter-Pence to the Infidels.

† Don Quixote, part ii. c. 60.

travelling was safe.* If they were sometimes taken, and hung on the trees in clusters, as Cervantes describes, the process was more summary than efficacious. In the year 1616, Davila says, they had increased to the number of 6000, acted as if they had been lords of the soil, coined money, and occupied towns, as if they had been the king's militia, when the Viceroy, the Duke of Albuquerque at length captured their strongholds, and suppressed them by military executions.†

Spain has been lamentably slow in adopting any efficient or salutary system for the repression of such outlaws. We may find the sensible Feyjoo, in the middle of the eighteenth century, offering advice to his government, to do what was done by us as long ago as the reign of the Tudors, to make it the duty of the local magistrates to suffer no one to live at large in town or country, who could give no satisfactory account of the means by which he lived. And in another place, having to advise how a Spanish nobleman might decline an unreasonable challenge to a duel, without being branded as a coward: "Let him offer his services," he says, "to the magistrates. In Spain, hitherto, there has been no lack of robbers; and it does not seem likely that there will be in the time to come. Let him go out in pursuit of them in any district which is infested with them: he will incur

* Cabrera, 501. Villanueva, Viage Literario, xviii. 66.

† Davila, 193.

as great a hazard of losing his life in this way, as he will in a duel, and he may serve God and his country at the same time."* A little later we have a like testimony from the virtuous Joseph Climent, Bishop of Barcelona. The *Murris* of Catalonia were vagabonds who were the terror of the rural population, avenging themselves by incendiarism, if any attempt was made to put them down.†

Cabrera tells us, that there were "many old Christian robbers," using this curious misnomer, who exercised their trade in the province of Valencia at the time of the expulsion, robbing and murdering the Moriscoes when they could; but, as for that matter, it was no spirit of persecution that animated them, for they did the same by the old Christians also. The long wars of Philip II. had left numbers of discharged soldiers, who had too long lived by plunder to return to peaceful habits of industry; and they were again multiplied in the disastrous times of Philip IV.‡

(49.) It is not to be supposed that Cervantes, who has so many amusing descriptions of the life of rogues and vagabonds, was altogether disposed to favour the more truculent cut-throats of the class; but he evidently betrays much kindness for the portion of them who observed some rules of honour among

* Cartas Eruditas, tom. iv. 42, ed. 1759.

† Obras, vol. iii. 32, Memorial to the Directors of the House of Refuge in Barcelona, 1774.

‡ Navarrete, Viages y Navegaciones, c. 1. sec. 5, 7.

thieves, or whose witty knavery was good enough to be worthy of a better calling. His comedy of the "Happy Ruffian," his novel of "Rinconete and Cortadillo," and many passages in the Quixote, and "Persiles and Sigismunda," are all proofs of this. He felt towards them much as our forefathers may have felt towards Robin Hood. The feeling was natural, and in some degree excusable, in a country where the laws against criminals, though ill executed, were unreasonably severe, and the social system offered few inducements to honest industry. Gongora speaks in one of his poems as if he had seen a young culprit hanged for robbing a henroost; and Cervantes tells a story which seems to be taken from real life:—

"I have heard of an old man who was going to be hanged, and the priests were helping him to make a good end. 'Do not concern yourselves for me,' he said, 'only let me die quietly. It is true I am come to a dreadful pass; but I have often been in others that were more terrible.' They asked him, what were those? 'Seeing at sunrise six little children coming round me to ask for bread, when I had none to give them. It was this that first put the picklock into my hands, and fitted the felt slippers to my feet, with which I managed my thefts; it was not vice which led me to it, but poverty.' When these words were reported to the governor who had sentenced him to die, they were the means of turning justice into mercy."*

* Persiles, b. iii. c. 14.

(50.) The ballads in praise of bold outlaws are far more extravagant. Though written for the lower classes, and betraying occasionally an ill-disguised hatred for the privileged orders,* like "the Smithfield Muses," or the Lives of Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard of the last century, they also afford proofs, as Augustin Duran has very lately observed, "that persons of wealth and influence thought it a fine thing to be protectors of malefactors, to rescue them from the grasp of the law, and to employ their money and means in defending them." And this cannot be wholly attributed to the lawless element in human nature, but is in a great degree owing to the character of the laws, "which pressed heavily, not only upon the abuses of liberty, but its most sacred rights." Hence there were never wanting sympathisers with the Rob Roys of the southern provinces, the smugglers and town-bullies and country highwayman, in the middle classes, among the nobles, and even in the Church itself.†

(51.) Yet we cannot lay the whole of the blame upon the laws. There was a ferocity in the character of the people, a free and easy audacity, and high-

* As in the ballad of Don Juan Merino, the hero is described as sending a bullet through the heart of Don Pablo, a noble Count, who had done him a private injury—"so much for his Excellency."

"Sin que toda su Excelencia
Le valiera en aquel trance."

† Duran, Romancero, ii. 383, 389; Madrid, 1851.

mettled impudence, courting danger as a pastime, and impatient of any restraint. The students of Salamanca did not always confine their merry tricks to the region of their colleges and cloisters; nor were their amusements always of so harmless a nature as the practical jests which they inflicted on the novices as before mentioned. Cervantes has an entertaining scene of two of these University men, whose drollery was to exhibit themselves as captives who had escaped from Barbary, levying contributions under false pretences.* This was only gipsying. They were sometimes out on bolder excursions; and if any inconvenience threatened, it was a ready resource to enlist in some regiment for transmarine service, or go to sail in the fleet for the Indies, "the common refuge for all the desperadoes of Spain."† But the discipline of the University itself did not do much to control the wearers of bilbo and buff. It was much as it continued to be a few years later, when Father Navarrete set out on his travels on the 26th of January 1646, and on the next night slept at Salamanca: "There were fighting factions among the students, and one of them was killed. A hue and cry was raised: some fled; others hid themselves. As to the dead man, they buried him: I saw his corpse laid out in the church of St. Mary de la Vega. In the kingdom of China," says this honest friar, who passed many years as a missionary in that country, "the students are the

* Persiles, iii. c. 10. † El Zeloso Estremeño.

most grave, modest, and peaceable of all the classes of society. I do not believe that among the millions of their students, for more years than can easily be numbered, there has ever been an instance of a student coming to a violent death. It would be well if it were so in Europe."*

(52.) If the seats of the Muses were thus disquieted, it may well be supposed that society at large was not under much restraint. Not that any systematic duelling prevailed.† The Spaniards, by adopting "Gil Blas" through Father Isla's Version, may seem to have recognised in Le Sage's Don Matthias the portrait of some Mercutio of their own: but the incidents are more suited to the meridian of Paris and the heroes of Gascony. France, in the days of Bergerac and Vauteville, during the reigns of Henri IV. and Louis XIII., and during the minority of Louis XIV., outdid all other countries. Even Richelieu seems to have failed to check the rage for duels.‡ In

* Navarrete, Viages, p. 52 and 290.

† Sir Francis Cottington, reporting Gondomar's account of things in 1613, in Ellis's Letters, iii. 109, "Amongst the subjects of the King of Spain a combat is never heard of." And Howell writes from Madrid, in 1623, "One shall not hear of a duel here in an age"—Letters, I. iii. 32. Duels, he must mean, like Sir Edward Sackville's with Lord Bruce ten years before, distinguished from the common street-brawls.

‡ Testament Politique, I. ii. 2, 3. "Oster la vie, à des personnes qui l'exposent tous les jours pour une pure imagination d'honneur, est beaucoup moins, que leur oster l'honneur, et leur laisser la vie, qui leur est en cet êtat un suplice perpetuel." But how take away the honour which only existed in the imagination?

Spain the mischief was done rather in frays and brawls, with less premeditation: but where every gentleman, and often his retainers, went about with swords by their sides, and with a sensitiveness to the point of honour, for which the nation is proverbial, a resort to the arbitration of cold steel was of continual occurrence. Gongora's Epistle in Verse to his friend Pedro de Angulo shews that this gentleman was in danger from some gamesters whom he accused of having cheated him at cards, if he walked the streets after sunset, or that he was himself about to seek them out, that they might measure swords together. No doubt the Comedies of the Cloak and Sword present to us pictures of real life as they occurred to the Spanish Dramatists. The absence of all compunction in the heroes who come upon the stage just after they have killed their man, the interest taken by those who hear the story in concealing the perpetrators from the pursuit of justice, the common term used in speaking of what has happened as *lance funesto*, a fatal accident, and nothing worse, all leave an impression as to the state of opinion about such rencounters which can scarcely be mistaken.

(53.) The laws were also too remiss in punishing such offences, especially if the offenders were nobly born. As it was said of England in the days of the

Better remedies were subsequently devised by the guardians of the youthful Fénélon, the Congregation of St. Sulpice, and St. Vincent de Paul.

Star Chamber, it was a fine thing in those days to be a lord. The Duke of Maqueda, Don George de Cardenas, had succeeded to his title and estates at the age of sixteen, by the death of his father, Don Bernardine, the third Duke, in 1602. The father was a man of high character, Viceroy of Catalonia, and afterwards of Sicily, who had put down the robbers in one province, and beaten off the Turks in a descent upon the other,* but he died too soon to impart his principles of public or domestic government to his children. A younger brother of Don George, a boy of fourteen or fifteen, was one of the Queen's pages at the Court of Valladolid in 1605, where he had a dispute and brawl with another page. The young gentlemen wore swords, and they drew them as they rode through the town-street. The young Duke helped his younger brother, and others joined on either side. The other page, Lewis de Velasco, having the worst of it, alighted from his horse, ran into a house, and falling into a well which had not been properly secured, lost his life.† Some punishment followed, but was mitigated, probably on account of the age of the unlucky boy, who had been foremost in the quarrel.

A few years later, when Don George had attained his majority, we find him at his family seat, Torrijos, near Talavera. How he was employing himself we are not distinctly told, but a clerk from the Royal

* Lopez de Haro, Nobiliario, ii. 298, 299.
† Cabrera, 239.

Council waited upon him, with a copy of a decree which concerned him, from the seat of government. It is indeed in recent memory that our own sovereigns could never make their royal writs to run in Connaught; but this was a part of the world which the Spaniards of the time who had seen it held to be exempt from ordinary laws.* The Duke thought it too high a stretch of the prerogative, that they should be made to run in Estremadura. When the messenger was on his way back, the young nobleman with three or four of his servants waylaid him in a solitary part of the road, and beat him till they left him for dead. An Alcalde, or Judge of the Royal Court, was sent to hold a private sessions on the case, and his sentence was, that the prime offender should suffer death. The decision was just if he had committed murder; but we learn that the penalty was shortly commuted into a fine to the Exchequer, another to the sufferer's family, and a third to maintain a company of troops for one year in the king's service at Oran, during which time he was to live as a kind of prisoner at large.†

This was not all. The Judge, who had passed the severer sentence, was made to feel that he had much exceeded his commission, in presuming to pronounce

* See the words of Don Juan de Aguila, commander of the Spanish forces which took Kinsale in 1601, when he was about to evacuate Ireland on capitulation. Bacon, On a War with Spain.

† Cabrera, 355, 368.

judgment against a Grandee without first consulting the Royal Council. He was himself happy to escape with about a month's imprisonment.*

(54.) The lady mother of this young Duke was living in her widowhood. She was Louisa Manrique, in her own right Duchess of Najera, being the last surviving child and heiress of Juan Manrique de Lara, the fourth Duke.† She was not easily satisfied with the moderate allowance of punishment awarded to the Judge, who had shewn so little regard to her son's dignity as to order him to be brought out of prison, mounted on a mule without stirrups, and then beheaded on a scaffold. But the king, after the month was over, gave his license that the magistrate should be reinstated. This lady was the spoilt child of high fortune; the daughter of a beautiful mother, who died at the age of twenty-three, she discharged her own duties as a mother by attempting to force her eldest daughter into a convent, in order to settle a double portion of her goods upon the younger. This being resisted, and the daughter having made a suitable match with the Marquis of Cañete, not without the Church's blessing, Louisa gave her servants mourning suits instead of bridal dresses. On another occasion, meeting at the house of a mutual acquaintance with the Countess of Medellin, celebrated by Gongora as one of the court-beauties, a widow who had comforted

* Cabrera, 358, 360.
† Lopez de Haro, Nobiliario, ii. 298.

her widowhood by a second marriage with a Portuguese gentleman, the two ladies assailed each other with such words of reproach, that it ended in the Duchess calling in her servants, and bidding them kill the Countess. The servants were quite ready for such an act of duty; swords and daggers were unsheathed; but the people of the house prevented it.* The Court seems to have thought it best to overlook this strange outbreak, as no blood was drawn.

As to Duke George, with his two brothers, James and John, we find them shortly engaged in other brawls and acts of violence, a fray at a bull-fight in the country, where two or three persons lost their lives, and other trials of sword-play in the streets of Madrid. But after all, we read of him in 1618 employed as Governor, Alcalde, and Captain-General of the forces at Oran, Mazarquivir, and in the realm of Tremecen.† Possibly the Duke of Lerma may have thought that the rash temper which his mother gave him might be less mischievously employed against the Moors; or that, if he died in the king's service there, his country might endure his sweet life's loss.

(55.) All this is pretty well for one family, and it shews that some of those scenes in Cervantes and other writers of fiction, which appear somewhat wild and extravagant, are not without touches of truth and nature. One may believe that there may have been

* Cabrera, 316, 367, 545.

† Lopez de Haro, Nobiliario, ii. 299.

such a person as "Father Monopoly," the Jonathan Wild of Seville, who kept a kind of custom-house or register-office for thieves and cut-purses within the circuit of the city,* appointed the districts, within which the younger practitioners were to occupy themselves in their vocation, without intruding on another associate's quarter; who had a secret understanding with the alguacils and inferior officers of justice, and gave up to the vengeance of the law those who broke his rules, or plied a contraband trade without paying him duties. The insolence of certain persons in the higher ranks is described as hiring, through such agency, the hands of bravoes to execute their private revenge. Such things are not quite without a parallel among us in the time of the younger Buckingham and Rochester. But what was with difficulty accomplished by a few of our wildest rakes and the bullies of Whitefriars, was in Spain almost the custom of the country.

(56.) What is more remarkable is, that the cavaliers who lost their lives in these disorders and private passages of arms, seem to have made their exit as lightly as the dying heroes on the stage. Don Gaspar de Ezpeleta, a knight from Navarre of the order of Santiago, was slain in Valladolid at the end of the wooden bridge which crossed the Esgueva, on a sum-

* "La aduana del Señor Monipodio, adonde se paga almoxarifazgo de ladrones; a lo menos registranse ante el Señor, que es su padre y su maestro." Cervantes, Novela de Rinconete y Cortadillo.

mer's night in June 1605, and was carried into the lodgings of Cervantes to die. He lived long enough for the Alcalde to take his deposition. He had gone out slightly disguised, or in what was technically called his night-dress,* with his sword and targe on his left arm; and fell in a quarrel which he had provoked by intruding into a serenade which did not concern him. He would not disclose his opponent's name, if he knew it, but ended his tale by saying "that the person who had fought with him had fought like a man of honour, and that it was himself who had drawn first."†

These heroes, according to Gongora, were like hobgoblins, making night hideous with their quaint disguises and their clank of steel. We do not know what Cervantes thought of this unfortunate case; but Gongora comments upon it with much caustic severity:

"Come, for a story while we ride,—
We need not draw the bit,—I'll tell
How brave Don Gaspar fought and fell;
On Lovers' Bridge of Sighs he died.
O, would the Muse vouchsafe to guide,
I'd pen a pensive madrigal,
To give to song his gallant brawl.
'T was this he sought: the booby vain
But fell and died, to live again
In some sweet ballad's dying fall."‡

(57.) Why did not the Government repress these wild excesses? It was a reason assigned for the

* "Habito del noche." † Pellicer, Don Quix. I. cxxi.
‡ Gongora, ed. Vicuña, p. 58.

removal of the court to Valladolid, that it would curtail the number of idle retainers, and vagabonds of every degree, who flocked to it under pretence of seeking office or employment. But the evil was never effectually removed. The poor knaves and disorderly characters had sometimes a hard time of it; detected or suspected sharpers were banished, persons of scandalous lives were even sent to a house of correction, women had their eye-brows and heads shaved,* but the more powerful masters who employed them escaped.† All history is full of instances of brawls instigated by disputes originating from the gaming table. The Spaniards were unhappily deeply imbued with the vice which they inherited from their Gothic ancestry. "A Spaniard," says Howell, "will say his prayers before gaming; and if he win, will thank God for his good fortune afterwards."‡ The Duke of Lerma could not expel the gamesters from the court, for he was himself a great gamester. He is accused of having inspired the king with a love of play, or having taught him to play deep.§ It was a melancholy accident when the young Count of Gelves, after a long evening at cards with the King, winning 100,000 ducats, and leaving off at three o'clock in the morning, retired to rest and died suddenly in his bed.‖

(58.) It is recorded by different witnesses, that the Duke in his days of greatest prosperity was subject to

* Cabrera, 342, 343. † Davila, 222.
‡ Letters, iii. xxxi. § Contarini, 564. ‖ Cabrera, 349.

fits of great depression of spirit, when he would exclude himself from the business of the council-board.* It is said, that in early life he had consulted his maternal uncle, St. Francis Borja, on an inclination he had to assume the habit of St. Francis. The uncle dissuaded him, seeing that he had abilities for affairs of state. The wish returned again after the death of his Duchess, to whose memory Gongora inscribes a sonnet, in 1603; and again in 1612, when the court was full of rejoicings for the marriage alliances with France.† It is possible that some compunction from a sense of the public waste which he could not check, and a feeling of weariness under the load of such a wide disjointed realm, may have prepared him rather to welcome his dismissal from the helm of state, when it came at last, than to pine under the disgrace.

(59.) Meanwhile the mascarades and festivals, the balls and comedies, went on with little interruption. There was that strange admixture of things sacred and things profane, which has always been observable in Spanish manners. The people of Segovia entertaining the King on a visit to them in the autumn of 1613, prepared an enormous array of masked figures, representing all the historical persons in the genealogy of the first chapter of St. Matthew, ranged in order to be present at the betrothal of the Blessed Virgin to St. Joseph.‡ The dresses of these old fathers were so

* Contarini, 569. Cabrera, 299, 317, alibi.

† Davila, 203.

‡ Colmenares, Hist. Segov. c. xlix.

rich and grotesque, that the King would have them pass twice in procession before him. This was on a Saturday evening. The next day the same performers in the same dresses went to church,—a tableau vivant instead of a Jesse-Window.* Noble marriages, christenings, or public receptions of bishops at their sees,† were all celebrated with bull-fights. At the baptism of a grandson of the Duke of Lerma, the spectacle was such as in another country might have been called tragical; but in Spain it seems to have caused no check to the festivities. "The bulls," says Cabrera, "were reasonably good: they killed five or six people and wounded many more."‡ And they were not at this period combatants of the lower orders who encountered this danger, but cavaliers of noble name and illustrious descent. Diego de Toledo, a son of the old Duke of Alva, was gored to death by a bull at his brother's wedding-feast.§ To vary the amusement the bull was sometimes baited with mastiff-dogs, or invited to a single combat with a lion, a tiger, or a bear: but it seems as if these beasts of prey, whose habit it is to seize their victims by surprise, were afraid to face the bull within a palisade whence there was no retreat, and slunk into a corner of the area.‖ Captain Sotomayor, commanding a troop of horse at Oran, when

* Cabrera, 531. † Gongora, Sonnets.

‡ Cabrera, 441. "Los toros fueron razonables: mataron cinco ó seis hombres, y hirieron muchos."

§ Lope de Vega, Philomena, 201. ‖ Id. 200, 308, 557.

he had no Moors to employ his time with, tried his lance on the lions, the old inhabitants of the country.* It does not appear whether he was the sender of the noble beast to the King's menagerie, which behaved so generously in the adventure with Don Quixote.†

(60.) The character of the Duke's more private revels was not always the most refined. Shortly after the departure of the English Envoy came the Eve of St. John, a festival kept in Spain with as much ardour as in the Orkneys. The King and Queen went to keep it at a country-seat of the great minister's, Ventosilla, near Aranda on the Duero, in Old Castille. It was a moonlight night; and their Majesties were conducted to a rural theatre of timber roofed over with boughs, where a set of actors in the Merry-Andrew style travestied the scenes of state which they had lately witnessed, and turned the chief persons into farce. There were young gentlemen who put on women's dresses, and others acted the part of gallants to attend on them. The Count of Gelves, whose sudden death, after a few years' interval, threw a gloom over the gay scenes in which he had been conspicuous, acted the King; the part of the Queen was assigned to the Court Fool. The Duke's coachman dressed himself up to represent the Duke's venerable uncle, the Cardinal Archbishop; another domestic personated the Duke himself; and an unfortunate tenor-singer played Lord Howard. The performance was kept up

* Davila, iii. † Don Quix. part ii. c. 17.

to a late hour of the night, and the royal pair were greatly amused with the ludicrous spectacle.*

Ventosilla still exhibits the remains of the magnificent ducal palace and gardens. It was surrounded by a spacious circuit of wood or chase, to the extent of five leagues.

(61.) The Court Fool, whose aid was called in to sustain this drollery, was as inseparable an adjunct to the Spanish abodes of Royalty as he had been to the dwellings of English kings from the time of the Conqueror to the days of the Tudors and Stuarts, or as he continued to be to the French Court under Louis XIII. and Richelieu. His description, by a Spanish writer of the time, quite accords with the records of our own celebrities in the same line: "A buffoon jester, a creature without shame, without honour, and without respect; who, thus qualified, is admitted into kingly palaces and houses of great lords, with license to say whatever his humour prompts: although, it is true, he has to pay somewhat dear for these liberties, being maltreated in all sorts of ways."† It seems that these antitypes of Will Sommer, Pace, or Archy Armstrong, sometimes retired on a pension. One may imagine something genial in the absolute will of Henry VIII., but it is difficult to conceive with what grim pleasantry Philip II. could have entertained himself in the company of any Wamba the Witless, or poor Vice of cap and bells. The Court Fool of Philip III. was

* Cabrera, 253. † Covarrubias, Dict.; Madr., 1611.

Alcocer, or, as he was sometimes called, Alcocerico, a diminutive which may imply that he was little of stature. He was probably a poor Morisco, his name being like Arabic; and his mimicry of the Queen would be the more amusing, if he spoke, like the Alcuzcuz in Calderon's "Love after Death," in broken Castillian. He suffered his full share of practical jokes from the young courtiers, enduring such treatment as fell to the lot of the noble Captain Parolles, without any like provocation. He may, however, have been in some degree relieved of his troubles by the presence of the Court Dwarf, Stanislaus, or afterwards Simon Bonami, a Fleming, sent by the Archduchess Isabel to be the playmate of the young Prince of the Asturias. Bonami was again succeeded by Michael Soplillo, who flourished in Court Masques under Philip IV.* These dwarfs are said to have been well-shaped persons, free from any bodily deformity.† And the great Bonami, as Gongora calls him in an epitaph of fine exaggeration, was a hero in his way, who would ride in the ring, and throw his tiny lance at the bull, among the champions at the game. This was much more sublime than the feat of his English counterpart, of whom we read in Ben Jonson, who amused the Londoners at a city feast by leaping into a custard.

* Ant. Mendoza's Poems, p. 152.

† Covarruvias, Dict. v. Enano. There is a characteristic portrait of one by Velazquez, Madrid Gallery, 279.

(62.) However, the inner life of the Duke of Lerma and his sovereign, and the entire character of the nobles and literary men of the period, will not be exhibited without turning to another page of the records. It was the age when the congregations of St. Philip Neri enrolled among their members some of the most distinguished literary men of Italy and Spain.* The King and the Duke, the Primate, and many nobles of the Court, entered themselves in these holy brotherhoods. The Duke's gifts, says Davila, to convents, churches, colleges, hospitals, and professors' chairs, amounted to a million and a hundred and fifty thousand ducats.† This was about the latest revival of the Religious Orders. It began to be already felt as doubtful, whether so many of these foundations were beneficial, whether they were not tending to encourage idleness rather than to promote piety. Memorials were drawn up, and advice was offered to the King by the Council of Castille, not long after the Duke's retirement, that some limit should be set to the numbers of religious persons, and a restraint imposed on the license of founding new convents.‡ The historian Davila, whose history was written about the beginning of the reign of Philip IV., in 1624, was himself a clergyman; but he very honestly states his conviction of the exorbitant number, not only of friars, but of secular clergy

* Navarrete, Vida de Cervantes, 121.
† Davila, 41. ‡ Id., 225.

also. "In this present year in which I am writing this history, the two Orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis alone count up thirty-two thousand members; and in the two bishoprics of Pamplona and Calahorra" —two large dioceses, comprising Navarre and the Basque provinces—"there are twenty-four thousand clergy. How many then will be found in other Religious Orders, and in other bishoprics!"* There were at this time about sixty-six bishoprics in the peninsula, without reckoning the Canaries or Ceuta, or the more distant colonies.

(63.) Davila reports that Philip III. conferred upon this subject with several grave persons of different Religious Orders, who gave their advice in writing, that the liberty of enrolling so many associates in the ranks of frock and cowl ought to be restrained. The two Generals of the Franciscans and Trinitarians were of this opinion. Among other abuses, they accused the nobles and gentry of founding new convents out of vanity, and especially houses of Barefooted Friars as the cheapest. These friars, if they lived on alms, would cost their patrons little beyond the expense of rearing the walls within which they were to dwell. The vulgar literature of the day, dealing in tales of Spanish rogues, abounds with knavish friars; and Gongora speaks as if he considered many of them to be gypsies under a sacred disguise.†

* Davila, 215. † In his lines, "Mil años ha que no canto."

But things remained much the same till the eve of the moral earthquake at the close of the eighteenth century. When Townsend, the English traveller, was at Oviedo in 1787, he asked the charitable bishop of the place whether he was not doing harm by feeding so many beggars. "Undoubtedly," said he; "but then it is the duty of the magistrate to clear the streets of mendicants: it is mine to give alms to those that are in need." The art of government had not yet devised means to repress the unprofitable multitude of these idlers in the land.

Not that it is altogether to be attributed to the indolent temper of the people. It was rather the result of unhappy laws, and taxes which discouraged industry, and fettered alike the sinews of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. "What could people do," as Gandara asks in a calm retrospect on the history of these times, "but retire to the sanctuary of the cloister, flying from misrule and misery?"* It was in charitable concern for the prevailing misery that pious churchmen and nobles and gentry of the age of Philip III. continued to support the old foundations and to build new ones. The state of society seemed to demand it.

(64.) In that part of Europe which embraced Protestantism, the monasteries had been ruthlessly swept away, and the marks of the laceration in those countries were such as to call forth from many feeling

* El Bien y el Mal de España, sec. 31. Translator's MS.

hearts a testimony of long-surviving sorrow. The countries which resisted that tide of Reformation were yet warned and provoked to zeal in reviving ancient discipline. Something had been effected in the previous century in Italy by the movement which instituted the Capuchins and Theatines; but none of those changes were comparable to what was done in Spain by St. Teresa and her fellow-labourers.

Teresa was indeed no ordinary person. The excellent Juan de Palafox spoke with a just discrimination of her character when he compared her with good Queen Isabella. Both were gifted with talents for command, shrewd discernment of men and times, strong good sense, a strong will, but still stronger benevolence. Those who have spoken of Teresa as a visionary, and those who fancy, with the late Richard Ford, that she was a tool in the hand of the Jesuits, have no conception of her practical energetic spirit and independence of soul, which qualified her to be rather a guide to her Confessors, than to be guided by any. Working with a good heart and entire honesty of purpose, undeterred by any difficulties, she prevailed not only with persons of all ranks in private life, but with the first politician of the Court of Madrid, Ruy Gomez, and his courtly wife, the Princess of Eboli, and with Philip II. himself. "The most prudent of Virgins," as her followers said of her, "prevailed, where few could prevail, with the most prudent of Kings."

(65.) Having become at an early age a professed

Nun of the Carmelite Order, her reforming spirit first directed itself to the associates of her own household; and it ended in her founding, under the usual sanctions, a separate Order of Reformed Nuns and Friars. This was not done hastily; but after she had lived twenty-five years in a convent of one hundred and eighty nuns, so as to see sufficiently the hubbub and confusion of such large religious houses, and the impossibility of maintaining regular discipline within them.* Her plan at first was to limit her own convents to thirteen maidens: this number was subsequently increased so as not to exceed twenty-one. The Friaries were allowed to admit from thirty to fifty inmates. Careful seclusion, mental prayer, penitential self-denial, plain simplicity in food, clothing, and household furniture, were points of discipline earnestly enjoined. The sisterhoods were to be supported by small annuities, or to maintain themselves by the produce of their handiwork: there was to be no begging. She rather discouraged solitary meditation, and taught her associates that self-knowledge was better attained in active employment. She had little tenderness for what is commonly called religious melancholy, regarding it not so much as a morbid temperament, as a disguised form of self-indulgence. She desired, as she says, that her rule should be one of rigour combined with gentleness, following the pattern of the gospel; but she would have no

* S. Teresa, Cart. vol. ii. 350.

voluntary austerities beyond the rule. "Obedience, my daughter, and a rasher of broiled bacon," she said to a young nun, who attempted to macerate herself by an exorbitant fast. The words passed into a proverb. On the other hand, she had little sympathy with that kind of caution which makes men afraid of doing anything out of the common way for a good object. "The world," she said, "honours such discretion; for it is a name that shelters many imperfections."*

(66.) It is evident from many proofs in her life and writings, that she had a penetration into the character of others which qualified her for the task of directing a religious society. To the Bishop of Osma, a prelate of some activity in his diocese, she gave praise for his zeal and charity, but plainly told him that the one thing needful to sustain these virtues was wanting: "There is one high place alone from which a pastor can secure a good view of all his flock: it is the watch-tower of Prayer." To Diego de Mendoza, the warrior, the wit, and courtier, confessedly an able politician, but one whose studies had been rather in Tacitus and Machiavelli, than in more sacred wisdom, she addressed herself in arguments like these: "I know that to great understandings the light of truth wins its way by gentle approaches: but I know that nothing would gladden my heart more, than to see you master of yourself. You are brave; your desires are high: be sure that God alone can satisfy them.

* Obras, ii. 263. Cartas, i. 180, 189. Obras, ii. 573.

A friend tells me, that in praying for you, he does not content himself with praying that you may be a good man: he prays that you may be a saint. I have more humble thoughts. I could be well content, if you would be content with that only, which for yourself you only need, and forbear to extend your charity so much in seeking good for others: for I see if you only took account with what might procure you rest, you would soon find rest, and serve a Master who would keep you ever near to Himself, and never be weary of bestowing favours on you." The skilfulness of such arguments, addressed to one grown old in Courts, and so well adapted to the person, may be easily appreciated.

(67.) Her first converts were persons of very different classes of society, and of very different individual character: but it is one of the achievements in which a superior mind takes pleasure, to conquer the difficulties presented by varieties of temper, where they are not exclusive of higher aims and hopes. She was more afraid of admitting commonplace qualities, and those "women who had no character at all." "They tell me such a one is a good little soul:*—we do not want those who are good little souls, and nothing more." "Where they are so few, in all reason they should be well chosen."† She seems, however, to have admitted some at a very early age. There was

* "No debe ser mas que bonita." Orig. Cart. i. 384.

† Cart. iii. 31, 33.

a young heiress, whom her friends had sought to betroth in marriage, when little more than twelve years old, or, as a verse of Gongora's expresses it,

"Just in the uncertain twilight of her teens."

She fled for refuge to Teresa's newly-founded nunnery in Valladolid. Her relatives demanded her back:—"it was but a childish fancy," they said; "she must wait till she was of riper age." Her answer was, "If you found that I was old enough for you to promise me in marriage, and devote me to the service of the world, how is it that you think me not of age to consecrate myself to God?"* Teresa, who had the support of her mother, had no scruple in accepting her as a novice, till she should be of age to take the veil. Others were women, who had seen more than they wished of the fashions of the world, as Catharine de Cardona, a daughter of the ducal house with that title, of whom the female reformer speaks as having become an inmate of one of her convents, after passing years of hard penance in a wild hermitage.† Others, again, gave her some trouble; for all her troubles did not arise from the opposition of the old unreformed orders, as the famous Princess of Eboli, who, after the death of her husband Ruy Gomez, in the fresh grief of her widowhood would needs profess herself a Carmelite in a convent of their founding on the ducal estate at Pastrana. But Teresa, finding that this high

* Obras, ii. 299. † Obras, ii. 424.

and mighty novice required her religious superior and her new associates to go down upon their knees when they spoke to her, cut short the difficulty by giving back the house to the lady, and removing her more dutiful daughters to Segovia. It would seem that this was not done all at once; for, after she had returned to her ducal mansion, she kept the nuns for a time as prisoners.*

(68.) Teresa was beatified by Paul V. in 1614, about thirty-two years after her death, in 1582; and eight years later, in 1622, she obtained from Gregory XV. the honours of canonization. By this time much of her spirit had been imparted to religious people in other lands, and its influence was felt by the virtuous Francis de Sales and his friend Madame de Chantal. In 1604 six of her nuns had crossed the Pyrenees, and became the pioneers of the new order at Paris. Ere long there were sixty of her houses in France, and they extended themselves to Italy, and the Spanish Netherlands, where the pencil of Rubens was employed in decorating her churches, and spreading the fame of her holy visions. In her own country she had lived to found about eighteen convents for nuns, and fifteen for friars, chiefly in the cities of Castille, but also under noble patronage at a few more retired places, and, in the later years of her life, at Seville and Granada. Towards the end of the reign of Philip III. these had increased to seventy-two friaries and

* Cart. ii. 125, 131.

forty-nine nunneries,* and some of her disciples had planted religious colonies in Mexico and the Indies. But it would be a very imperfect estimate of her influence to regard it as only felt by her own spiritual children. The old Carmelites, those who still wore shoes, were provoked to jealousy. Franciscans, Dominicans, Geronymites, bestirred themselves; and all the orders, white, black, and grey; so that the town of Madrid alone, which, at the time of the second Philip's accession, gave shelter to about nine convents, at the close of his son's reign numbered more than forty. They were probably inhabited by not fewer than between two and three thousand nuns and friars.

(69.) The power of the movement may also be in some degree estimated from the rank of those who were carried with it. Among these lilies of Carmel, from the time of Teresa to the close of the last century, were many of noble and even of royal extraction. Two daughters of the two German Emperors, Rudolph II. and Matthias, and a third princess of the Imperial house, retired from the troubles of the Thirty Years' War to this life of seclusion. In France this was the end of the unfortunate Duchess de la Valiere, after her early fall, living a life of exemplary humble piety among the poor sisters. And in 1771 Louisa Maria, a daughter of the worthless Louis XV., fled from a vicious court to the society of the Barefooted Carmelites of St. Denis.

* Davila, Grandezas de Madrid, 269, 289.

(70.) Of course there were things in this last revival of cloistered devotion, as there were in the earlier systems, which a sound judgment and more enlightened piety cannot altogether approve. Not that one would include in this censure the *inward voices*, which Teresa and some of her disciples relate themselves to have heard, and which they received as supernatural warnings and admonitions.* These were not, like those which the poet Cowper seemed to hear in his hours of despondency, incoherent and distracting sounds; still less like the outcries a few years since heard in poor Edward Irving's chapel, and listened to by him as messages from Heaven: but rather what pious Protestants have called answers to prayer, which, whether perceived by the outward senses, or felt only in the silence of the heart, were usually expressed in Scriptural phrases, and suited to the occasion of spiritual trial or practical doubt which called them forth. What is to be regretted is the recurrence of that vicious monastic doctrine, which led its votaries to regard a life of reclusion under the convent-vow as the only religious life, and hence to disregard, or even trample upon, the dictates of natural affection and filial duty, when they came in the way of a strong impulse towards asceticism. One is sorry to find this kind of principle recognised without any misgivings by the accomplished sisters of Pascal:—"My father's

* "Hablas interiores." Palafox, Vida Interior, c. 44. Juan de la Cruz, Subida del Monte Carmelo, ii. c. 28, 399.

orders," says Gilberte Perier, "threw my sister Jacqueline into a great strait: henceforth she could only go to Port-Royal in secret, and only see M. Singlin by stratagem and artful devices."* No scruple seems to have suggested itself, that the interviews were neither pretty nor maidenly, which, on this plan, were to be managed like stolen interviews with a more mundane suitor.

Teresa's good sense did not so often lead her astray in this point; but immediately after her death we find one of her disciples, the Prioress of her new convent at Granada, writing that they had been in difficulties about the purchase of their house, "till our Lord was pleased in earnest to move the hearts of some young ladies of the principal families of the place; who, aided by their confessors, without leave of their parents or relations—for their parents and relations would certainly not have given them leave to enter so strict an order—came in secret to take the habit."† This sacred kidnapping—for it was nothing better—caused great offence among their next of kin, and stirred up a commotion in the city. Mothers and maiden-aunts kept more vigilant guard over their daughters or nieces. What was still more sad, shortly after the reception of the first of these six new sisters, her father and mother died, as it was reported, through sorrow for her loss; but, as the Prioress goes on to

* Lettres de Madame Perier, p. 64. Paris, 1845.

† Anna de Jesus, in Teresa, Obras II. 494.

relate with great composure, the young lady herself felt no sorrow, but much content and thankfulness; and the dotations which they brought were very seasonable.

(71.) As to austerities, the admirers and biographers of Teresa speak much more of them than Teresa does herself. Whatever discipline she practised with her body, no doubt she did it earnestly, as women are wont to do: but the end, which it cannot be doubted she attained, was to wean herself more entirely from the love of life, and to regard the world as the scene of a good pilgrim's progress to eternity. The pain which it gave her to live on, she writes to St. Peter of Alcantara, when she knew that death alone would bring her to the vision of God, was sometimes so keenly felt, that it would have been insupportable, had it not been the Lord's mercy to relieve it with some rapture, or vision, when her soul could be at rest, and see some faint shadow of the good which it desired.* It is told of one of her disciples, Catharine de Jesus, that, being on one occasion exhausted by illness, and hearing from those around her that she was at the point to die, her joy at the news was such as to recall her fainting powers, and check the progress of the malady under which she was languishing. She was troubled at the reprieve, and began to repeat the strange and solemn stanzas of an old poet of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella:—

* Teresa, Cart. ii. 77, not. 90.

"Come death, ere step or sound I hear,
Unknown the hour, unfelt the pain;
Lest the wild joy, to feel thee near,
Should thrill me back to life again.

"Come, sudden as the lightning-ray,
When skies are calm, and air is still,
E'en from the silence of its way
More sure to strike where'er it will.

"Such let thy secret coming be,
Lest warning make thy summons vain,
And joy to find myself with thee
Call back life's ebbing tide again."

The author of these wonderful lines was the Comendador Escriva, who appears to have been the commander, or warden, of a religious house of one of the three Military Orders of Spain. The lines are often quoted by later poets; by Cervantes in Don Quixote, not very decorously, Part ii. c. 38; and by Calderon in his tragedy on the story of Mariamne and Herod.

(72.) The beatification of Teresa was celebrated at Madrid by what was called a "Poetical Tournament," in which Cervantes was a competitor for the prize, and Lope de Vega was one of the judges.* Gongora appears to have been at this time in Andalusia, and wrote some rhymes on the occasion, at the instance of a humble parish-priest, the Vicar of Trasierra, a rural hamlet on the Sierra Morena in the district of Cordova. It is a somewhat negligent performance of his careless Muse, expressive of admira-

* Navarrete, Vida de Cervantes, sec. 162.

tion towards the mother of such a flourishing religious family, but shrinking from the severity of her rule with a feeling akin to that of Erasmus contemplating the underlining of the dress of Becket. However, the occasion was one of public rejoicing in the universities, cities, and chief towns of Spain. Philip III. had used all his influence with Paul V. to obtain the Brief for her Beatification; and its reception shewed how entirely his subjects appreciated his zeal. The spirit of Teresa, while she lived, had animated the best religious guides of her own generation; and her name survived with theirs. Among her friends and counsellors were Peter of Alcantara, the Reformer of the Franciscans; Lewis of Granada, a great master of style and eloquence, and of unquestioned piety; and Juan de Avila, often called, from his remarkable labours, the Apostle of Andalusia.* Lewis de Leon, the sacred poet and divine, dedicates his pleasing Commentary on the Book of Job to one of Teresa's disciples. All these were men of the highest aims and powers, whose writings well deserve to be better known in our own country—read indeed, as they require to be, with a discreet eclectic judgment, but with such an enlightened catholic liberty of soul, as guided Jeremy Taylor, when he quoted St. Teresa by name in his sermon before the Irish Parliament.† Not only the best and most enlightened teachers of her own country

* See Dean Trench's Commentary on the Epistles to the Seven Churches, p. 149. † Works, ed. Heber, vi. 353.

in later times, such as the excellent Joseph Climent of Barcelona, continued to recommend to pious readers the writings of "the Seraphic female Doctor," together with Kempis, and Francis de Sales, and Lewis of Granada :* but our own devout William Law has left on record a similar testimony. "If any man desire," he says, "to obtain that renovation of life, which alone can make him in Christ a new creature, it is a great unhappiness for him to be unacquainted with these writers, or to pass a day without reading something of what they have written."†

> "At the still hour to Mercy dear,
> Mercy from her twilight throne
> Listens to Nun's faint throb of holy fear,
> To sailor's prayer breath'd from a darkening sea,
> Or widow's cottage lullaby."‡

(73.) It was not, however, without many hard struggles, that Teresa gained her triumph. There were many dull saturnine creatures, prowling about through the whole reign of the second Philip to find work for the Inquisition. Llorente has given a good account of this part of her history, her brave and cheerful spirit sustained by conscious rectitude, and her ultimate deliverance.§ Two of her most remarkable disciples and fellow-labourers, and probably others

* Climent, Obras, vol. iii. 136, 211.
† Law's Appeal, p. 321.
‡ Wordsworth, Ode on the Power of Sound.
§ Hist. Inq. xxx. i. 26, 399.

besides, went through a like ordeal. Juan de Yepes, better known by his Carmelite name as Juan de la Cruz, was the foremost to introduce the new discipline among the friars, and is thence called the father, as Teresa is called the mother, of this reform. From his first little convent, at a rude place called Duruelo in Old Castille, he was carried off by the contrivance of some of his old associates, and passed about nine months of imprisonment in an unreformed house at Toledo; till he escaped from bitter sufferings by lowering himself from a window by a rope which he had formed of strips of blanket. He survived about thirteen years, founded many houses, and died at Granada in December 1591, aged forty-nine years. He is one of the mystical writers commended by William Law, and his writings have been translated into other European languages. His mysticism was not devoid of practical piety, denouncing the use of voluntary penances as a substitute for true repentance, and censuring the abuse of images, by those whose religion consisted in decking the sculptured forms like figures in modists' shops, or those, who fixing their thoughts on the image, were less likely to send their prayers upwards to the Being, to whom alone prayer is to be made.* Teresa had some reason for the confidence she reposed in such a man. The other of her allies already alluded to, Geronymo Gracian, was one of still more extraordinary talents; and, as he was

* Subida del Monte Carmelo, i. c. 8; iii. c. 34.

young, when she was becoming an aged woman, her regard for him was like that of an experienced mother for a son of high promise. But even while she lived, the clouds had begun to gather round him; and after her death he had to contend not only with the old enmity of the unreformed, but with the jealousy of the new recluses, who complained that his journeys and travels had brought him too much into a secular way of life. He was now about thirty-six years of age. His judges, men of his own order, decided that he could no longer be a Carmelite, but might seek admission to another Rule. The Inquisitors, to whom he had been previously denounced, were content to leave him in the hands of his friends. After this blow he went to Rome; but there experienced such a reception as is too often the portion of the unfortunate. Carthusians, Observants, Dominicans, and Capuchins, all turned their backs upon him. The barefooted Austin Friars were a little more gentle, or Pope Clement VIII. induced them, after some delay, to offer him an asylum. As he was coming by sea from Sicily, whither he had retired from his late repulses, he was taken captive by a Moorish rover, and remained for more than two years a prisoner at Tunis. At length he was ransomed; and, his firmness under his long sufferings winning him some natural admiration, the same Pontiff recommended the old Carmelites to restore him. He revisited Spain in 1600, and resided there for the next four years; after which he

went to the Netherlands, and died at Brussels in the year of Teresa's Beatification, in 1614. We may well suppose that such a chequered life might have afforded materials, as one of the brotherhood says of it, for a christian romance. What is remarkable is, that he seems to have maintained to the last the same character, which gained him the confidence of Teresa in early life. His pen, wherever he was, was continually employed, partly in religious studies, partly in the service of his country. He was now appealing to Christendom on the miseries of the captives in Barbary, now sending his king advices of the affairs of Flanders, now combating the views of those whom he regarded as heretics, now composing treatises of consolation for recluses. And, when all the troubles of his strange eventful life were ended, he seems to have left an unblemished reputation behind.*

(74.) His unshaken attachment to those who had ejected him from their ranks is attested by the influence which he still exercised in their behalf. Cardinal Deza, to whom he had been chaplain at Rome, on his return to Spain employed a portion of his wealth in rearing a convent for the Carmelite Brotherhood at Toro, the town afterwards made famous as the place of the Count-Duke's banishment. Another remarkable founder was Andrew Pacheco, Bishop of Segovia and Cuenca. His convent may still be seen in a fine position boldly overhanging rock and river,

* Nic. Antonio, Bibl. Script. Hisp. iii. 576-585.

in the picturesque old town of Cuenca.* Pacheco was one of the bountiful prelates of primitive model, who, while he lived, gave all his goods, some 500,000 ducats, to feed the poor, and left the poor all that remained to him at his death. He bade his executors to raise no monument to his memory, no, not so much as inscribe a stone to tell the spot where he was laid. After this, let not the reader be shocked to learn, that for the last four years of his life, 1622-1626, he filled the office of Inquisitor General.†

(75.) The increase of convents at the capital was no doubt greater in proportion than elsewhere, owing to the rapid growth of Madrid at this period, to which the brief removal of the Court to Valladolid was a check of no permanent consequence. Gongora speaks of this rapid growth, as if he thought it something marvellous; and a late diligent Spanish antiquary, Thomas Gonzalez, supposes that in the early part of Philip IV.'s reign there was a population of 370,000.‡ Others have questioned this estimate. Davila gives the census of two of the most populous parishes in 1620 as nearly 42,000.§ The whole number of parishes was then only thirteen: it has since been increased to sixteen. If we suppose the other parishes to have been on an average about half as populous, it would

* "Sobre tal altura y derrumbadero, acia el rio, que asombra el verlo." Ponz, Viage de España, iii. 100.

† Davila, 248. Lopez de Haro, Nobiliario, ii. 180.

‡ Vid. Madoz, Dicc. Geogr. x. 585.

§ Grandezas de Madrid, 223-234.

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give a total of somewhat less than 160,000. And this agrees with the estimate of Madoz.* The present population is supposed to be 250,000. It declined with the fortunes of Spain after the period we are speaking of; but has been steadily advancing since the impulse which has been lately given to the progress of the country. There were now in Spain about 14,000 Franciscan Friars, and 6281 Dominicans.† These were the most numerous orders; but the others were so well recruited, that they would amount to full as many again. Teresa's own family contained 1730 friars, and 925 nuns.‡ The Capuchins were also numerous. The Jesuits of course were busily extending themselves. They had one hundred and twelve houses, and more than three thousand professed members of their company. Since the late suppression of the convents, the government has left the poor sisterhoods a few of their homes in the capital and elsewhere, and there were a few years ago about 500 nuns or other professed religious women in Madrid; of whom forty-five belonged to the family of Teresa. But there is an increasing number of Sisters of Charity at Madrid and in other places; and it may be hoped that the charitable labours of these good persons may prove a beneficial substitute for what is now vanishing away.

(76.) Whatever may be thought of the policy or

* Dicc. Geogr. x. 589. † Grandezas de Madr. 236, 242.
‡ Grandezas de Madr. 269, 289.

discernment of the benefactors who founded so many of these religious houses, it is impossible not to admire their large-hearted munificence. Where the convents were to be supported more or less by voluntary alms-gifts, they did not droop for want of such support. And again, whatever may be our opinion of the state of morals, which seemed to demand another kind of public provision, the support afforded to penitentiaries, and hospitals for foundlings and deserted children, was equally admirable. In the different Houses of Mercy in Madrid, in 1618, there were 970 reclaimed females; and in 1620, in the Hospitals for forsaken children, there were more than 1300 little ones. There was also a School, in which they were afterwards boarded, and taught some useful trade or handicraft; and this contained, about the same time, 480 children. This school was sustained by a pension from the king. There was a fixed rent for one of these charities of 10,000 ducats; but its expenditure annually was not less than 18,000. "The alms of good people," says Davila, "never failed to make up the deficiency."

Other hospitals there were for respectable aged poor, or for sick and suffering ones, in which there was no want of attendance and care as regarded the needs of either soul or body. There was a holy man, Juan de Dios, whose labours in this behalf had procured him a name as a saint in the neighbourhood of Granada. A disciple of his, Anton Martin, came to

Madrid, and succeeded in founding there a noble hospital, with a provision for thirty friars to minister to the patients. He died in 1553, and was honoured with a public funeral. In 1596 his remains were translated to the house which he had founded with singular honour in a procession attended by persons of all ranks. Philip III. and Queen Margaret visited and enriched this house of charity; which is still sustained in the Calle de Atocha, and is said to furnish beds for five hundred sick persons.

(77.) Perhaps the most remarkable labourer at this period, in the cause of the poor and miserable, was a Carmelite Lay-brother, a disciple of the disciples of Teresa, Francis Ruzzola, or, as he was called among the brotherhood, Francis of the Child Jesus. He was of very humble birth; and his manners, even to the end of his days, were distinguished by that genial mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, still to be found among the Spanish peasantry, of which honest Sancho is so delicious a type. There are many wonderful stories told of him, about which the reader must exercise the same discretion as Don Quixote did in listening to a barefooted friar.* But it is possible, and no ungrateful story to a mind willing to believe the wonders of Divine Providence, that an understanding, naturally so dull as to be deemed almost idiotic, should have been opened and enlightened by a course of humble

* "No lo creyera, si me lo dixeran Frayles Descalzos, dixò Don Quixote." Part ii. c. 40.

service, ministering to the sick in a hospital. His unwearied diligence, supported in long watchings by a hardy frame, and his rude but unaffected kindness, gained him by degrees the most unlimited confidence; and when he proposed to effect a charitable work, his hearty zeal recommended it in ways that were irresistible. Before he died he had founded several well-managed hospitals, and three houses for reclaimed penitents, at Alcala, Valencia, and Madrid. One of his favourite charities was of a kind not wholly unknown in more northern countries, to feed the poor at Christmas; but his mode of doing it was somewhat peculiar. Such, however, was his influence all round Alcala, that for many years he had no occasion to solicit alms for what he was about to do; but, as the day approached, fat pigs, carcases of beef and mutton, presents of coals, and gifts in money, came pouring in; and the number of poor people whom he fed, or sent home with supplies for a plentiful banquet, often amounted to twelve hundred.*

(78.) There was an affectation something akin to that of the Puritans, who rejoiced in calling themselves by the names of Lamentation, Tribulation, and Long Patience, in the Carmelite fashion of changing their surnames, and sometimes their christian names also, and desiring to be styled Francis the Unworthy, John of Misery, Sister Isabel of the Off-scourings,† or

* Vida de Hermano Francisco, por Jos. de Jesus Maria. Ucles, 1624, p. 16, 17.

† Isabel del Muladar.

Maria of the Seven Dolours. But the new religious name was more commonly indicative of the devotion of the nun or friar to some christian mystery, or some particular saint, as, Gabriel of the Conception, Peter of the Epiphany, Andrew of St. John Baptist, and Jerome of the Holy Sacrament. Still more prevalent, however, were appellatives derived from the name of our Lord or the Virgin Mother; but Brother Francis was not a solitary instance of a capricious kind of worship of the Child Jesus, as a child, one whom these votaries scarcely contemplated as grown to manhood and fulfilling his entire ministry among men. It is remarkable how St. Ambrose by anticipation condemns this childish rather than child-like religion: "Non pusillus ad te Christus introeat; sed intret in Dei forma, intret cum Patre, intret qualis est et cœlum et omnia supergressus; emittat tibi Spiritum Sanctum."*

Such as he was, however, Brother Francis was a character of some importance in the religious history of the time. The historians of Philip III. have not omitted to notice him;† but he found a special biographer in a brother Carmelite, Joseph de Jesus Maria, whose secular name was Francis Quiroga, a nephew of Gaspar Quiroga, Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo.‡ There were other poor friars, who were

* S. Ambros. de Fide, iv. c. 2.

† Cabrera, 234. Davila, Grandezas, 268, 269. Phil. III. 174.

‡ Nic. Antonio, Bibl. iii. 806.

considered in some degree as privileged persons in the Court of Philip II., and were able to speak with freedom to that monarch, whom few could venture to approach without fear and trembling.* But what a skilful court-preacher may have succeeded in doing by help of a little well-applied flattery, Brother Francis obtained by his simple integrity and honesty of purpose, and was allowed to converse on very familiar terms with royalty. At last he sought the king's permission to put on the Carmelite Friar's frock. The prudent sovereign discouraged it as a token of vanity or ambition in a peasant, and because the rule of a Religious Order would interfere with his charitable labours. But after some delay, he gave his consent, when the poor petitioner was now sixty-two years of age, and he himself was upwards of seventy, having entered upon the last year of his life, in 1598.

Philip III. had known him from childhood, as he had been admitted to amuse the children in the royal palace with his talk and humour of drollery mixed with piety. In the last years of his life the good Lay-Brother was often to be seen at Valladolid, where he was received by Queen Margaret somewhat after the fashion with which Sancho was received by the Duchess, sitting at a little table in her presence at a short distance from her own, with his frugal repast of milk and vegetables prepared for him. "My dear

* "En cuya presencia se turbaban todos que hablaban."—Altuna, 434.

Elder Brother," he would say to the pious king, "be a friend to the poor when I am gone; for this is the road by which God will bring you to heaven."

(79.) This tone of familiar equality with the great was in him the natural expression of his right-aiming simplicity of character. The rustic neglect had its charm, and he could converse on the same free and easy terms even with the grave Archbishop Ribera. He had come one day to the prelate's palace in Valencia, hungry and faint, and was introduced to a room where the owner of it was sitting conversing with two heads of religious houses. Seating himself on a stool, he said, "Father, the poor ass wants provender." The Archbishop having enquired what he would have, called one of his pages, and bade him prepare the bread and cheese and radishes which Brother Francis had desired, in an adjoining apartment, and come and tell him when it was ready. When this was done, the Archbishop in a low voice privately intimated to his guest that he would find his luncheon all right in the room where he had caused the table to be spread for him. "No, no, Father," said Brother Francis, "there is no harm in eating when one is hungry; there is no need to do it in secret; let me have the luncheon here." Juan de Ribera at once yielded the point, and the three religious prelates sate by, much edified at the composure with which he took his refection in their presence.

At another time he was calling on the Duke of

Medina Celi, the head of the La Cerda family, a nobleman who had royal blood in his veins. The duke was ill in bed, but admitted Brother Francis, whom no kind-hearted person would refuse to see. He began as with the Archbishop: "My good brother, I want food." The duke had a little table spread for him in the chamber. When he had refreshed himself, he said, "Now let me take a little rest, it may be managed here, as there is room for us both." Without further ceremony, he laid himself down on a vacant portion of the bed; and the good-natured duke afterwards spoke of it as if he thought he had entertained an angel unawares.*

(80.) If, however, he was acceptable to the rich, he was still more popular with the poor. In the later years of his life this popularity had its inconveniences. It was not always safe for him to walk through a crowd. The villagers in many places, hearing of his approach, would provide themselves with knives and scissors to cut off little pieces of his habit, which they coveted as memorials of such a holy person. The same thing had sometimes happened to St. Teresa or some of her female friends, but probably not to the same extent. The good man resisted all he could, and grudged the necessity of having so often to apply to the convent tailors for a new suit. On one occasion the brothers of the house at Pastrana, finding the country-people pressing round, took pre-

* Joseph de Jes. M. 253.

cautions to prevent any who carried cutting instruments from coming near him; but one of them with great devotion threw himself on his knees to ask his blessing, and, not liking to lose the keepsake which he sought, took the hem of his frock between his teeth, and bit a great piece out of it. "Brother," said the sufferer with a smile, "do you take it for a sweetmeat? Or do you mean to give it for a breastknot to your bonny bride?"*

(81.) "The path of life," said Juan de la Cruz, "requires little anxiety or busy enquiry for its discovery: it asks for self-denial, renunciation of one's own will, rather than much knowledge." It would be hard to deny that such men as honest Brother Francis were indefatigable in pursuing this path of life. It would be hard to deny that there were many remarkable and holy-minded persons in this religious movement, which produced a lasting effect on the Church of Spain. We may acknowledge this bright side of things at this period of Spanish history, while we do not conceal the grave errors which prevailed within and without the convent walls. As to the pious king, his gifts to such charitable works abounded everywhere. He founded colleges and convents at Madrid, at Salamanca, at Alicante, and increased the endowments of many more. Six new Episcopal sees were established by him in South America, leaving the number there thirty-six.† There were four in the

* Joseph de Jes. M. 120, 121. † Davila, Grandezas, 473.

Philippine Islands, and eight in the East Indies and other Portuguese colonies, now subject to the Spanish Crown.* He built the Mausoleum at the Escorial; and devoted 700,000 ducats to the Royal Convent of the Incarnation at Madrid, in pious completion of the designs of Queen Margaret, whose death in 1611 had left this cherished object, destined for Nuns of the Barefooted Order of St. Austin, unfinished.†

(82.) If there was a favourable side of religious society, there is also something to be said for the old nobility. There were certainly among them men, who entitled themselves to the praise of the Son of Sirach, as "leaders of the people by their counsels;" and many more, who were "rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations." Those who had been to Salamanca were usually good Latin scholars, and sometimes picked up a little Greek.‡ To easy composition in verse they sometimes added the art of music.§ "Good learning," says Don Quixote, "and polite literature, appear as well in a knight of the cloak and sword, and are as much a grace and honour to him, as a mitre to a bishop, or a counsellor's gown to a learned lawyer." Their loyalty was worthy of all admiration. However turbulent the time, whatever feuds there might be among themselves, whatever provocations they were under from the misgovernment of their sovereigns, it was never in the

* Davila, Grandezas, 506.
† Ibid. 57, 291.
‡ Don Quixote, part ii. c. 16.
§ Lopez de Haro, i. 387.

thoughts of a Castillian noble to lift his hand against the crown. It is still the boast of Spaniards, that their language has no word to express "a regicide."* Davila says, he was told by a gentleman in waiting on Mary de Medicis, that, when Henri IV. received his death-wound from Ravaillac, he exclaimed, as if remembering how differently things were ordered in the frontier-kingdom, "O the security of Spain!"†

(83.) Had Prescott lived to complete his history of Philip II., no doubt he would have told under what circumstances the stern old Duke of Alva went to the conquest of Portugal. The jealous king had imprisoned him, because his eldest son, Duke Frederick, had married an heiress without the royal consent; and he supposed the father to have been privy to it. But he now found it advisable to place him again at the head of his armies, that by his help he might overcome the difficulty of attaching an unwilling country to the Spanish crown. "I will obey," said the veteran, "that it may be said his Majesty had vassals, who were willing to win kingdoms for him, though they dragged their prison-fetters after them." He went and did what he undertook. The resistance was but short, and there was not much occasion to carry on the same

* Wallis, Public Men of Spain, 185.

† Davila, Grandezas de Madrid, 100. Gongora's Sonnet on the death of Henry IV. is dignified and not unfitting the occasion. But he seems to shew something of Spanish feeling in the Sonnet on the Duke of Mayenne's mission, where he calls Henry, not king, but Duke of Vendôme.

process, with which he had given such full occupation to his provost marshal in the Netherlands. But he seemed to have but one way of doing the work of his vocation. As many Portuguese captains as tried to make head, or defended fortresses, against him, were condemned to die, as if they had been rebels against a long-settled dynasty. In this also he probably considered that he was only proving his loyalty. He died not long afterwards at Lisbon, when he was more than eighty years old. In his last days he was reduced to such weakness, that he had to be fed like a sucking infant; but feeling that it was of no avail, he said with an easy pleasantry, "My good nurse, I am afraid you will not be able to give a good account of this child of yours." A memorable end of a man, whose name is a proverb of terror to the world.*

(84.) In Philip III.'s time the loyal spirit found its exercise in lavish contributions for such public expenditure as have been previously noticed, occasions of public entertainment of ambassadors at home, or missions to foreign courts. The Mendozas were, as Ford justly styles them, a race of brave, pious, learned, and magnificent nobles; and the Dukes of Infantado in this reign were not unworthy of their progenitors. Juan de Zuñiga, sixth Count of Miranda, was a public minister of high character, "a gentleman," as Lopez de Haro says, with a phrase probably intended to carry a double meaning, "of great *weight* and au-

* Palafox, Notes on S. Teresa, Cart. xi.

thority."* Cabrera relates of him, that after making an effort to walk in the funeral procession of the Duchess of Lerma, he found the burden of his solid flesh too great, and was obliged to give up the attempt.†

Obesity is a quality incident to grandees in Spain, not that it is altogether unknown in other countries. Southey speaks of one whom he saw in his youth, an ambassador at the Court of Lisbon, as "a bad imitation of a hogshead."‡ Gongora appears to have had some examples before him, when he wrote one of his satirical sonnets, which begins by comparing them to the sleek elephant or sow rhinoceros. But with the Count of Miranda it seems to have been the effect of good humour and pure benevolence. He had governed well for nine years, as Viceroy of Naples, making himself so acceptable, that on the eve of his departure the province sent a deputation to present him with a splendid service of gold plate. He would not offend them at the moment by declining to accept it; but after a day or two, when he was just ready to take ship for his return to Spain, he sent it back with a friendly message, telling them that the proof they had given him of their goodwill was worth more to him than all the gold in the world. The good Count, says Davila, had read the story of Fabricius.

After his return home, he was called to take a part

* Nobiliario, i. 447. † Relaciones, 179.
‡ Life, by his Son, ii. 135.

in state-counsels during the last two or three years of Philip II.; and was then appointed by Philip III. to the Presidency of the Council of Castille, an office nearly corresponding to that of Lord Chancellor. All the testimonies of the time agree in paying a high tribute to his integrity, truth and justice, prudence and equity;* and praise him for his wise discernment and promotion of well-deserving men to public offices of trust. He retired by his own free choice after eight years of this last service, to attend without further distraction to the care of his soul, finding some warnings of decline and decay. "I have seen," he said, "that greatness, like the sea, shews fairest at a distance; when one is in it, or on it, one feels its heavings and tossings up and down." He went down to his estate, and visited the sanctuary of Agüilera, a convent of Franciscan Observants, where he had built a little chapel, designing it for the place of his own burial; and within this chapel he passed some hours alone, as if taking possession of the ground, which was to guard his mortal part till the world's last day. He was soon afterwards confined to his bed, made his confession with a light conscience; for he had done his part as a true public servant, and found nothing in his heart to reproach him with any abuse of power; and peacefully resigned his spirit to his Maker, Sept. 4, 1608. He

* A pleasing picture of his influence in Council may be seen in a State Paper published in Gonzalez's Coleccion, Madr. 1829. Vol. ii. 288, from the Archives of Simancas.

was so far from having made himself rich by any of his employments, that his executors, finding no ready money available, were obliged to pawn a portion of his plate to pay his funeral expenses.*

Philip III., who seems to have learnt rather too late that this honest statesman had rather exhausted than increased his property in the discharge of his duties, conferred upon him not long before his death the title of Duke of Peñaranda, with a pension of six thousand ducats, which he continued to his widow for her life.

(85.) Contarini, the Venetian ambassador, does justice to the character of Miranda; and he also gives the following very pleasing character of Andres de Prada, one of the Secretaries of State:

"The Secretary Prada is charged with the despatches of France, Flanders, England, and Germany. I have not often conversed with him; but all that I have seen of him agrees with what I have heard. He is a man of a perfectly christian spirit; he has had much practice in business of state from the times of John of Austria and the Duke of Alva; capable of dealing with a variety of matters, and of very pleasing conversation; pure and free from all self-interest. He is not a man of much courage or animation; on the contrary, his manner is timid, but not so as to appear embarrassed with the weightiness of any business. It goes far with him if you plead for anything

* Davila, Grandezas, 379-382.

as a matter of conscience, and press it earnestly with him. He has not much hand in what is done, but has much credit, and is extremely beloved by all the people."*

He died in 1611. The king sent a message to him a short time before his death, expressing his heart-felt sorrow that he was to lose so good a minister, and desiring him to consider in what way he could shew him favour. "I humbly thank him," said De Prada, "but I look for no more favour to be shewn me in this world. I hope for it from my heavenly King." Philip, however, finding that he had left two kinsmen of his name, gave some remunerative offices to both.†

(86.) There was a strange mixture of little court-intrigues, and games of cross-purposes, plots and counterplots, amidst the more serious business of the state. The ladies sometimes managed these things better than the gentlemen. Magdalen de la Cerda, Marchioness del Valle, was the widow of a grandson of Hernando Cortes, the famous conqueror of Mexico. She had apartments assigned to her in her widowhood in the royal palace, and the privilege of communicating and conversing with the queen, without asking any minister's leave. After three or four years she appears to have been suspected of some correspondence with some political enemies of the Duke of Lerma, or of the worthless Pedro de Franqueza, who was yet in

* Contarini, 571. † Cabrera, 443.

favour. She was told to consider herself a prisoner, and was carried off to a fortress, San Torcaz, near Alcala, where the Princess of Eboli had once been confined. All her papers were seized and sealed up for examination.* She was afterwards removed to Simancas, with her cousin Anna de Mendoza. The ladies were confined in separate apartments, and an alcayde from the court came to take down their confessions. "No," said the Marchioness, "I will say nothing, unless it be in the presence of the king himself, or the Count of Miranda. Otherwise, how do I know that the king will hear the truth of what I say?" The king's confessor maintained that there was reason in this; that their Majesties ought to hear her.† The duke was puzzled. The process was delayed. After a while the ladies were removed to Logroño, and allowed to live as prisoners at large in a convent there, but a lady was in attendance to prevent their writing or receiving any letters. The relaxation went a little further. The Marchioness was told she might choose her own place of residence, only the restraint was to continue. She answered with some spirit, "If she was at liberty she would go where she pleased, but if she was still a prisoner, she had no wish about it but to go wherever the king might determine." At length the odious Franqueza was disgraced, and she returned, after three or four years of exile, fully restored to favour with the king and the duke, and

* Cabrera, 45, 201, 202. † Id. 213, 218.

occupied her old apartments in the palace. While she was under this long restraint she worked a great number of altar-clothes for poor churches in the mountain district near Burgos.* All's well that ends well; but it is a curious picture of a despotic government in its milder features, and also a proof how little can be effected by it without doing violence to the common impressions of justice under even such a government.

(87.) At another time Francisco de Mendoza, Marquis of Guadaleste, and a near kinsman of the Duke of Infantado, was under prosecution from some displeasure he had given. The Duke came to the council-board. It was not very usual, though it appears to have been a matter of right, for the grandees to attend these judicial committees. "Sir Duke," said the President, Juan de Acuña, "if you come again, do not come girded with your sword, but leave it at the door." The next day the Duke came, using his sheathed sword as a walking-stick. "You see," he said, "that I am a gouty subject, so I must have my old support." So he continued till the suit was ended. The Marquis, and Antonio de Herrera, the famous historian, and another gentleman, were sentenced not to come within fifteen leagues of the court, unless they had the king's special leave, and they were to swear never to reveal the cause for which they had been confined. Poor little arts of shamefaced tyranny!

* Cabrera, 242, 338.

(88.) Did then any more patriotic statesmen, or party of statesmen, contrive to remove the favoured Sandoval at last? The true story was told at the English Court by the sagacious man, whom Ben Jonson calls, probably from his use of such apologues, "old Esop Gondomar;" "There were two rats who set out to try their fortune for a livelihood, and fell upon a house of plenty, where for many years they lived in the greatest enjoyment, till, overcome by an ambitious thirst of advancing, together with themselves, all that could pretend to their alliance or friendship, they committed such spoil as to alarm the whole family, and became so numerous, that traps and poison were laid for them in every place."*

By speaking of "two rats," Gondomar seems to have meant to connect with the Duke his unfortunate associate Rodrigo Calderon, who was the peculiar object of hatred, and was, a few days after the Duke's retirement, committed to prison, from which he was only to be set free in the following reign by a public execution. The great favour, which the Duke had shewn to him, and to a few other persons raised from obscurity by himself, seems to have been impolitic. They could not save him in the day of adversity; and it was dangerous to themselves, if, like Calderon, they continued true to their patron.

(89.) It were needless to seek for any other cause which may have contributed to the Duke's fall. He

* Osborne's Advice to a Son, part ii. sec. 26.

had been for twenty years in power,—a long time for any minister to hold the helm of any earthly state. The time was come when the envy of the grandees, and the aversion of the little people, could no longer be withstood.* The accusations made against him by some zealous friars, and by Garceran de Albanel, the private tutor of the young Prince, of some neglect about the Prince's household, were only indications of the public feeling. It is not improbable that the Duke may have wished to see his nephew and son-in-law, the Count of Lemos, his successor in the king's favour, in preference to his son, the Duke of Uceda. If he did, it only proves that he wished to prefer the abler and better man. The idle tales, with which Le Sage has garnished this part of his story, are even chronologically impossible.† And the temporary banishment of the Count of Lemos from the Court was not owing, as it is sometimes stated, to the king's resentment against the Duke for seeking by his means to ingratiate himself with the heir-apparent; but took place some time afterwards, when the Duke had been for some months in retirement, and his son was in power.‡ The character of the Count of Lemos deserved a little more respect even at the hands of a French novelist. The patrons of good literature are not to be sought among the servants of corruption. The Count was again at the council-board after the

* Cespedes, Hist. de Phil. IV. lib. i. c. 4.
† Gil Blas, lib. viii. ‡ Cespedes.

accession of Philip IV.; but, dying in October 1622, he was removed from further changes of the wheel of fortune. It was the testimony given to him, when flattery could avail nothing, that "he had lived well, governed well, and died well."*

(90.) The Duke's farewell to public life was taken on the 4th of October 1618. He had a long interview of two hours with the king at the Escorial, no other person being present. It is said that he was even then so poor, that the king would have given him a benevolence from the royal treasury, but found it impossible to do it.† When it was known that he was out of office, the public hostility was at once mitigated. He was accompanied by a noble attendance on the first stage of his journey. Many of his old dependants would have continued with him, but he would not allow it. "I can no longer do you service," he said. The king sent a courier after him the same evening with the present of a stag, which he had just killed in the chase, and a letter written by the royal hand, assuring him of his unabated private regard.

(91.) From the time of the Duke's retirement, there seems to have been less of interest taken by Gongora in public affairs. There are but few poems, and these of little value, relating to the statesmen who held office after this period. He takes no notice of the Duke of Uceda, or of Lewis de Aliaga, who

* Davila, Grandezas, 468. † Davila, Phil. III. 204

were the chief ministers for the next two years and a half till the death of Philip III. Lewis de Aliaga was a Dominican Friar, who had been recommended by the Duke of Lerma to the office of Confessor to the king; and afterwards, while he was also acting as minister of state, he was appointed Inquisitor General. But Philip III. does not appear to have admitted him to any great confidence; and, immediately after the accession of Philip IV., he was deprived both of his place in council and his Inquisitorship.*

(92.) As to the Duke of Uceda, he must have secured himself by some unbecoming compliances with his father's enemies, with Olivares and his friends, who were watching their opportunity to oust him in his turn. But while he held the reins, he imitated his father, as the mad son of Juvenal's Centronius, and was driven out of Court, when he had just completed for himself a new and stately palace:

> "Thro' new-raised halls the curfew bell
> Rang out Presumption's funeral knell."†

The counsellors of Philip IV. sent him to prison and to trial: he was heavily fined; then pardoned, but sent, as to an honourable banishment, to be Viceroy of Catalonia. He died soon afterwards, as it was reported, from discontent and disappointment. During

* Davila, Grandezas, 172. Villamediana MS.

† "Su casa,
Donda ya tañen a queda
De su vana presumpcion." Villamediana MS.

his sickness the old Duke wrote to him: "They tell me you are dying, like a simpleton, because you are out of place. For my part, I am more afraid of my years than of my enemies." It is well known that the Duke of Lerma had provided himself the promise of a Cardinal's hat for his retirement; and took refuge from the storms of state, like some of our old Anglo-Saxon Princes, within monastic walls. He passed his declining years at Valladolid, a place where he was likely to be welcomed with gratitude, officiated and sang in the choir, and occupied his time in devotion and works of piety. There his death took place in 1625, about two years before the death of Gongora.

(93.) After this change of ministry, our poet seems at first to have found a friend in Archbishop Sandoval, and to have retired to some office or appointment which he gave him near Toledo.* He had previously, in the autumn of 1616, taken a part with Jauregui, Christoval de Mesa, and other poets, in the public celebrity of the consecration of the Archbishop's sumptuous chapel of the Sagrario; when he wrote his poem on the vision of St. Ildefonso, translated in the following pages. Philip the third was present with the royal children; and the most distinguished Court-preachers were in requisition with a Novena of Sermons. The University-scholars got up a masque on St. Simon and St. Jude's day on the Zocodover; when

* Such is our inference from a Sonnet, translated in this Selection: "Farewell the moral strain I lately took."

Medicine, Jurisprudence, and Theology, were victorious over their enemies, Theology leading captive the dragon heresy, whose seven heads were Julian, Eutychius, Calvin, Brentius, Luther, Helvidius, and Mahomet.* But now, within two months after the Duke's retirement, the Church and the literary men of Spain had to mourn for the death of this munificent prelate, the grateful pupil of Ambrosio de Morales.† In the course of the nineteen years, during which he had been Archbishop, it was known that he had expended more than two millions of ducats in charities and works of public benevolence.

His death, and the removal of the Count of Lemos from Court at this period, were discouraging to Gongora. He seems, however, to have attempted to aid the public reception of the King on his progress to Portugal in 1619; and prepared a poem to be recited in his presence, when on his return he was entertained at the splendid Jeronymite Convent of Guadalupe. It was spoken by two persons in the allegorical characters of Religion and Justice, and contains a laudation of the old monarchs of Castille from the time of Alonso XI. and Juan I., the founders of this famous religious house, ending with a welcome to Philip and the young princes. There is nothing in the poem presenting any particular claim to attention: it is somewhat in the style of the poetical addresses presented to Queen

* Pedro de Herrera, Descripcion del Sagrario. Madr. 1617.
† Davila, 204, 205.

Elizabeth on some of her royal Progresses, but more ambitiously dignified and devout.

(94.) Philip III. died in his royal palace at Madrid, March 31, 1621. "They bled him," says Davila, "three times at the beginning of his sickness; and again three times a little before his decease." * It does not appear whether the historian meant to attribute the event in any degree to this legitimate course of Sangredo-treatment; but the final bleedings can hardly have had any other effect than to exhaust life at its failing fountain. The disorder was erysipelas, accompanied with low fever, for which wine and tonics would have been more appropriate.

The able military services of Spinola in the Palatinate, and the Duke of Feria's successes in the Valtoline, had given a degree of lustre to the arms of Spain in distant provinces at the close of the pious monarch's reign. But the time was now at hand, when the pressure of these arms on other lands, the excesses committed by troops levied from foreign mercenaries as much as native Spaniards, gave signs that the world was growing weary of the veteran army, for six-score years victorious in many a field.† "When it is not the will of God," said St. Teresa, "that the patient should recover, He puts a bandage on the eyes of the physician." So it was now with the State-Physicians of Spain. The rapid growth of the Dutch Republic, and the concentration of the power and resources of

* Davila, 255. † Bacon, Essay xxix.

France, proclaimed to all the world that which Olivares alone seemed unable to foresee, that the next outbreak of war would reveal the secret of the weakness of the vast disjointed empire. "We must live in hope," said the Venetian ambassador, "that heaven will yet remedy the state of the world, that it may not be all Spanish."* And Lord Bacon reports the speech of a Castillian to Philip IV. not long after his accession: "Sire, I will tell your majesty thus much for your comfort: your majesty has but two enemies, all the world abroad, and your own ministers at home."†

(95.) There had been, after the Duke of Lerma's retirement, a repetition of some futile attempts at reducing the public expenditure, but with no beneficial result. These were indeed days, when the science of political economy had made little progress in any country of Europe. Sources of revenue were obstructed, exports restrained, imports forbidden. Sumptuary laws were passed, professedly to check waste and luxury, but perhaps equally to protect privileged classes. There were statutes still valid in England against excess in diet and apparel, and prescribing who should be allowed to ride in coaches. So that it is less wonderful, if the Council of State in Spain took advice how to regulate equipages and retainers, the use of starch, the wearing of lace, and the breadth and depth of linen collars.‡ The delicate irony of Cer-

* Contarini, 578. † Of a war with Spain, sub f.

‡ Davila, 223.

vantes glanced lightly at the inefficiency of these Court statutes:* but indeed it was not yet recognised as a simple principle, that private vices are public benefits. It was reserved for the unlucky genius of Manuel Godoy to do this with all the forms of law in one important particular.

Those who are not prepared to consider the standard of morals as regulated by degrees of latitude, will ask why it was, that, while in England the bad examples of the most profligate sovereigns, such as Charles II. and George II., scarcely extended beyond the narrow circle of the court, in Spain the good examples of the most pure had little or no effect on the conduct of their subjects. Philip III. and Charles III. were patterns of domestic virtue, but in their days the common licentious habits of the higher classes were no more under restraint than at other times. The customary phrase applied to children born out of wedlock, *hijos de ganancia*, "children kept on stock," seems to have been meant to intimate, what was continually the case, that, when the legitimate heirs failed, there were others to inherit the name and property, and these, if the father was noble, were frequently admitted to offices of dignity in Church and State. What was, however, previously a matter of grace and privilege, Godoy persuaded Charles IV. to establish

* Don Quixote, part ii. c. 51. "No hagas muchas *prematicas*." This is one of many passages which are lost in Don Quixote by translation.

universally by two royal decrees published in 1794 and 1796. It was the avowed object of these decrees, on which their adviser looked back in his old age and exile with undisturbed self-complacency, to abolish the very terms legitimate or illegitimate, and to enact that all foundlings, or children of unknown fathers, should thenceforth be entitled to all the civil rights enjoyed by honest citizens below the rank of nobles.* "This law," says Manuel Godoy, writing some thirty years ago, "so well conceived, and so effectually cemented, has ever since remained in full vigour." If so, an Englishman may find a new reason to rejoice that he is a countryman of the peers of the Parliament of Merton, and that their memorable decision has not been forgotten in the progress of social change.

"The people of Spain," says Contarini in his report to the senators of his country, "are well settled in the Catholic Religion, and, although they are not moral, they are good christians." If it should please Divine Providence to grant a time of regeneration to Venice, or to establish it in Spain, let us hope that they will also learn, that a good christian without good morals is something worse than a contradiction in terms.

(96.) To return to the pious king. He seems to have passed his time of widowhood without reproach, and to have found domestic solace in the company of his children. But it was his lot to outlive the flower

* "Hombres buenos del estado llano." Memoirs of Manuel Godoy, c. 43.

of them all, his youngest child, the Infanta Margarita, who died when she had scarcely completed her seventh year, March 11, 1617. Few of the English visitors of the gallery of the Louvre can have failed to stand and gaze at the fairy portrait of the little fair-haired girl, painted, as Velazquez alone could paint, in the beauty of simple truth. She is described as having been the sweetest engaging little creature that could be conceived; her baptismal name taken from the royal saint of charitable memory, St. Margaret of Scotland; her early quickness of apprehension such as to move the common fear lest she should be too short-lived.* It was the bereaved father who spoke of the sad event, writing to his daughter the Queen of France:

"I have delayed writing to you, that I might not give you ill news of your sister Margaret, hoping I might be able to give you better. But God has not been pleased to grant this, but to take her to Himself, and to leave us in such sorrow and loneliness as you can imagine, yet at the same time much comforted to see how happy she has been in going so soon to heaven. There you will now have this sister, in addition to all who are gone before, to pray to God for you, and this thought must needs comfort you in the sorrow which this news will impart to you; for, since God has not been pleased to leave her here, when we besought it of Him with so many prayers, we must believe that what has come upon us is what

* Davila, 135.

is most fitting for us all. The day before her departure she bade that the choristers of the chapel, Martinez and Florian, should come to sing to her, and that they should sing the *Magnificat* and the *Nunc dimittis*, which seemed to us all to be warnings that she was going to heaven, where she is now much more bright and happy* than she was with us. I have not desired your brothers to put on more mourning than what they wear in the holy week, for it is not right to wear it for one whom we know to be in heaven. Your good father, The King."

To his kinswoman, Margaret de la Cruz, daughter of Maximilian II. of Austria, who was living as a nun in the Franciscan convent at Madrid, he said on the same occasion: "I have given many thanks to God for having fulfilled in me His divine will: and considering this, and in how short a time she has come to what we so earnestly desire, and what is best for us, I am much comforted, and well content to have such a pledge in heaven."† It would not be easy to find a more simple heartfelt expression of the sorrow of a Christian parent.

(97.) When he felt that his own end was approaching, he sent for his children to give them his last blessing, and said to the Prince, "I have called for you, that you may see in what all this world's greatness ends." He repeated his blessing, and added, "God

* Orig. "Mucho mas linda." It is an expressive familiar word in Spanish, nearly answering to the Scottish "bonny."

† Davila, 135, 196.

make you a good man!" For some time he appeared oppressed with the thought of the account he should have to give of his government, how much there was to amend, which he had failed to amend; but he felt reassured, when on examining his conscience he could not accuse himself of having acted from motives of favour, or to promote any private ends: "God is my witness," he said, "that in all that I commanded I intended to do right, and that the best course should be taken." He continued in acts of devotion with different religious persons till the hour of his death, when his last words were, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit."*

Gongora's funeral ode on the death of Philip III. is one of the most pleasing of his serious poems. It is a tribute, which seems to speak the sincere feeling of the poet.

There are sufficient proofs that, whenever this gentle-spirited king gave his attention to affairs of government, his influence was beneficial. He sometimes wrote with his own hand letters of instruction and admonition to ministers newly appointed to high offices, or governors going out to important provinces: for, as Contarini bears witness of him, he was capable of public business, and could discourse pertinently upon state questions; and, where he felt it as a point of conscience, those who sought aid from his authority found it. His care for the poor Indians in America

* Davila, 255-260.

is attested in one or more of his letters to Francis de Borja, Prince of Esquilache, who for a time was his Viceroy in Peru: "It is the principal end of my government," he said, "in these regions, to look to the good of the Indians, and to provide for their increased comfort, that they may thus be better disposed to receive the Christian faith." He took pains to secure that the Missionary teachers should be men of perseverance and exemplary lives.* And certainly it must be confessed that some remarkable fruit attended the Jesuit and other missions in South America.

(98.) Without any affectation of learning, such as distinguished his contemporary James I., he could converse with some facility in French, Italian, and German;† and shewed his literary taste by retaining in memory and repeating good and pointed sentences, which had been spoken in his presence. The readers of Ben Jonson will remember his fine stanzas describing Truth:

"Truth is the life and light of love,
The sun that ever shineth,
The spirit of that special grace,
That faith and love defineth.

It is the warrant of the word,
That yields a scent so sweet,
As gives a power to faith to tread
All falsehood under feet.

It is the sword that doth divide
The marrow from the bone,
And in effect of heavenly love
Doth shew the Holy One."

* Davila, 249. † Contarini, 564.

There is something equally pleasing in an eloquent passage, which Philip the Pious used to repeat from a sermon by Juan Marquez: "What shall we say of truth, but that it is a kind of health, which never sickens or decays, a life that never dies, a feast which ever satisfies, a sun which never sets, a door for ever open, a way wherein all travellers find rest."* His favourite divine was Lewis of Granada, an able and devout writer, and a good master of the pure Castillian.

He could enjoy Don Quixote, and he enjoyed the representation of good Comedies; but his piety was shocked by the recurrence of the oaths, with which the dialogue too often abounds, and he had the actors instructed to omit this mode of shotting their discourse, when they came to perform in his presence.†

There was a royal magnanimity in his answer to Lope de Vega, who had presented to him a printed Memorial, petitioning that he would not allow ignorant painters to take his portrait, and so impair his authority by sending false copies of his august features to foreign lands. "Let them earn their bread," he said; "for, however they may paint my likeness, they do not paint my character."‡

His compassion extended itself to a Christian concern for the poor convicts in the galleys. He sent orders to the commanders of his fleets, that every ship should be provided with a priest to console the sick

* Davila, 174. † Id. Ibid. ‡ Id. 176.

among them, and none should be without a cruise of holy oil to administer to them the sacrament of Extreme Unction when their sickness was dangerous.

His private almoner was Bernabe de Vibanco, already mentioned as the writer of an unpublished Memoir of his reign. By his hand he used to pay monthly pensions to poor nobles, and widows of noble families; and he was so punctual in doing this, that, when the day came round, he used to ask for the administrator of his charity, and making as it were a debt of what was a gratuitous gift, he would say, "pay for me what I owe to such an one." *

His fleet in the Mediterranean had captured on shipboard the library of Muley Zidan, the prince who ruled in Morocco, a collection of 3000 volumes in the Arabic language, treating of Medicine, Philosophy, and Jurisprudence. Muley offered a large sum in gold for his books. Cardinal Ximenes would probably have burnt them for Korans. Not so Philip the Pious. He made answer, he would not take money; but would restore all his literary treasures, if the Moor would give up all his Christian captives. To this fair proposal Muley's reply was somewhat evasive: he would do so as soon as he had put down some insurgent chiefs opposed to him in Morocco. Finding that his pious purpose was not likely to be effected, Philip sent the whole collection to the library of the Escorial.† There it remained, till unfortunately the best portion

* Davila, 174. † Davila, Grandezas, 68.

of it was destroyed by a conflagration in the palace in the last century.*

(99.) Although, as we have seen, he honoured his most Catholic father, his merciful nature busied itself, among the earliest acts of his reign, in doing what he could to efface the memory of the cruelties perpetrated by that monarch in the kingdom of Arragon. This is another portion of the history of Philip II., on which we must deplore the loss of Prescott's faithful pen to guide us to a true estimate. Some late writers have spoken in much too favourable a tone of that clever miscreant Antonio Perez. Essex was more intimate with him, than became a right-aiming English nobleman. Richelieu seems to have consulted him, and has recorded his treacherous advice, against his own country rather than against his master, with great relish.† But our wiser and more generous Burleigh would not give him audience.‡ A bad man, however, may sometimes persuade the good and true to espouse his cause. He had the art to persuade the Arragonese, among whom he had sought refuge, that it was necessary to undertake his protection as an assertion of their old constitutional liberties. They did so; and drew upon themselves the ruthless vengeance of Philip II. and his instruments, in public executions, confiscations, and exile of the principal nobles and gentlemen of the province. Philip III., soon after his accession,

* Conde, Xerif Aledris XVIII.

† Test. Politique, part. ii. sect. 5. ‡ Camden, Elis. ii. 76.

on visiting Zaragoza, ordered the heads of the slain nobles to be taken down from the city gates, on which they had been exposed, the inscriptions recording their sentences to be effaced, annulled the processes by which they had been condemned, and declared that none of them had been guilty of treason against the state, but had acted as their duty was in defence of the rights of their country.* It may, however, be doubted, whether Llorente says truly, that the merciful King was only withheld by the Inquisitors from recalling Perez. The Inquisitors now in office were no parties to what was done in the preceding reign. Perez himself complains, and in bitterly abusive language, in one of his Letters, not of the Inquisitors, but of Rodrigo Vazquez, as his unrelenting enemy. But Vazquez also was sent into retirement soon after the accession of Philip III., and the next President of the Council was the virtuous Miranda. The just inference is, that there was nothing in the character, or in the cause, of Antonio Perez, to propitiate the favour of the good among his own countrymen. He was left to die in exile and neglect at Paris, not long after the death of Henri IV., in November, 1611. All that Philip the Pious did after his death was to make a dutiful, but of course an ineffectual, attempt, to collect and burn the libels against his father's memory, which Perez had dispersed in the northern provinces of Europe. But, with a just and discriminating compas-

* Cabrera, 42. Llorente, cap. xxxv. 5, 25.

sion, he had long before set at liberty, and restored to their property, the excellent wife and children of the treacherous Secretary, whom Philip II. had vindictively kept in prison from the time of the escape of their father.

(100.) As to the Inquisition, it does not appear that Philip III. was ever present to take part in the public spectacles prepared in compliance with the rules of this odious institution, as his predecessor was, or as his two next successors were. He might have thought of it, as most Spaniards at that time did, as a necessary defence of Catholicism, and means of repressing heresy and imposture, but he had no relish for the stupid bigotry and cruelty which made the *Autos* become, like a bull-fight or a tournament, a scene for the nobles to attend with their retainers in all their best array, and the populace to expect as a time of joyful and triumphal holiday. Gongora has a vile sonnet, speaking in a tone of disappointment because a spectacle of this kind at Granada furnished only one victim to undergo the extreme penalty. The people at Seville were disappointed, when Archbishop Sandoval countermanded an Auto which had been appointed there. These things shew how an evil custom stifles in the people's hearts the compunctious visitings of nature.

(101.) But, on the other hand, it seems impossible to give credit to the probability of the estimates of Llorente, as to the number of persons who suffered

under the different tribunals of the Inquisition during this reign. There was scarcely any celebrated cause in the whole time of Philip III. That which Llorente selects, the case of the witches and wizards of Logroño in 1610, was followed by a Letter of Instruction from Archbishop Sandoval to the Provincial Boards of Inquisition, of which the whole purport was to mitigate the zeal for witch-finding.* And this result, the historian tells us, was attained. But as far as one can judge from the abstract of the evidence taken in this case, the prisoners were a vile crew of poisoners and secret murderers, beguiling dupes into their atrocious mysteries, as the old leaders of the congregations of Bacchanals at Rome, or the Fraticelli of Italy in later days. They were worthily condemned to the highest penalties.

(102.) A late judicious American writer on Spain has remarked with much calm impartiality on the degree of credibility due to Llorente.† It is not, however, so much to be objected to him, that he destroyed the records of criminal processes, which mercy may have wished to have buried in oblivion,‡ as that he seems to have made his calculations on very uncertain data, taking general averages for a

* Llorente, c. xxxvii. ii. 51. It must be remembered that if the Inquisitors at Logroño burnt six wizards or witches, Matthew Hopkins in England a few years later burnt one hundred and nine.

† S. T. Wallis, Institutions of Spain. Lond. 1853, p. 270.

‡ Llorente, c. xliv, 2.

great number of years from one or two imperfect statistic reports, and making the sum total of different periods still the same, when very different influences were at work to render such identity impossible. There can scarcely be a doubt, that in the reign of Philip III. the victims, if we call them so, were for the most part those who in other countries would have fallen under the sentence of other courts of judicature, rogues and impostors of the class of Le Sage's Don Rafael and Ambrosio de Lamela.* On the other hand Llorente's calculations of the number of sufferers in the latter part of the seventeenth century seem to fall as much below the truth as his earlier estimates exceed it.

Diego de Arce Reynoso, Bishop of Tuy, Avila, and Placencia, was Chief Inquisitor at the close of the reign of Philip IV., from 1643-1665. In his time, says Llorente, the sixteen boards of Inquisitors of the Peninsula and the Isles adjacent, each burnt every year four individuals in person, two in effigy, and condemned twenty to different penances, giving a total of 1472 burnt, 736 done to as Guy Fawkes is annually, and 7360 sentenced to minor penalties. Now, if Llorente had consulted the contemporary life of D'Arce Reynoso, written by one who knew him well, he would have seen the following summary, given no doubt from the then existing records :

General Autos in different cities, in twenty-two

* See Gil Blas, lib. xii. c. 1.

years, sixteen. Private ones, three hundred. Total number sentenced, more than 13,000. Banished from the kingdom, more than 12,000 Jewish families: who, if we take as an average only three in a family, make up a total of 36,000. Total, 49,000.*

(103.) There is a minute and particular record of a General Auto, celebrated at Madrid in June, 1680, which Llorente evidently had seen. It is one of the most painful and debasing records of unpitying superstition which the world has ever known, and as such is alluded to by Count Toreno, the historian of the Peninsular War, in a speech at the Cortes at Cadiz in 1813. The author was Joseph del Olmo, a familiar of the Holy Office, and a valet de chambre of poor King Charles II., who was present at the whole routine of the sad and miserable ceremony.† There were in all 118 culprits, of whom nineteen were burnt in person, and thirty-four in effigy; the rest being visited with imprisonment or other penalties short of death. This record does not confirm Llorente's proportion, between the numbers of those delivered to the secular arm, and those who only died in statue. If during D'Arce Reynoso's Inquisitorship the proportion was the same or nearly so, we must diminish the number of persons burnt at his sixteen General Autos to something near

* Giraldo, Vida de Don D. De Arce Reynoso. Madr. 1695, p. 328. The author was Secretary to the Inquisition at Toledo.

† Relacion del Auto General, etc. 4to. 1680. See Discusion sobre la Inquisicion, Cadiz, 1813, p. 230.

200, and make the mock-executions about 400. The rest of the 49,000 must be made up from the expatriated, the imprisoned, the condemned to the galleys, and to other lighter punishments. For it does not appear, that at the private Autos it was usual to proceed to the last severities of the law. Indeed, it may be reasonably doubted whether the number of those who suffered death was so great as according to this last calculation. The wretched exhibition detailed by Olmo appears to have been got up with a desperate zeal to resuscitate the spirit of the days of Torquemada and Philip II.; but it certainly failed of its object, and the sufferers, almost all poor outcasts, gathered out of the lowest ranks, excited pity for the insulted rights of humanity, rather than any veneration for the tribunal that had stooped to so mean a prey. It was noticed as something strange, unusual, and revolting even to the feelings of Catholic Spain.

(104.) Moreover, the nature of the Inquisition was such, that its extreme terrors could not be perpetually sustained. While Torquemada directed it, the principal object was to clear out the Jews and Judaizing Christians out of the country. He and his successors had nearly effected this, when the Reformation provoked a new course of persecution. This enemy also had been nearly exterminated in the earlier years of Philip II. What remained was but the swell of the waves after the wind has gone down. There could not be the same motives for heaping together the fire

and faggot, when the Jews were banished, and the Protestants destroyed. It seems singular that Southey and Prescott should both have accepted Llorente's calculations, as if he had made them out from the ledgers of the Inquisition.* There was no doubt a lull during the reign of Philip III.; and it was not till the disasters of the country were so multiplied towards the latter half of Philip IV.'s reign, and that of his weak sickly successor, that the familiars and directors of the Holy Office thought to remedy the public misery by a blind bigoted imitation of the worst deeds done in more prosperous times.

(105.) Southey says with some truth, that nineteen out of twenty persons, who fell into the hands of the Inquisition, suffered on the charge of Judaism. It was so, if we do not reckon the more ordinary culprits, moral delinquents, sham-priests, roguish friars, and cheats under the garb of sanctity. The Inquisition, under the last monarchs of the House of Austria, seems to have taken it into its consideration, after the revolt of Portugal, to drive out as many clerks or laymen as they could find of Portuguese blood; and to be a Portuguese was with them much the same as to be a Jew. This is one of many proofs of what Wallis has noticed, that the institution was as much political as religious.

(106.) But Giraldo professes himself to stand

* Southey's Vindiciæ, p. 419. Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, c. vii.

aghast in wondering admiration of the achievements of D' Arce Reynoso. They were something beyond common precedent, and therefore it is less wonderful if they so far exceed Llorente's estimate. This piece of biography is worth studying by all who wish to understand fully the genius of a model-Inquisitor: the little narrow stubborn pertinacity of purpose, the crooked industry, which thwarted all counsels of more enlightened policy, the sly deceitful secrecy and well-disciplined espionage, which stationed its detective police of informers in port and mart, in taverns and synagogues, by turns call forth the unbounded praises of his biographer. There is one incident of some interest to English history, which has hitherto escaped notice on this side the channel.

It is well known, indeed, that, towards the termination of his exile, our Charles II. was in Spain, and experienced more kindness from Don Lewis de Haro, than he could obtain from Cardinal Mazarine in France. But in those days, when Spain had suffered so severely in her ruinous war, it is not very wonderful, if there was some fear of provoking further hostilities from England, and all outward recognition of the royal rights of the house of Stewart was carefully avoided. It seems, however, that it had been more boldly proposed by some one to give the command of the Spanish fleet to James, Duke of York. Philip IV. had given his consent to it; and it was not altogether an inconsiderate step: for Rupert was ready to join him, and "old

expert Allen," as Dryden calls him, was not far off. Now, if there was one thing which James did understand, it was seamanship; and it is just possible, that he might have helped Spain with such a command at sea, as his son, the Duke of Berwick, did in the war of the Succession by commanding her armies on land. This excellent good plot was doomed to be spoilt by the Inquisition. D'Arce Reynoso told his royal master, in his own odd metaphor, that "he felt the knocker of his conscience beating loud and long at the doors of duty," and he could not but in honest zeal and love warn him, how dangerous it was to trust the charge of the most Catholic fleet of Spain to such a doubtful Catholic as the Duke of York. His arguments, says Giraldo, were so close and conclusive, that Philip IV. cancelled the order he had given.

Juan Manuel Giraldo extols this discreet advice, without any symptom of misgiving, in a book published in 1695, seven years after this suspected Prince had lost the three kingdoms of his rightful inheritance for a mass. The inference had not even then found its way to the small crevices, through which any external light could find its way to the understanding of a Secretary of the Inquisition.

(107.) Other writers have enlarged sufficiently on the cruelty and bigotry of Inquisitors. Sufficient regard has scarcely yet been paid to their stupidity. Dr. Joaquin Villanueva, one of the ablest of the ecclesiastical statesmen, who took a part in the suppression of

the long-established nuisance by the Cortes at Cadiz, tells us, that in his youth, under the reign of Charles III. it was a kind of proverb among students at college, that the most able and promising would rise to dignified offices in the Church, or, as civilians, in courts of law; but for the greatest blockheads, they were sure to find places in the Inquisition; "Præstet fides supplementum." A strong unreasoning faith would supply all defects. His subsequent life was full of experiences attesting the truth of the proverb; and indeed his writings are in this respect more valuable than Llorente's. The facts which he states are as indisputable, as they are instructive, and stated with equal learning and shrewdness.*

Our estimate is briefly this, that the Inquisition, except in those agonizing periods before alluded to, was not so bloody as has been supposed, and we may apply to Llorente's uncertain estimates the proverb of his country, "The lion is not so red as he is painted." Those crowded public executions are scenes which belong to times of public paroxysm. All history pronounces against their being for any long time sustained. But the perpetual character of its deeds was scarcely less loathsome, and perhaps even more destructive to the best interests of civilization and humanity. Let any man look through the list of Spain's best public men during the three centuries while it lasted.

* Villanueva, Vida Literaria, Lond. 1825. 2 Vols. See especially c. xxxix. and xl.

How few, if any, escaped some amount of vexation from the Inquisition! Her best commanders in the field, her wisest statesmen, her philosophers, her poets, her public benefactors and authors of wise inventions, as well as her most learned and eloquent divines and teachers, were all by turns delated, imprisoned, and, as far as the effect of such sentences could extend, branded with public suspicion and infamy. What more effectual mode could a great country take to destroy itself?

(108.) Unhappily the institution had its origin in a time, which the Spaniards had otherwise reason to regard as great and glorious. It was not wonderful, therefore, that Gongora should have spoken of its establishment as one of the true triumphs of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.* Fifty years later, and after the days of D'Arce Reynoso, honest Father Navarrete tells us how he converted a Frenchman, M. Dandron, the companion of his homeward voyage, to his way of thinking about it. They had come from India to Madagascar in the spring of 1671, and while they were at anchor in Port Dauphin, his French companions amused themselves with putting up the Spanish friar to defend the Inquisition. "They had heard," says Navarrete, "from certain ill-disposed persons many harsh, rude, and ridiculous things about it, which had no existence anywhere. I talked with the gentleman, M. Dandron, and told him the true mode of the procedure, the secrecy, the piety, the mercy of the tri-

* In his poem on the Royal Reception at Guadalupe.

bunal, the authority, gravity, zeal, virtue, and learning of its ministers, etc. With which he was well content, and said it would be a mighty good thing if it could be introduced into France."* M. Dandron's compliment was not quite so far-fetched and dearly bought, as that of his countryman, M. Dellon, who tells Mademoiselle de Coislin, that he thought all his sufferings in the Inquisition at Goa well-bestowed, since he could dedicate the history of them to her;† but we can scarcely doubt that it was equally sincere.

(109.) In the Court of a realm thus fruitful with examples of grace and virtue, though abounding with so much licentious disorder and so many pernicious errors both of religion and government, did Gongora linger on. The throne had now passed to a boy of fifteen: for Philip IV. had not completed his sixteenth year, when he began to reign. The burden of the state was reposed on the shoulders of the Count-Duke Olivares; with what result is sufficiently known in the history of Europe during this portion of the seventeenth century. These misfortunes of his country Gongora did not live to witness; but finding that the new minister, content with having disgraced his predecessors in office, was otherwise disposed to patronise literature and the fine arts, he continued to reside at Madrid, and employ his muse as he was solicited, or as occasions prompted. The Count-Duke, perhaps at

* Navarrete, Viages, 398.

† Relation de la Inquisition de Goa. Paris, 1688.

his request, gave two habits of Santiago to two of his kinsmen;* and if the poet had lived longer, says Hozes, he promised himself that the protection of this princely person would have provided him a more effectual shelter from adversity. It was, however, a relief that was too long in coming to a man who had now numbered threescore years.

Why did he remain, or how did he employ himself? It seems as if he had become by this time the centre of a literary circle at the Court, and the many titled and distinguished persons, who imitated his poetry, were resorting to him for lessons, and honouring him as their master. It seems also as if it had been about this time, when he first became remarkable for that new polished style, which has made his name so famous with later ages. There may be some indications of it in his earlier poems; but it was now that he wrote his "Solitudes," the most undeniable specimen of *Culteranismo*, which called forth the two letters of Lope de Vega, cited by later critics as the first authoritative censure of our poet pronounced by one of his own countrymen. To these letters we may refer hereafter, when we come to the critical portion of this Essay. At present our plan requires that we should give some account of the contemporary men of letters, who formed the school of Gongora.

(110.) Of these the most remarkable for wit and

* An honour coveted in Spain, as an attestation of purity of blood.

talents was Juan de Tassis, second inheritor of the title of Count of Villamediana. Of an ancient Milanese family, whose remote ancestors had resided at Bergamo, Roger de Tassis had passed into Germany, and gained the notice of the Emperor Frederic III. His heirs and representatives were distinguished for public services successively in the reigns of Maximilian and Charles V., and obtained dignities in Flanders. Raymond, the grandfather of the young Count, passing from Flanders into Spain in the time of Philip II., became naturalized there, married into the old Castillian family of the Acuñas, Counts of Buendia, and held the office of Postmaster General, which was held also by his two next descendants. In the exercise of the duties of this office, it was his painful task to disclose to the king the insane project of flight, which the unhappy Prince Don Carlos had sought to effect by his means.*

Juan de Tassis the elder, son and heir of Raymond, had been a companion in arms of John of Austria, and is said to have fought well at the hot actions with the Moriscoes, at the storming of Galera and Peñon de Velez, and when succours were to be landed at Oran. He was one of the pall-bearers of his former commander, when the gallant Prince's remains were brought from Flanders to be deposited in the Escorial. What gave him a more questionable celebrity was that

* Prescott, Philip II. b. iv. c. vi. Chifflet, Maison de Tassis, Antwerp 1645 fol. p. 171.

he was reputed the best swordsman of his time; and, after he had been five times engaged in private duels or personal conflicts, and had come off successfully, though he bore the marks of certain gashes in his face, received in two hard-fought encounters, Philip thought proper to lay his commands upon him never to fight for his own hand again.*

Philip III. in 1603 gave him the dignity of Count of Villamediana, and, after an intermediate mission to France and Flanders, sent him as his Ambassador to Great Britain and the Court of James I.† His success on this mission has been already related. He remained about two years as Ambassador in ordinary at the English Court, and then returning to Spain died there in the following year, 1607, leaving an encumbered estate to his successor.

(111.) The poet, his only legitimate son, together with his title seems to have inherited much of the versatile talent of the father. He is said to have been born in Portugal at the time when Philip II. held his court there, in the year 1583, or 1584.‡ His tutor in early life was Lewis Tribaldos de Toledo, a classical scholar of some distinction, and noted for his skill in Latin verse, who was afterwards domestic librarian to the Count-Duke.§ But joining to his literary lessons a

* Haro, Nobiliario de España, ii. 28. Chifflet, Maison de Tassis, 179.

† Chifflet, 181. Cabrera, 195.

‡ Chifflet, 201. Miñana, Hist. lib. viii. c. xi.

§ Nic. Antonio: Lope de Vega, Filom. 118.

ready aptitude for more active accomplishments, the young Count was soon famous in the tourney-field; and on one occasion, being in the retinue of the Count of Lemos, when he was viceroy of Naples, he made such a display of his valour and magnificence as to supply the Neapolitans with a lasting theme of wonder and applause.*

He was married at an early age to Anna de Mendoza y Cerda, a cousin of the Duke of Infantado;† but the children who were born from this marriage died in infancy, and his title was destined to pass to the Count of Oñate, a descendant by the female side from Raymond de Tassis.

Little more has been hitherto told of him, than that, after other splendid appearances at festivals, and occasions of sumptuous expenditure in military services, he was suddenly assassinated in the streets of Madrid by an unknown hand.

(112.) The late lord Holland, in his lively "Account of the Life and Writings of Lope de Vega,"‡ gives the particulars nearly as they here follow. A few days only after the accession of Philip IV., the confessor of Balthasar de Zuñiga, uncle to the Count-Duke, bade Villamediana to look to himself; for his life was in danger. He despised the warning, and treated the adviser with disdain. However, that same evening, as he was driving with Don Lewis de Haro along one of the principal streets of Madrid, the coach was stopped,

* Chifflet, 202. † Cabrera, 111. ‡ Lond. 1806, p. 53-55

and he was requested by name to alight from it on urgent business. Almost before he had reached the carriage-step, he received a blow from a dagger near the heart, and in attempting to follow the assassin, he fell overpowered and bleeding to the ground. He was removed to his lodgings, but died shortly afterwards. His body was carried to St. Augustin's Church at Valladolid, a sumptuous edifice founded and endowed by his father, to be deposited there near the remains of his parents and his own little children.

The circumstances of his death are briefly stated by Nicolas Antonio, and many writers of comparatively modern date have alluded to them. But there is much silence in the writers of the time. Chifflet, whose Memoirs of the House of Tassis were published more than twenty years afterwards, either did not know the truth, or suppresses it, when he speaks of the Count as if he had been done to death by slanderous tongues.* In the edition of Gongora's works by Hozes, which Lord Holland had seen,† there is the following singular effusion, in the form of a dialogue, between two idlers on the *Mentidero*, or "Lie-Walk," of Madrid, a place answering to the "Paul's Walk" of London in the days of the first Stewarts:—

"Upon the Lie-Walk of Madrid,
Where tales are staple, truth is strange,
And dealers in wild news outbid
Each other, as men do on 'Change;

* Chifflet, 204. † Madrid, 1633 and 1654, p. 67.

I question'd one who knew the town,
Hoping his tale might prove a true one,
'Pray, tell me, if it may be known,
Who kill'd the noble Count Don Juan?'

'It is not known, but not quite hid.'
'Nay, but a friend the truth would fain know.'
'Some say, it was the noble Cid,
'Who took him for the Count Lozano.'

'Pshaw!' 'Nay, you know as much as I do;
The man did more than did behove him;
But who would dare to play Vellido,
Unless a Sovereign impulse drove him?'" *

The allusions in these lines to the death of Count Lozano at the hands of the Cid, and to Vellido Dolfos, the assassin of King Sancho, will be familiar to the readers of Don Quixote and the old Ballads.† The lines certainly appear to give some support to a common tradition, repeated by Lord Holland and Mr. Ticknor, of the cause of Villamediana's death. The story goes that Philip IV. having one day glided unperceived behind his young Queen in a corridor of the palace, put his hands before her eyes with the intention of surprising her. Thus taken off her guard, she exclaimed, "*Que es esto, Conde?*" "What means this, Count?" supposing it to have been Villamediana. The king understood her words to imply that she had permitted such liberties, and perhaps other liberties, to this nobleman; and determined to remove him by

* Obras de Gongora, ed. Madrid, 1633, fol. 67.

† See Don Quixote's delicious prose on the Challenge of Diego Ordoñez, part ii. c. 27.

such means as Philip II. is said to have employed against Juan de Escovedo, or George I., while yet at Hanover, against Count Konigsmarck.

"Pointed axioms, and acute replies," says Dr. Johnson, "fly loose about the world, and are assigned successively to those whom it may be the fashion to make famous." He might have extended the remark to rich scandalous stories. This tale, which Lord Holland and Mr. Ticknor adopt without much questioning, was long ago shewn by Geronimo Feyjoo to have been borrowed from a supposed incident of a very ancient date in the Court of France,* as long ago as the age of Gregory of Tours. Queen Fredegonde, the wife of Chilperic, a person to whose fair fame history is not very favourable, is said to have been over-intimate with Landric, the steward of the Palace; and Chilperic is said to have discovered it much in the same way which the later story ascribes to Philip IV., coming behind her as she was at her toilet, and touching her lightly with a rod on the crown of the head; upon which she exclaimed on Landric, as Elisabeth of France is said to have done on Villamediana.† Now Queen Fredegonde died in A.D. 597; so whether there was any truth in the story or not, it was in circulation about a thousand years too soon to be assigned to any queen of the seventeenth century.

(113.) The common storehouse of most of the

* Feyjoo, Theatro Critico, vi. 116.

† Gesta Regum Franc. c. 35. Aimoin. Floriac. iii. 57.

scandalous stories relating to the Court of Spain at this period appears to have been Madame D'Aulnoy's "Voyage d' Espagne," written about the year 1679, and translated into English not long after. It does not contain the story just recited; but it contains one, which Mr. Ticknor repeats, of Villamediana appearing at a public entertainment in a suit embroidered with little silver pieces, and displaying the punning motto, "Mis amores son *reales*." It contains also the story of the cudgelling administered to the king and Olivares by the Duke of Albuquerque. It contains another, which Lord Holland had seen, but rejects on historical grounds, of a fire, which his account stated to have been at the Buen Retiro, a palace not built till long after Villamediana's death. The story is absurd and worthless; but this reason for its rejection will not hold; for the older account makes the scene, on which the supposed incendiary played his part, to have been not at the Buen Retiro, but at Aranjuez. It contains the equally ridiculous tale of Philip III. being broiled alive, or contracting a fever which caused his death, through a point of Spanish punctilio,—a tale which has become part of the common stock of little French novelists from that day to this. In short this was the age of Grammont, of Pepys, and Bishop Burnet, the golden age for scandalous chronicles. The writer of the book was a wholesale collector of *badinage* for the Parisian market: the narrative comprehends some pictures of

Spanish manners, but was probably never intended to claim any historical authority.

It would be a waste of the benevolent reader's time to bestow any length of critical examination on such a book. The writer professes to have heard all these tales in a conversation with an ancient lady of seventy-five, whom she saw once, and once only, in a convent where she was living in religious retirement; a daughter of Manrique de Lara, eldest son of the Duke of Najera, and widow of Francisco de Castro, Count of Lemos, and Duke of Taurisano. Now Manrique de Lara, eldest son of the fourth Duke of Najera, who must be here intended, died in his father's lifetime, without leaving any children.* Had he left a daughter, she would have been Duchess, instead of his sister Louisa, mother of the Duke of Maqueda, before-mentioned. And the wife of Francisco de Castro was not one of the house of Lara, but Lucretia Garignano, Duchess of Taurisano, a Sicilian heiress, by whom he had children born to him before 1620.† In 1622 Francisco de Castro became eighth Count of Lemos, succeeding his brother Pedro, the patron of the poets so often mentioned in these pages, and keeping the title of Duke of Taurisano in right of his wife. In later life, probably after his wife's death, he became a monk of the abbey of Sahagun in the province of Leon, where he died in 1637.‡ We know of no authority

* Lopez de Haro, i. 310. † Ib. i. 441.
‡ Berni, Titulos de Castilla, 153.

but this book of Madame D'Aulnoy, for saying that he married a second time, or left a widow, or deserted a young wife to turn monk.

Lord Holland, who for some reasons of his own was no firm believer in female virtue, accepts the scandal against this Queen of Philip IV., who was a daughter of Henri IV., and a sister of our Henrietta Maria. A plain English juryman would desire better proofs. If the assassination of Villamediana was perpetrated, as Lord Holland tells it, only a few days after the young king's accession, it was a bold beginning for a boy of fifteen, and not very consistent with the feeble good nature of his later years. In a medallion-portrait of the royal pair taken conjointly in 1622, they appear, as might be expected, with a very boyish and girlish physiognomy :* but in the autumn of that year, August 14th, their first child was born, an Infanta, who died thirty hours afterwards. Mr. Ticknor, who tells the story so as necessarily to date Villamediana's death in 1621, by some mistake ascribes it to the jealousy of Philip III., unless it is an error of the press.† It is clear that he was living in 1622; for among his poems is a comedy or masque, somewhat similar in character to the Court-Masques of Ben Jonson, which was performed by the young queen and her ladies at Aranjuez on the 13th of May in that year, in celebration of her

* Engraved in Davila, Grandezas, 169.

† Ticknor, Hist. of Span. Literature, ii. 490.

consort having shortly before attained his seventeenth birthday.* The splendour of the festal show is described in a prose-commentary on the masque by Villamediana himself; and it is more fully described by another poet who was present, Antonio de Mendoza.† And Mr. Ticknor is well aware of this; for he alludes to it in another part of his work.‡ He appears also to have been living in 1623; for, among his unpublished poems is a sufficiently ill-tempered sonnet on the visit of our Prince Charles and George Villiers, whom he calls his "Admiral," to the Spanish Court. They came to Madrid in March, and did not leave Spain till near the end of September. In the following November the queen again became the mother of a young princess, who however died before the end of December.§ It seems most probable that his death, whatever may have been the cause, did not take place before 1624. He must then have been about forty years of age. The young king and queen were about eighteen or nineteen.

(114.) What probability is there that the young king ordered him to be assassinated? One of the best living Spanish authorities, Don Pascual de Gayangos, seems to follow the account which ascribes his death to some offence given by his words or writ-

* P. 1-54.
† Ant. Mendoza, Obras, p. 145-161. Madrid, 1728.
‡ Hist. of Span. Lit. ii. 172, note.
§ Cespedes, Philip IV. 169.

ings.* The first edition of his published poems advertises the reader in a short prefatory address, that the Count left behind him certain satirical rhymes, which were not allowed to be published.† Gayangos had seen these verses in MS; and a copy has come into the hands of the present writer. They are full of the worst and most scurrilous personalities, aimed against the highest and humblest public characters of the time, from the Duke of Lerma, the Dukes of Osuna and Uceda, to Morales the actor, and Vergel the Alguacil, or Chief Constable of the Court, sparing neither man nor woman, and heaping on them such atrocious insults, as to outdo even the felonious lampoons of Hanbury Williams. These were things, which, it may be easily believed, man or woman among the assailed parties might have found it difficult to forgive. On the other hand, there are two poems among them, which confirm the report of his having declared himself an admirer of the young Queen. The first begins with the stanza:—

"In care and thrall I'm doom'd to dwell,
In joy with grief allied:
'Tis madness, if the cause I tell,
'Tis death the truth to hide."‡

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* "Por haber hablado mas de lo que debiera." Notes on Ticknor, iii. 512. † Zaragoza, 1629.

‡ "Traigo conmigo un cuidado,
Entre desdichas ventura,
Que para dicho es locura,
Y muerte para callado." Orig. MS.

There is nothing in these wild rhymes, however, which makes it at all probable that he had induced the queen to encourage his addresses. The case must be left for the next advocate who may choose to take up the brief of Lord Holland.

(115.) The unpublished poems have an appendix of several epigrams, or short pieces, by other poets, on the occasion of the Count's death. The rhymes, which Lord Holland, following Hozes, has assigned to Gongora, are in the translator's MS. assigned to Lope de Vega. On internal evidence one would pronounce them to be Lope's; they are of the same character of light morality, which too much pervades Lope's writings, dealing with a deed of horror in a vein of comic pleasantry. That they are not Gongora's might be probably inferred from their being withdrawn from the Brussels edition of his poems; but it is rendered more certain by the fact, that this appendix contains another copy of verses ascribed to Gongora, written on this occasion, and drawing a more sad and serious moral from it.* The other contributors are Juan de Jauregui, the painter and poet, Antonio de Mendoza, Quevedo, Francisco Lopez de Zarate, and one or two less known versifiers. Most of them seem to have taken the same view of the disaster as is taken by Gongora.

"The judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity."

* A translation will be found in our selection.

Perhaps the most pleasing, though at the same time solemn, is one by Lewis Velez de Guevara, a dramatic poet, who has left, among others, a touching domestic tragedy on the well-known Portuguese story of Ines de Çastro:* it is nearly as follows:—

"Here lies, by lawless hand o'erthrown,
A wit that wanted grace to guide,
Foredoom'd, in blind o'erweening pride,
By others' madness, and his own.
Stranger, whom pity prompts to moan,
O mark the cause:—the felon's knife
Sped but the wreck of passion's strife:—
Nor mourn with unavailing tear
The dead who sleeps on bloody bier,
But weep for anger's death in life."†

Gongora's characteristic lines are much to the same effect.

(116.) We learn from one or two notices in these abusive poems, that he had been banished from the court before the Duke of Lerma's fall. Hence probably that keen hatred of the Duke, whom he had before eulogised. He obtained no favour from the Duke of Uceda. Olivares recalled him; but he speaks with ill-repressed dislike even of Olivares, and warns him with coarse profaneness, that "though he was now on Mount Tabor, he might soon find himself on Calvary." There can be little doubt that he was a

* "Reynar despues de Morir."

† —"si lloras compasivo,
Llora mas que al muerto al vivo
En imperio de su muerte." MS.

man of ruined fortunes, sunk low by his own wasteful excess. One of his epigrams speaks of a lawsuit which had been adjudged against him. It assails the four judges who had tried it in terms of libellous malignity.

Antonio de Mendoza truly says of him, that he was one who at different times "spoke most purely and most impurely" on subjects of virtue. Among his published poems is a sonnet, "Say, what is Beauty," worthy of all praise; and, among others, one befitting the sad occasion on the death of the Count of Corunna, Lorenzo Suarez de Mendoza, a young nobleman, who was slain in a street-quarrel in the year 1616. Of his unpublished poems we have translated two or three on public subjects, which would best bear translation. Trifling as many of them are, and bad and bitter as most of them are, the wit and vigour of expression is often such as to speak the ability of this most remarkable disciple of the school of Gongora. But, as our great critic and moralist said of Dryden's worst productions, "Minds are not lowered in their powers, till they are first lowered in their desires." When he wrote like a man who had fallen out with virtue and himself, there was no longer sufficient wit to preserve his productions from putrefaction.

(117.) We have seen that the warning, which Villamediana neglected, came from the confessor of Balthasar de Zuñiga. Balthasar de Zuñiga was perhaps the most important person in the court at this time. He had held the office of *Ayo*, or Governor, to Philip

IV., when he was Prince of the Asturias, an office which gave him access to the Prince at all times; he was to sleep near the person of his pupil, and was lodged and boarded in the royal palace.* He is said to have been a man of cultivated understanding and experience; and, as it was his influence that had brought the Count-Duke forward, he continued for a while to be the chief director of the Home-Department, while Olivares took the foreign relations of Spain more immediately under his own care. It is not impossible that he may have known something more than other people of the meditated assassination.

Lord Holland says, that no enquiry was made after the authors or agents of the bloody deed. It is not clear on what authority this is said. But when a man disappears from society, who has made himself generally detested, it is no new thing that it should be difficult to discover the murderers, or that, if known, they should escape justice. Bothwellhaugh, the slayer of the Regent Murray, is an instance of the one, and the Edinburgh mob, who destroyed Captain Porteous, of the other. "He used his excellent wit so ill," says one of those who wrote the Count's epitaph, "that he never found one to be his loyal friend."† In earlier days, Gongora had complimented him on his taste for the fine arts, and admired his breed of horses; he had

* Davila, Grandezas, 322. Cespedes, Phil. IV. 35, 6.

† "Nunca tuvo quien le fuese amigo leal." MS. The writer is Diego de Silva, Count of Salinas, and Marquis of Alenquer.

also praised one or two of his poems. But when the evil principle had so obtained the ascendant, he could only stand apart; and in his dreadful death he saw nothing but the expected end of one who had provoked his fate by accumulated outrages.

(118.) A better man, and a great friend and admirer of Gongora, was Felix Hortensio Paravicino, who for the space of twenty-seven years successively, under Philip III. and IV., was one of the royal preachers, and drew crowds of hearers to listen to him, with an acceptability unabated to the last. Lope de Vega speaks of him in one of his Epistles:

> "Divine Hortensio, whose exalted strain,
> Sweet, pure, and witty, censure cannot wound,
> The Cyril and the Chrysostom of Spain."*

Altuna, who was proud of him as a brother friar of the Trinitarian Order, giving a biographical sketch of him, or what he calls "the plain song of his life and death, entoned with little skill," describes one of his sermons on Whitsunday, as rather an oration than a sermon, so elegant, so full of curious choice phrases, in such polished language, expressive of such lively affections, such subtle thoughts, and such masterly learning, that it held the hearers in delighted astonishment.† It was attended by an immense concourse, both of ecclesiastics and laymen, being preached at the great Dominican convent-chapel of Atocha, a house which then sustained a community of eighty friars. The preacher

* Epist. viii. El Jardin de Lope. † Altuna, 601, 609.

exerted his utmost powers, and at the close remained faint and exhausted with his own efforts. Many proofs are recorded of his long sustained popularity in the pulpit. "The acuteness of an Hortensio" passed into a proverb. People remembered his sermons so as to recite them; as Lope is said to have done on one remarkable occasion.* The change of ministry made no change to him: he was in favour both with the Sandovals and the Guzmans. When the young queen of Philip IV. was unable to attend his preaching, she would sometimes send by a lady of the bed-chamber to solicit a copy of the sermon. Whether all this admiration was owing to his use of the new style in the pulpit, of which Vieyra so pointedly complains, we must leave to other enquirers to examine.†

(119.) In the days of George II., as we learn from the amusing gossip of Bishop Newton, the approved length of a court sermon was fifteen minutes.‡ It was of course a different thing when Bishop Andrewes preached before King James; and could not well have been less than the extent allowed at this period at the Spanish Court, which was three-quarters of an hour.§ But on one occasion, when Hortensio had found himself unable to satisfy the requirements of his text within the given time, and had ended with an expression of

* Sedano, Parnaso Español, v. p. 1.
† Vieyra, Sermon de la Dom. Sexagesima, sec. 5.
‡ Bishop Newton's Life, p. 105.
§ Altuna, 603, "De alli no passa ningun predicador."

regret that he must leave the best unsaid, Philip IV. made a sign to him to go on, and he went to the end of the hour, leaving his audience still fixed to hear. This was one of the sermons which the queen would needs have to read in manuscript.

Some of his sermons were published shortly after his death; but their reputation does not appear to have been permanent. Probably much of the effect was due to the pleasing delivery of the preacher, and those extemporary graces of his rhetoric, which could not be transferred to printed copies. For it is reported, that he succeeded against the natural defect of a voice which in itself was weak and low; but there was a masculine eloquence in his flowing words, which was equally remarkable in his social and private discourse, and attracted many titled and well-educated persons to seek conferences with him, and pick up the pearls of his conversation.*

(120.) Hortensio Paravicino was of Italian extraction. His father, Mucio Paravicino, was at one time Treasurer of State at Milan.† His mother, Maria de Artiaga, was of a good Spanish family. He was born at Madrid in 1580; and, his parents being wealthy persons, he was educated with a view to qualify him for some high civil office, and sent to Salamanca to study law. There, after distinguishing himself as an eminent latin scholar, writing prose or verse with equal facility, he became very intimate with Juan de

* Nic. Antonio, ii. 612. † Cabrera, Rel. 209.

Estrella, a Trinitarian Friar, and Professor of Natural Philosophy, whose friendship brought him to desire to take the same religious habit upon him. At an early age he obtained the degree of Master in Theology with great distinction to himself: and shortly afterwards his talents were more strikingly attested, by an accident which made them to be in sudden request. Philip III. and Queen Margaret in 1606 paid a visit to Salamanca. An older member of the University, who had been chosen to make a public oration to welcome the royal pair, fell sick at the time; and the professors sought the help of Hortensio to relieve them from the embarrassment. He undertook it readily, and acquitted himself so well, that it was the beginning of his long-sustained celebrity. He shortly afterwards went, at the bidding of his Provincial, to make his talent visible at court; and from that time his life was devoted to the duties of a public preacher, filling sometimes the office of Provincial or other offices in his own Order, but never leaving Madrid. Gongora has a pleasing sonnet addressed to him; which, while it compliments him on his acceptable mode of entertaining suitors at court, marks his influence on the mind of the pious monarch. It is said that bishoprics were often offered him, but he found none that suited him. His habits were those of a diligent student, and at the same time a man of friendly disposition and very equable temper. He died, Dec. 12, 1633, at the age of fifty-three.

(121.) After his death, besides his sermons already

mentioned, there came out a small volume of poems under his maternal name, Don Felix de Artiaga.* They are characterised by some learning and ingenuity, but are of no striking poetical force. His admiration of Gongora is avowed in more than one passage; and in addressing the poet, he calls him "the great son of Cordova, by whose skill the language of Spain had been brought to courtly polish from rude barbarism." He sometimes writes in imitation of his style on subjects which Gongora had previously chosen.

Altuna mentions what seems to have escaped the notice of other writers, that he was a relative of the famous Cardinal Sforza Palavicini, the historian of the Council of Trent, and literary antagonist of Paolo Sarpi.† If any doubt remained on this point, it would be removed by a passage in one of his poems, written in an earnest religious tone, on the vanity of human wishes:

> "Let my great kinsman ride
> In purple meet for kings, the gaze of Rome,
> With crowds, to swell his pride,
> To his tiara offering rich perfume:
> When all is done, he'll quit the scene
> Like me; his name, like mine, is Paravicine."‡

Curiously contrasted are the parts played by different members of this family nearly at the same time at the different courts in Europe. Hortensio, however, was

* Madrid, 1641, 12mo. † Altuna, 604, 5.
‡ Obras de Artiaga, fol. 112.

not likely to have claimed kindred with Horatio, who did such useful, but questionable service to Queen Elizabeth, and was intrusted with such important missions by Burleigh and Walsingham.* Possibly the changes now in progress in Naples may bring the present representatives of the name again into some posts of observation.

(122.) Beside these two, there were many persons of rank and literary fame, who are claimed as disciples of the school of Gongora. Among these was the young Duke of Sesa, afterwards chosen by Lope de Vega as his testamentary executor, but now a gay attendant on the court, busy in the nightly serenades listened to by the high-born ladies of Madrid, and sometimes, it would seem, equally prompt in the brawls provoked by rival competitors for woman's gracious ear. He was found one fine night, as Cabrera tells us,† in the month of August 1609, seated under a porch-door, a sword broken at the hilt in one hand, the other holding a handkerchief, with which he was staunching the flowing blood from a gash made in his face. The Duke of Pastrana and Marquis of Barcarrota, who had heard the noise of the fray, occasioned by the wild young Duke of Maqueda, who had broken the head of the Duke of Sesa's minstrel with his own guitar, came to enquire of the wounded man whether he was much hurt: "If I am,"

* Camden, Annals, i. 396; ii. 20. Nichols' Lit. Aned. v. 255.

† Relac. 378.

he said, "I know how to take care of myself; and I have still half a sword left to pay off the chicken-hearted cowards who came against me three to one." The two friendly enquirers accordingly left him alone in his glory.

Ticknor mentions the Prince of Esquilache among the opponents of the school of Gongora: but a Spanish apologist of the school, Martin de Angulo y Pulgar, who wrote in 1633, claims him as a disciple.* He claims also the Marquis of Ayamonte, to whom and to the Marchioness Gongora has addressed two or three sonnets, and speaks of the poets of his house. The Marquis was about to go out as Viceroy to Mexico; but was prevented by death in November 1607. This apologist also lays claim to the Count of Lemos, Lewis Cabrera the historian, and between twenty and thirty other literary names of the day.

(123.) Meantime the unfortunate Rodrigo Calderon had been carried from his long imprisonment of two years and six months, to die by the hand of the executioner. He suffered on a scaffold erected in the great public square at Madrid, within six months after the accession of Philip IV., October 21, 1621. As his cause had been all this time in suspense, and the judges, according to the barbarous usage then scarcely abolished even with us, had twice examined their prisoner by torture, one may conclude that it was not easy to find proofs of the charges brought against him.

* Gayangos, Notes to Ticknor, iii. 511.

At last it appeared by their sentence, that he had been accused of no less than seven murders.* First, that of poor Queen Margaret, who had died in child-bed ten years before. Secondly, that of Father Suarez the Jesuit. If this was the famous Francis Suarez, the able divine and casuist, he died quietly at Lisbon at a very advanced age in 1617. The other five names are of persons little known. He was acquitted of five, but found guilty of two. Of one of the two no explanation is given beyond the name. The other seems to be the name of an officer or soldier in one of the two regiments which he commanded, put to death by a military order; but in which there was some formal irregularity. Calderon said, if any one was to blame for it, it was not the Serjeant-Major, Juan de Guzman, but himself. Altogether, considering the blind hatred discernible in the first charges, great doubt must rest on the justice of the decision as to the last.

In the manner of his death, the spectators were reminded of that of the great Constable Alvar de Luna in the days of John II., as described in some striking old Castillian ballads. He was mounted on a mule at the door of his own house, which had been latterly his place of confinement, and rode to the scaffold-stairs, well attended by members of pious brotherhoods, as well as ministers of justice. Duran has given the details of the scene, as described in several rude

* Cespedes, lib. ii. c. 27.

ditties, which may have been sung about the streets on the occasion: but the ballad of Villamediana, of which a translation will be found in this selection, appears to have escaped his notice. Arrived at the scaffold, he noted with great composure the instruments of death, and without change of countenance, or faltering in his speech, conversed a while with his confessor, and another friendly priest, Gregorio de Pedrosa, one of the preachers of the court. One of his last questions to them was, Whether it was a sin of pride to have so little fear of death?* He was beheaded in an instant; and the head and headless body having remained, guarded by alguazils, on the scaffold, till night closed in, they were then conveyed, wrapt in a winding-sheet, without any funeral procession or attendance, to the church of St. Hermengild in the convent of the Barefooted Carmelites, where it was his own wish to be buried. Gongora's two sonnets, following his warning stanzas addressed to Calderon in his day of dangerous elevation, will be read with some interest. These sonnets are printed in all the editions of his works without inscription or title; but there can be no doubt about their application.

(124.) Mr. Ford, who seems to have indulged too much in the scornful vein of Quevedo, tells us that the principles of the Duke of Lerma were "hypocrisy masking avarice: thus, while founding convents, he plundered the public." And that "Philip IV., on his

* Davila, Phil. III. 228.

father's death, squeezed out this full sponge,"* meaning the Duke, "and then beheaded his agent Calderon, just as our Henry VIII. did the Empson and Dudley of his father." Strange estimate and stranger parallel! Ford is surely the first writer who has made a Tartufe of the Duke of Lerma. The avarice, too, of the man who saved nothing out of all the grants and monopolies which he enjoyed, is at least not transparent. The sponge, as we must have seen, was one that needed no squeezing; but had already exhausted itself in the warm sunshine of royal favour. Did Philip IV. try to squeeze it? His judges pottered over a charge of his having made a fortune out of some cargoes of wheat imported from Sicily; and after the cause had been two years in court, the Duke was ordered to refund it. It was a cruel case. The grant had been made twenty years before. Whether the sentence could be executed or not, or whether the Duke's enemies found, according to Sancho's wise proverb, that it is vain to look for birds' eggs in last year's nests, must be left in historical uncertainty.

But now comes the climax. Philip IV., the boy of sixteen, being very like Henry VIII. at eighteen, took a lesson from him, and beheaded Calderon, as Henry had beheaded Empson and Dudley, "those

* Ford borrows his figure of speech, not from Hamlet, but from Quevedo's half crazy Vision, "El Entremetido y la Dueña :" Pluto tells Clitus it is the common condition of king's ministers. "Todos sois esponjas de los Principes; dexan os chupar hasta que estais hinchados, y luego os esprimen, y sacan el zumo para si."

wild hawks for themselves, and tame hawks for their king," as Bacon calls them, the choicest models of pettifogging rapine. Now Le Sage well knew that Calderon's enemies were not provoked by his avarice, but by his harsh temper, his upstart pride, as they deemed it, and insolence in office. This is entirely borne out by the Spanish historians: but Davila adds, that after his fall not even his enemies were willing to speak against him. For, as he adds with some point, "envy was then no longer concerned with his cause; but compassion was."* It is true, no doubt, that he, like the Duke, had obtained a multitude of public grants from the favour of his sovereign; and these were, like all Alvar de Luna's acquisitions, forfeited at his death: but they were proofs, not of his avarice, but his ambition.

(125.) It is often said that he was the son of a common soldier; but his father is called Captain Francisco Calderon, an officer who had seen some service in the Netherlands. His mother was Maria de Aranda y Sandalin, who is supposed to have been a Fleming. He seems to have been born at Antwerp in 1566, at the time of the riots of the Gueux, and the sacking of the cathedral by a mob who rivalled the followers of Knox in a country farther north.† It was an omen, says Cespedes, of the stormy world in which he was to be called to play his part.‡ His father returned

* Phil. III. 227. † See Prescott, Phil. II. b. ii. c. 12.
‡ Phil. IV. ii. 27.

to Spain, probably in no very flourishing condition, took up his abode at Valladolid, where he had been born, and Rodrigo, when he was growing up, was received as a page into the household of the Marquis of Denia, the future Duke of Lerma. It does not appear that he was at once placed in any office of government; but from being the Duke's confidential private secretary, he was soon known to be a person whom it was not advisable to have as an enemy.* In 1602 he is mentioned as having a key of the royal bedchamber; and in 1604, as he was coming at midnight to his lodgings from an evening party at the royal palace in Valladolid, lighting from a sedan-chair in the porch of his house, he received the first warning of the danger of his position, a person who had secreted himself there having tried to fire a pistol in his face. It however missed fire, and the assassin escaped.† For the last ten or twelve years of the Duke's administration he had almost greater power than the Duke himself, having such influence as an active man, ready on all occasions, is likely to have with one who is somewhat indolent and self-indulgent.‡ But he never attempted to supplant his patron: if we assign only the worse motive, it may be that he knew his own popularity would not enable him to stand alone.

His father, in his old age and widowhood, obtained by his son's means some offices of no great consideration, a habit of Santiago, and a Commandery of the

* Contarini, 577. † Cabrera, 131, 227. ‡ Ib. 351.

Order in Arragon. He is said to have declined higher advancement, as fearing that the haughty spirit of his son betokened a speedy fall. The old man seems to have died in 1614.*

(126.) Rodrigo, it is evident from Cabrera's journal, was the mark of much public enmity, long before the blow fell upon him: but the intrigues and conflicts were a little suspended by his being sent out on several foreign missions, to Venice, to the Emperor at Cologne, to the Court of France, and perhaps also to Rome. There was at one time some thought of sending him to England. Fulfilling such missions with ability, he returned to be in still higher favour. He seems to have been first raised to the peerage, as Count of Oliva, in 1613; and in the following year was made Marquis and Count of Siete Iglesias;† though Ramos says that in the archives of the family, which he saw, the date given was 1618.‡ Eventually, no doubt, his unfortunate temper not only hastened his own ruin, but involved the Duke in the same overthrow.

His wife, whom he left as a widow at his death, was Ines de Vargas, a lady of good family. They had several children. Gongora seems to have been on familiar terms with them, and wrote in his merry trifling rhyme on a little accident which befel the eldest boy in an early experiment in horsemanship:

* Cabrera, 549. † Ib. 558.
‡ Ramos, sec. 192.

"Horse, who hast thrown our boy so fair,
And, by his fall unbound,
Hast trail'd in dust his golden hair,
Like sun-rays on the ground:
Get thee a pair of wings, and soar,
Like Pegasus, on high;
Or like th' imperial bird, that bore
Jove's minion to the sky:
Else all unmeet will be thy speed
To bear so bright a Ganymede."

It is sad to think of the change that must have passed over the poor child's morning dreams, when, after the forfeiture of all his father's estate, he was left to a poor pension from the royal bounty. But perhaps this did not continue long. For, within two years after the death of Rodrigo, Philip IV., on the 17th of August, 1623, gave again the title of Count of Oliva to Francisco Calderon, the eldest son, with permission to his mother also to bear the title of Countess for her life.*

(127.) The date reminds us, that this grace was shewn during the stay of Charles and Buckingham at the Spanish Court. There are many notices of this visit of "Steenie and Baby Charles" in Antonio de Mendoza and other Spanish poets of the time; and Gongora has a sonnet which shews him to have been a well-wisher to the match, while he hoped that it would lead to the conversion of the heir of Great Britain. He had a respect for Gondomar, who had done his part to promote it. The last act of Gondo-

* Salazar de Mendoza, Tit. de Castilla, ann. 1623.

mar's embassy in England seems to have been the delivery of a studied harangue upon the subject, setting forth the benefits which such an alliance might confer both on England and Spain; the two countries united might give laws to all Christendom. "True," said King James, with that grotesque familiarity which he was wont to use to Gondomar; "but, I know not how, it seems to be the trade of a Spaniard to talk rodomontade."* However it was a design which he had long cherished, and he was averse to nothing but the strange plan which his favourite had contrived for its execution.

The enlightened Spaniards of later days have recalled with pleasure to their imagination the scenes in which the youthful Prince of Wales, with Rubens by his side, viewed the Royal galleries, or private collections of the Spanish nobles, and obtained for love or money some of those splendid paintings, with which for a time he enriched his kingly residences at home.† No monarch, who has sate on the throne of Great Britain, has been such a patron of the fine arts, as the unfortunate Charles I. Modern writers have taken some trouble to shew how Buckingham disposed of the Crown jewels, which poor James sent him, in lavish gifts to the satellites of royalty in Spain. Is it as well considered how much was expended by Charles in

* "Crumbs from King James's Table," printed with Overbury's Remains.

† Jovellanos, Elogio de las Nobles Artes, Obras, iii 324.

objects which only Puritan taste could disapprove? Or are we to reserve all our admiration for those patriots, who, for their public aims no doubt, sold these treasures of art, and allowed them to be repurchased for the country from which they came?

(128.) The progress and ending of the treaty for the Spanish match are recorded in our histories; but perhaps neither Clarendon nor later historians have told us, what they scarcely knew, how much the Spanish Friars had to do with royal match-making.

Among the friends of Geronimo Gracian was Father Simon de Rojas, a Trinitarian Friar, confessor to the young Queen Elisabeth or Isabel of Bourbon already mentioned. He died in high reputation for sanctity in 1625. Great consultations were held about his claims to canonization; and the queen asked for his old frock as a relique, or to cut up into baby-clothes for the little prince Baltasar, then in the cradle. If this was done, as Altuna says, in the hope that the blessed garments would give him a much longer lease of life than his two little sisters before, it was a hope which ended in disappointment.* However the friar, while he lived, was not the man to omit the opportunity which presented itself of converting the heir of Great Britain. He was charged, he told Charles, with a message from the Infanta to this purpose; and asked whether it was his pleasure to hear it. "No, no, Father Rojas," said the Prince; "let me first marry

* Altuna, 544.

the Infanta, and then I will hear as much as you shall wish to say to me." The worthy friar however had come primed, and was not to be so easily silenced. A conversation ensued, in which Charles had to endure some exercise of his courteous patience.* It is commonly said, that on his way to Spain he had seen Henrietta Maria at Paris, and fell in love with her. But by the Spanish accounts he seems to have prosecuted his suit earnestly to the Infanta Maria during his six months of residence at the Court of Spain; and Howell's account agrees with theirs.† Something has been attributed to the mutual arrogance or petulance of Buckingham and Olivares: but this rests on no sufficient evidence.‡ The delays and eventual rupture of the treaty were more owing to the spirit of zeal and trouble which could find no rest, in the party of the Puritans in London, and that of the Friars at Madrid. The Spaniards were well aware, through the information of the Marquis of Hinojosa, their ambassador at the Court of St. James, what a homily Archbishop Abbot had read to his royal master on the subject of the Spanish match;§ and they had some cause to fear, if it rested with him, he might hereafter recommend a divorce, on the precedent of Cranmer's advice in the case of Catharine of Arragon. On the other hand the

* Altuna, 537, 8. † Letters, I. iii. 18, etc.

‡ See a good Note by the Rev. J. S. Brewer, Court of James I., vol. ii. 322, 3.

§ Cespedes, Philip IV., fol. 141, 2.

English attendants of Charles could not but see that the devout subjection of the Infanta to such persons as Father Rojas might create difficulties, if she were to come attended by such persons to England. Charles, it is well known, found it necessary to give a hasty dismissal to the priests and friars, whom Mary de Medicis sent afterwards to attend on Henrietta Maria.* The Spanish princess was not one who could say, like Henrietta Maria, that she had a father who was once a Hugonot:† she was a true daughter of Philip the Pious.

(129.) There was a Franciscan Nun in the convent of Carrion, near Palencia, whom both Philip III. and Margaret had learned to treat with great respect, and sometimes visited in her cell. Her name was Joan de Colmenares.‡ She had been consulted by the Duke of Lerma on the part of the king about the expulsion of the Moriscoes; and had answered him like an oracle. When Prince Charles came to take his leave, the Infanta Maria, who still regarded him as her future husband, remembering that he would pass by Carrion on his way to the port at Santander, asked him, with much grave earnestness, to carry a letter from her to this holy nun, a person, she said, whose admirable life might well entitle her even to a greater mark of favour. The letter was to beg the good nun to pray for his safe voyage, and also to pray for the

* See Ellis's Letters, iii. 202, 237. † Ibid. 199.

‡ Cabrera, 406, 499.

English Catholics, for any one of whom she said she would be ready to risk her life and safety, if any occasion should require it. Charles promised to deliver the letter; and on his way through Carrion he called on the nun, and passed an hour and a half with her; but it seems as if they had parted without making much impression on each other. The recluse, who was no doubt, after many years of public homage, expecting more than the prince was prepared to pay her, was not much disposed to thank him for the visit, nor to accept kindly the office with which the Infanta had entrusted her.* And the result may have been to strengthen his distrust in the future of a match between persons of such different religious views, his confidence being previously shaken by the delays of popes and friars. For himself, there can be no doubt that he had come into it with an earnest wish to fulfil what had been a long-cherished design of his father's; and there is no reason to question the good faith of the young king and Gondomar, and the party of Spanish counsellors who had done their part to promote it.

As an historical document, illustrating the state of feeling on the other side, the party of the Inquisition, we give in the other part of this volume a plain translation of Villamediana's coarse and angry sonnet.

(130.) We have now only to give a short account,

* Probably the fullest account of Charles and Buckingham's visit to Spain is to be found in Cespedes, Hist. Philip IV., Barcelona, 1634. Lib. iv. c. 5, to c. 16.

which is all that remains to us, of Gongora's last illness and death. While the fortunes of Spain were still suspended in a doubtful balance, but before the scale began to be much inclined against her, the king being absent on a journey to Arragon, and the poet's friends, if those who professed to be such, says Hozes, deserved so honourable a name, having also left Madrid, Gongora was attacked with dangerous sickness. The queen hearing of it sent her own physicians to attend him; and after an interval he was able to retire to his native city of Cordova. The malady did not otherwise affect his reason, but took away his power of memory. He received it however as a warning that he should set his house in order. He made a proper distribution of his worldly goods to his nearest relatives, prepared himself as a christian to wait for his last summons, and on Tuesday in Whitsunweek, May 23d, 1627, he peacefully resigned his spirit to his Maker. He had lived sixty-five years, ten months, and thirteen days.*

His love for his birthplace, which shews itself alike in his trifling and more serious compositions, no doubt inspired the wish to die at home. Probably he had continued to reside at Cordova for some portion of the year, as his office in the cathedral must have required it, even if his patrimonial property had failed. In earlier days he had boasted of his native city, like a proud Somersetshire man, "Che was born at Taun-

* Hozes.

ton-Dean: where should che be born else?" when he had been affronted by some fair Madrilene, who would have acted the part of Tennyson's "Clara Vere de Vere:"

> "If the fair ladies of the court
> With my plain country-heart make sport,
> And only deign their gracious looks
> To Marquises, and Counts, and Dukes,
> Or prize their suitors' worth by weight;
> Like ducats, ingots, or gold-plate;
> To such base service shall I stoop?
> No, let them seek another dupe,
> Break in another colt,—not one
> Born near the famous Colt of Stone."*

There used to be in Cordova, in the middle of the great Square or *Plaza*, a stone-paved fountain, and in the centre of the basin, on a pedestal of green marble, a well-wrought figure of a colt of six months old. This piece of sculpture was much admired by the Andalusians as a work of art, and characteristic of a province where the pure race of horses was long maintained, to the exclusion of what one of their writers calls the monstrous brood of mules. To this proverbial boast of his country Gongora alludes. He does not say whether the lady had met his addresses with the proverbial phrase sometimes applied to a forward stripling: "You are but a raw colt from Cordova."†

* ——"Busquen otro,
Que yo soy nacido en el Potro."

† "Vos, hermano, potrico sois de Cordova." El Donado Hablador, c. v. The author was a contemporary and admirer of Gongora.

There is a moral in these things. Local attachments are near akin to patriotism. Men of genius and feeling have not been insensible to them. Shakspeare, in the midst of his town-life, visited Stratford-on-Avon every year, and retired to spend his last years there. Our pious founders of Colleges regarded this perhaps with as wise a benevolence as theirs who are now altering their statutes. However, the frigid philosophy of modern reformation will not subdue the reverential love of human kind.: *Let thy servant turn back again, that I may die in mine own city, and be buried by the grave of my father and of my mother.*

(131.) The first edition of his poems was edited by Juan Lopez de Vicuña, and was printed at Madrid in the year in which he died. It is dedicated to Cardinal Zapata, who succeeded Pacheco as Inquisitor General, the editor being a member of the cardinal's household. In a short address to the reader, he says that he had for twenty years past tried to collect the writings of Gongora, whom he esteemed the first poet in the world. Gongora himself, he says, never cared to keep the originals: but the poet seems to have been aware that Vicuña was collecting copies, and gave him many corrections of the errors which they had gathered in being copied from hand to hand. He also made use of a collection, which was preserved in the library of Pedro de Angulo, the Cordovese magistrate and friend of Gongora, who has been already mentioned. This edition is the best as far as it goes:

it is much the most correct in point of typography. But it contains only a portion of Gongora's writings. The editor was aware of this, and promised another volume: but it is supposed that he did not complete his design.

The next edition was that of Hozes, printed in 1633. It omits a few of the poems published by Vicuña: but contains very many more. It is far less accurate than the edition of Vicuña, and is printed on wretched paper. Gonzalo de Hozes y Cordova was another townsman of the poet; and prefixes a short sketch of his life, which is written in a slightly affected style, but shews a strong regard for Gongora's character. He says that his copies of the poems were taken from a MS., beautifully written on beautiful vellum, which another friend, Dŏn Antonio Chacon of Polvoranza, had prepared as a present to the Count-Duke, who prided himself on forming a great library. This edition was reprinted by the Madrid booksellers in 1654, with a few corrections of the text, and a slight improvement of the type; but it adds also a few errors of its own. A fourth edition, beautifully got up, but with misprints in almost every page, came out at Brussels in 1659. It is dedicated to the Marquis of Caracêna, and edited by Don Geronymo de Villegas. The poems are more carefully arranged; but several of those which Vicuña and Hozes exhibit do not appear in this edition A selection from Gongora's poems forms the ninth volume of Ramon Fernandez's Collection of Spanish Poetry,

Madrid, 1769; and many of his ballads have been reprinted in the "Cancioneros" or "Romanceros" of his countrymen to the present day.

Lord Holland complains, with much reason, of the slovenly negligence of Spanish printers and editors, which is such as to make many portions of their best literature almost inaccessible to foreign students.* Something has been done by such scholars as Pellicer and Clemencin for Cervantes; and some of the older poets have been carefully edited. There has been some critical care bestowed on Garcilaso de la Vega. But the dramatic writers seem to be still reprinted much as they were at first printed for play-goers in the seventeenth century. And not much better is the condition in which Gongora has come down to us. We have sometimes been obliged to throw ourselves upon conjectural emendations, and frequently to make out the probable text from the variations of three or four blundering editions.

Of the Commentators on Gongora it has been our fortune to meet with only two, Salazar Mardones, and Salcedo Coronel. Mardones is a very tedious pedant: Coronel, a writer of a little more taste and judgment, whose aid, though somewhat diffusely bestowed, will be found useful in interpreting the riddles of the more obscure poems. He was actuated by a feeling of friendship towards Gongora; and his industry has discovered a few valuable Sonnets, and one or two short

* Account of Lope de Vega, 218.

Lyrical Poems, which are in none of the above-mentioned editions. His Commentary is in three ample volumes, published between 1636 and 1649.

(132.) It now remains to bestow a little critical examination on the objections which have been made to the style of Gongora's poetry; to try to define in what its peculiarity consists, and submit it to some acknowledged rules of composition and good taste. In this examination we have no wish but to proceed with entire impartiality.

(133.) When a writer has been long under a distinct kind of censure, repeated with little variation by one critic after another, the natural enquiry is, who was the first author of such censure? It appears, from the testimony of Michael Quintana and others, to have been no other than that extraordinary poet, of whom Quintana truly says, that never man received more poetical gifts from nature, and never did man so prodigally abuse them, Lope de Vega himself.* For, though Ticknor refers to one or two passages in Cervantes as probably alluding to Gongora, it is an opinion which can hardly be sustained on a reference to those passages. When Lope published what he called his "Nightingale," *Filomena*, in 1621, a volume of very miscellaneous verse and prose, he inserted in it a brief literary correspondence with a person of title, who had asked him his opinion of what then began to be called the new style of poetry. There is

* Quintana, Poesias Castellanas, Introd. Art. iv.

something to mystify the enquirer in Lope's answer: there is such a continual shifting to and fro, between a learned condemnation of the new style and its unskilful imitators, and admiration of Gongora himself, whom he calls "the most rare and uncommon wit ever produced in his native province." But yet he says, that "not content with having arrived at the farthest stage of fame in softness and sweetness, he wished,—not from any arrogance, but with a good and sound intention, as Lope believes,—to enrich the art of poetry, and with it his native tongue, with such ornaments and figures of speech as were never before seen or imagined; although something like it might have been shadowed forth in the writings of an Italian poet, one, however, who, being a Genoese, did not attain to the purity of Tuscan idiom." Possibly this may allude to Marini, though he is commonly reported to have been, not a Genoese, but a Neapolitan; unless it alludes to a coarse-minded rival of Marini, Gasparo Murtola.* "This gentleman," Lope continues, "succeeded well in his intent, if such was his intent: the only difficulty has been in receiving it into use; and thence have arisen so many other difficulties, that I doubt whether they will ever cease, till the cause ceases." Lope bestows a large assortment of learned quotations, from his Latin Aristotle, Cicero, Quinctilian, Aulus Gellius, and some of the Fathers of the Church, to demolish the new poetry; accusing it, much as later critics have

* See Tiraboschi, tom. viii. part ii. lib. iii. c. iii. 4.

done, of affected Latinisms, unnatural transpositions of words, strained metaphors, and other vices of a pedantic style. The writers who use it, he says, remind him of winged figures in picture with swollen cheeks blowing trumpets, or the winds as they are painted in maps.

He sometimes, however, gives us a glimpse of what was his own theory of poetry. It was not, of course, a very exalted one. "That poetry ought to cost the writer great labour, but the reader little or none, this is the infallible dilemma. Not that it strikes against this gentleman's reputation for admirable wit, but his opinion of this style of diction, which he is desiring to introduce. But, be it as it may, he is a man, whom I must esteem and love, taking from him what I can understand with humility, and admiring what I cannot understand with veneration." One cannot imagine how such extremely respectful language can have been used by Lope in speaking of Gongora, if our poet was, what some later critics have said he was, a fierce, proud, and arrogant person, who used the language of unmeasured abuse against his antagonists.* Certainly his published poems contain nothing of the kind. There are indeed two or three sonnets, in which Lope is glanced at; but it is in an amusing good-humoured way, such as may at least be fairly tolerated.

(134.) Further, unless we suppose that Lope considered it to be the proper use of language to disguise

* Quintana, as above; Sedano, Navarrete, and others.

our sentiments, how can we interpret the words with which he concludes his letter? "I trust your Excellency will believe, that in all this I have struggled against my humility and modesty to an incredible extent; and if it is not true that I have done violence to myself, may I come to that miserable resource of a distressed author, to turn books out of Italian into Castillian,—a greater crime, in my opinion, than to export Spanish horses to France. And, that your Excellency may be assured that I speak in reprehension of bad imitation, and only reverence the first master of this style, I end this discourse with a sonnet, which I made in praise of this gentleman; when the fame of his own country was not accorded in due proportion to his two remarkable poems." The two poems are Gongora's "Solitudes," and his "Polypheme." The sonnet is nearly as here follows:—

"Sing, Andalusian Swan: let none cry, Hold:
Let the green nymphs of Tagus hear thy song,
If thy ungrateful Bætis do thee wrong,
And leave the praise of grace like thine untold.
Our wond'rous Lyrist's voice, and soul so bold,
I prize not like those echoes, clear and strong,
Of thy sweet lonely musings, borne along
From harp of silver frets and chords of gold.
Still let thy Sea-maid fly with foot of snow:
Thy burning words, O giant bard, she craves,
To tell what fires in breasts immortal glow.
For thou, howe'er unlovely Envy raves,
Shalt, like an Orpheus, charm the crystal flow
Of waters, far as sunlight walks the waves."

The "wondrous lyrist," mentioned in the fifth line of this sonnet, seems to have been a poet named Villegas, who imitated Horace and Anacreon, writing the Sapphic and Anacreontic measures in Castillian. His poems were published in 1617, with a vignette and motto in the title-page, signifying that the other poets of the time were to be entirely eclipsed by his appearance, like the stars, those meaner beauties of the night, which vanish at the rising of the sun. He was not likely to be spared for this presumptuous vaunt, and Lope elsewhere alludes to it. Opinions were to some extent divided about him; but the prevalent sentence represents him as a kind of counterpart to our cross-grained George Wither. Altogether, it is impossible to read this Letter, or Essay, of Lope, without perceiving, that later critics have somewhat misrepresented the purport of it, and applied to Gongora himself what Lope restricts to his imitators.

(135.) But it is not to be denied, that Lope often amused himself at the expense of the disciples of the new school, and their affectation in speaking of their own style as the only style which was to be called polished; much as Euripides affected to be the only poet who taught his old women and slaves upon the stage to talk philosophy. There are repeated allusions to the style in his comedy, *Las Bizarrias de Belisa;* and Sedano publishes a sonnet of his, which is intended to burlesque the new poetry more effectually:*—it

* Sedano, Parnaso Esp. iii. 85.

seems to give vent, in the most approved polished language, to the complaint of a jealous or rejected suitor :—

"Distrusted, scant of breath, I bend the knee,
Heart-wounded ; and my rueful pray'r, that tries
Up to my turban'd tyrant's ear to rise,
Falters with worse than Spartan brevity.
Firm as the rock of Atlas would I be,
Or, where hoarse Lethe's roar in darkness dies,
Would drink forgetfulness ; but Love denies,
And life sinks foundering like a wreck at sea.
I feign to praise the insulting thing unshorn,
Whose orb opaque bars out my sun's warm ray,
And keeps me in eclipse from Beauty's view :—
But tell me, friends, and tell me not in scorn ;
Do you discern the sense of what I say ?
Good faith, 'tis more than I pretend to do."

The reader, who may think it worth while to refer to the amusing scene between Gil Blas and Fabricio in the well-known novel of Le Sage, will see how the Frenchman had picked up his notions of Gongora from the Spanish comedian;* but adding some particulars which are not very accurate, as when he speaks of Gongora as a rapid writer, and a rapid writer of comedies. However, as Lope had compared the style to the Latin of Justus Lipsius, at which the learned used to say that Cicero and Quinctilian laughed in the other world, Le Sage says, that some of Gongora's censurers compared it to the verses which the Salian priests sang in the processions, which none could

* Gil Blas, lib. vii. c. 13.

understand. "It is the very virtue of the style," says Fabricio, "to be unintelligible."

Enough of this banter. It is only necessary to exhibit it to shew that those rival poets, or critics, of Gongora's age, attacked him very much as the elder Colman, also a comedian, attacked our poet Gray, in his "Odes to Oblivion and Obscurity." That is, if we suppose Lope, against his own protest to the contrary, to have meant to attack the master, and not his less skilful scholars.

(136.) Thus the controversy seems to have stood, the literary men divided between admirers and opponents of the style, till the time of Luzan, about the middle of the last century, whose "Art of Poetry," founded on French and late Italian models, and written, as he said, "with the view to bring Spanish poetry under the control of such precepts as are observed among polished nations," had the effect, for some time, of making the Spaniards ashamed of admiring their own distinctive guides in matters of taste and works of fancy. Nothing could be a greater contrast to the bold neglect and multiform irregularity of the age of Cervantes, Lope, and Gongora, than the cold correctness, and careful rules and precedents, of Luzan. However it was a time when the court was become half French; and the fashion had set towards adjusting the national literature to a French standard. This later school, with its claim to another kind of polished style, drove out the few remaining admirers of Gon-

gora. It was still in vogue when Quintana wrote, who had a great respect for Luzan. But it seems to have been more fatal than the disease it sought to remedy to the native genius of the country.

We cannot wonder that a French Art of Poetry should have disagreed with a Spaniard's literary digestion, since it would certainly have relished ill with ours. Let us see whether Spain herself could not have found some precepts to help her at her need, without going to France or Italy to find them.

(137.) "I hold, most worthy Sir," says Don Quixote in one of his most brilliant lucid intervals, talking with Don Diego de Miranda, "that Poesy is like a tender damsel, young and passing fair; on whom many other damsels wait—I mean the other Sciences—whose care and duty it is to enrich and beautify and adorn their mistress: she has at her command the services of all, and all must act when they have authority from her. She will not be rudely handled, nor forced to walk the streets, nor make her face common at the corners of market-squares, nor yet will she hide it in the secret chambers of palaces; but the frame of which she is made is so fine and pure, that he who has the touch of skill, will bring her forth to view brighter than unvalued gold."*

Cervantes evidently meant his hero to speak as one who knew the duty of a true votary of the Muses. The Sciences ought to be the handmaids of Poetry;

* Don Quix. part ii. c. 16.

and the poet will be but a bungler in his art, who does not call them to adorn their queen. And there is a style, equally remote from rude coarseness and finical refinement, which, like the classic Genius of the changing year, may wear a thousand ornaments, and each comely in its place; not like Lope's similitude of a woman who paints, and puts the rouge not only on her cheeks, but on her nose and forehead.

(138.) There was in Gongora's day a host of writers in easy unpremeditated verse, with whose loose shambling rhymes he may well have been dissatisfied. Such were the two Arragonese brothers, the Argensolas, to whom Villegas paid court, and whom Lope professed warmly to admire. "It seemed," he said, "as if they had come from Arragon to reform in our poets the Castillian tongue, which is suffering loss by the introduction of new and horrid phrases, causing confusion rather than light."* It looks as if he had meant to make his praise more pointed by contrasting the poems of the Argensolas with the new poetry before mentioned. The respect paid to these two brothers by others of their contemporaries was equally marked. But Quintana's estimate of them both, as their verse bears a strong fraternal similarity of character, is one which any nearer acquaintance will confirm. He complains of the complaisance or little discernment of their contemporaries, who compared them to Horace, deficient as they are in the liveliness, the ease and freedom,

* Prolegomena to Rimas de los Argensolas, 1634.

the terseness, and every other delicate grace of their admirable model. "A facility of rhyming," he says, "led them to link together triplet after triplet, without knowing where to end; and in these triplets, if the words are not ill-stitched together, the thoughts at least are so. It is lamentable to see, that they never deviate from the insipid and negligent tone which they have once taken, never roused to words of greater force by indignation against vice, nor moved to deeper feeling or warmer praise by friendship or admiration. One chooses one's friends among the authors one reads as one does among the companions with whom one converses: I confess I am not the friend of these poets, who, to judge from their verses, never loved or esteemed any one."*

(139). There was at the same time a different school of writers of whom Quevedo was the most remarkable, the *Conceptistas*, or Conceited school. There was much sympathy of style between these writers and the English Euphuists with Lylie at their head; but more in style than in matter. Perhaps no country ever produced such perfect models of both true and natural, and forced and false wit and humour, as that which in the same age gave birth to Cervantes and Quevedo. It is only necessary to mention this as a distinct school, not to be confounded with the school of Gongora.

(140.) The principle, which Gongora sought to

* Quintana, Introd. sec. iv.

establish, is one not clearly avowed by himself, but deducible from those of his poems, which were made especially the mark of censure by his opponents. It concerns the nice point of poetic diction. What ought poetic diction to be? Wordsworth answers the question: it is "the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation." He condemns the curiously elaborate style affected by some masters of the song, as if they thought the poet was to hold a peculiar language of his own, different from the forms in which men express their purposes in prose. But he says also, much to the same effect as Cervantes, that "poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; the impassioned expression, which is in the countenance of all science:" and that the poet's subjects "will naturally, and on fit occasion, lead him to passions, the language of which, if selected truly and judiciously, must necessarily be dignified and variegated, and alive with metaphors and figures." Only he subjoins the necessary caution: let the poet take care "not to interweave any foreign splendour of his own with that which the passion naturally suggests."

Now certainly Gongora was not one who supposed a studiously ornamented kind of diction to be constantly requisite in all poetical compositions. For all his critics, from Lope de Vega to Lord Holland and Mr. Ticknor, have praised in high terms the natural grace and beauty of many of his earlier poems, which they grant to be exempt from the vices of his polished

style. Which then are the pieces of his writing, which are especially subject to the common censure? Ramon Fernandez properly restricts the charge principally to the "Polifemo" and the "Soledades;"* but he does not deny that some symptoms of the same disordered fancy appear in others of his compositions.

(141.) With regard to the "Polifemo," the English reader may form a judgment from our translation. He may find some stanzas translated, but perhaps not more carefully or faithfully, by Mr. Thomas Roscoe, in his English version of Sismondi's "Literature of the South of Europe."† The figure of speech, which seems most especially to offend the critics in this fanciful poem, is hyperbole, extravagant and overcharged metaphors, and inflated style. Mr. Ticknor has almost exceeded all his predecessors in his condemnation of it. This is rather to be regretted. Mr. Ticknor is the author of an excellent "History of Spanish Literature," which the Spaniards have translated and adopted as their own, and which deserves a place in every well-furnished scholar's library on the same shelf with Tom Warton's "History of English Poetry." It is somewhat disappointing to find him, in treating of our poet, following the common crowd of French or Italian critics, such as Sismondi, whose knowledge on this subject Mr. Ticknor himself has properly noted as extremely imperfect.

* Fernandez, Poesias, vol. ix. Prolog. p. 5, *sqq.*

† Lond. 1823, vol. iv. 57.

There are certain subjects in poetry, to which the figure of hyperbole has always been considered properly applicable; and when it is properly applied, scarcely any other figure is more amusing, or more attractive to young wits which have any sense of humour. To a foreign critic, like Sismondi, whose imperfect perception of the meaning of Gongora prevented him from suspecting any thing humorous in the gigantic picture which he draws, it is no wonder if the poem appeared destitute of interest. But Mr. Ticknor is as well acquainted with the classic giant of the Odyssey, and Ovid and Theocritus, as with the giants of romance; and he knows that which every English schoolboy knows, that a pleasant vein of exaggeration is the approved mode of playing with the children of such monstrous birth, wherever they are exhibited in poetry.

What is the nature of the figure, which we call hyperbole? Quinctilian defines it well enough, "a mode of falsification, by which nobody is intended to be deceived."* Of course, it is easy to carry this too far, to do it rather clumsily than neatly, to make it more ridiculous than amusing. Or it may be done in too servile a spirit of imitation of old models by a dull writer. We do not perceive that Gongora's Polypheme is chargeable with these faults. Let the reader of the original, or of our translation, judge.

(142.) As to the "Soledades," our line of defence

* Instit. Orat. viii. 6. 74.

must be a little more special. The name of the poem itself is a puzzle to some of the critics. "The word," says Sismondi, "is of rare occurrence in Spain, and expresses the solitude of the forest." On the contrary the word is as common as the English form of it where English is spoken. As to "the solitude of the forest," it is a mere blunder. The Spanish poets gave the title of "Soledades" to some of their compositions, as the Latins gave to some of theirs the title of "Silvæ," or, as some of our Elizabethan poets wrote their "Forests of Fancy," essays in verse on miscellaneous subjects, without much plan or premeditation.* Gongora's *Solitary Musings* are in two cantos of irregular rhyme, containing rather more than two thousand lines. They describe a number of rural scenes, a rural wedding, rustic games, contests of skill in leaping, running, and wrestling, lives of fishermen, parties going hunting and hawking, all witnessed by a shipwrecked man, who, after escaping from the sea, is kindly entertained by country-people on the shore, with whom he has found refuge. The poem appears to be unfinished, as the hero's adventures are not wound up.

It cannot be denied that this poem is exceedingly obscure. Persons and things are spoken of in such enigmatical phrases, as have scarcely been employed

* Quinctilian x. 3, 17. Salcedo Coronel, Coment. in Soledades, Madrid, 1636. Lope has some well-known lines, "A mis soledades voy."

by any other poet since the days of Lycophron. Thus a falcon of Scandinavian breed is called, from the speed and power of his flight, a "Norwegian whirl-blast:" the bright bubbles in a gushing fountain are "sparks struck from the flinty rock by the hand of Spring." The present writer must confess, that, but for the elaborate explanatory commentary of Salcedo Coronel, he must almost have despaired of penetrating to the sense of many phrases in these "Solitary Musings." It is a study for the ingenious; but when the difficulty is mastered, the impression is hardly one of pleasure. A long poem of this nature is two severe a trial of patience.

(143.) Mr. Ticknor points out, among other violent and extravagant passages, that Gongora in this poem speaks of a rustic bride, "so beautiful, that she might parch Norway with her two suns, and bleach Ethiopia with her two hands." It is ill-natured to turn poetry into the most prosaic prose; it is like yoking Schiller's Pegasus to the stone-cart. When Apollo on Parnassus gave to Cervantes his "Privileges and Ordinances for the Spanish poets," he did not forget to grant "that every good poet might dispose of all the celestial signs in praise of his lady; and especially make sun-rays of her hair, and two suns of her two eyes; for no doubt, with three suns, the world would come out better illuminated."* Gongora was only one of many, who made use of this privilege; and one

* Viage al Parnaso: Obras Posth. 149.

does not see that he offends against Quinctilian's sober advice, when he says,

> " Her twin-born sunbright eyes
> Might turn to summer Norway's wintry skies ;
> And the white wonder of her snowy hand
> Blanch with surprise the sons of Ethiopian land."

Perhaps the following description of a party riding out to fly their hawks—an amusement, in which Gongora evidently had often delighted in his younger days—will give as favourable a specimen as can be afforded of this singular poem. The neighing of the horse is somewhat extravagantly loud, like the laugh of Wordsworth's Joanna; but it is not an unpleasing extravagance:

> " From that gray fortress on the wood-crowned hill
> A clanging hoarse-toned trumpet echoed round,
> Now distant, now more near, perplexing still,
> Till, the high gate unbarring at the sound,
> A ponderous draw-bridge fell, and led across
> The deep and narrow foss
> A glancing troop of horsemen, arm'd to dare
> Fierce battle with the tribes of air.
> A charm it was to see, a charm to hear
> That crowd ; so throng'd, yet orderly they were ;
> So pleasant was the sound,
> As from the portal down the steep they wound,
> In bright array, as oft in chase is seen,
> In sylvan liveries green,
> Not mute, but vocal ; on fleet chargers borne,
> Whose horsehoofs seem'd the trampled ground to scorn.
> There, foremost of them all, a fiery steed,
> The wanton Zephyr's breed,
> Upraising to the sun his forehead wide,
> While in his joy and pride

Like flame the neesings from his nostrils broke,
Once and again with loud rejoicing neigh
Hail'd the fresh morning ray.
The coursers toiling with the yoke,
The red-roan coursers and the bay,
That drew the ascending car of day,
Far on the ecliptic road that hail could hear,
And sent an answering neigh from heaven's high crystal sphere." *

It is plain, from evidence furnished by Gongora himself, that the Polypheme and the Solitary Musings were not generally acceptable: for he has left two or three sonnets against their detractors, treating those who could not comprehend the Polypheme with merry contempt, but seeming to feel rather more deeply the rejection of the Soledades. Neither of these poems, nor any others of his performances, appear to have been printed by him; but copies must have been in circulation, and it looks as if a copy of the more elaborate of the two had been sent, fairly written and well-bound, to petition for a place in the royal library; but the librarian, whoever he was, had refused it admission.

(144.) Mr. Ticknor, following in this instance the course taken by Luzan and Lord Holland, has selected for similar censure a sonnet addressed to a Dr. Lewis Bavia, a chaplain of the chapel royal at Granada, on his continuation of Illescas, an Ecclesiastical historian. He characterises the sonnet as a specimen of extraor-

* Soledad. ii. v. 710-734.

dinary nonsense; and, intending of course to be quite fair, prints it with his own literal prose version:

"Este que Bavia oy al mundo ha ofrecido,
Poema, si no a numeros atado,
De la disposicion antes limado,
Y de la erudicion despues lamido,
Historia es culta, cuyo encanecido
Estilo, si no metrico, peynado,
Tres ya pilotos del baxel sagrado
Hurta al tiempo, y redime del olvido.
Pluma pues, que claveros celestiales
Eterniza en los bronzes de su historia,
Llave es ya de los siglos, y no pluma:
Ella a sus nombres puertas immortales
Abre, no de caduca no memoria,
Que sombras sella en tumulos de espuma."

His version follows:

"This poem, which Bavia has now offered to the world, if not tied up in numbers, yet is filed down to a good arrangement, and licked into shape by learning, is a cultivated history, whose gray-headed style, though not metrical, is well-combed, and robs three pilots of the sacred bark from time, and rescues them from oblivion. But the pen that thus immortalizes the heavenly turnkeys on the bronze of its history, is not a pen, but the key of ages. It opens to their names, not the gates of failing memory which stamps shadows on masses of foam, but the gates of immortality."

Where the design was to represent the sonnet as nothing but extraordinary nonsense, we must not complain of any particular heightening of the supposed harsh

metaphors of the original. Else there might be some complaint of the rendering of such a word as *peynado*, as if no one but Gongora had used it in the sense of "softly divided," or "skilfully parted." There is also a little mischief in the change of order in the last words. But, again, no one knows better than Mr. Ticknor himself that *clavero* is too basely translated "a turnkey." The Clavero of the Order of Calatrava or Alcantara was not exactly a *sotacarcelero* or "under-jailor."

However we have not quite done with the poor sonnet. By "stamping shadows on masses of foam," Luzan says, with a cold effort at wit, that Gongora meant to refer to the art of printing. Lord Holland had noticed this, but he says that Luzan understood it as a poetical phrase for the art of writing on paper. It seems that some of Luzan's countrymen found fault with him for such trifling. It was hardly worth Mr. Ticknor's serious notice. Whatever obscurity he finds in the closing line, it could never have meant this.

The truth is, the sonnet is one of that class, to which we may apply the Yorkshire proverb, "never to look a gift-horse in the mouth." It was the fashion of Gongora's age, as much in Spain as in England, for authors to receive complimentary verses from their friends to grace their appearance before the public. Gongora, in his good-nature and friendly disposition, was very liberal of such complimentary verses. They answered their purpose if they gratified the author to

whom they were addressed; but the poet never meant to rest his own fame upon them. Still, as the sonnet has been made the subject of so much remark, a version of it will be found in this volume.

(145.) The sum of all is, that we do not deny the existence of some of the faults alleged in several of Gongora's poems. He sometimes wrote, to use an expressive description of George Herbert's,

> "Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
> Decking the sense as if it were to sell:"

the profusion of ornament sometimes obscured his meaning; and, as Ramon Fernandez speaks of it, such obscurity is a vice of style, giving an air of unreality to the sentiments, disappointing the reader, as the traveller in an unknown country is disappointed, when what appeared at first sight as a chain of mountains proves on nearer view to be only a phantom raised by the vapours and clouds of sunset. But a little acquaintance with his compositions will evince that these faults belong comparatively to a small portion of them; and to set against them, there are others which may well assert his claim to a place among great poets and men of pre-eminent original powers.

Quintana says very well, that, in speaking of Gongora, "we must always distinguish between the brilliant, agreeable, and spirited poet, and the extravagant and fantastic innovator. His independent genius was incapable of following or imitating any one; his fancy, extremely quick and lively, could not see things in any

common way; and the pale and weak colouring of other poets cannot bear comparison with the gay splendour of his expression and his style. In which of them can we find sentences which in richness of language, in spirit, and in harmony of numbers, can compete with

> Lord of the subject streams, so strong, so fair?

He quotes other passages from his sonnets and other poems. Ramon Fernandez had taken the same view. He finds, as he truly might, "an heroic elevation of thought" in many of the sonnets; and seems not to join in the censure pronounced by other critics on his introduction of some new words into use. The words appear to be only some which he borrowed from the Latin or Italian; it cannot be denied, says Fernandez, that by their use he advanced and enriched his native tongue. Of his own Castillian speech he was evidently a skilful master. Copious as the language is, he had a full command of it; and he made it speak so as continually to remind the reader of the characteristic distinction, that the Castillian is the son, the Italian the daughter, of the Latin.

(146.) Of the poems, which have come down to us, the first portion is a large collection of Sonnets, all composed, as Spanish sonnets usually are, on the Petrarchian model. The editors have attempted to arrange them under different heads, Heroic or Historical, Love Sonnets, Satirical, Humorous, and Elegiac.

But the great variety of subjects is such as almost to defy arrangement; and the last and greatest division is one of Various or Miscellaneous Sonnets. There are among them some of the finest, vigorous, spirited, and solemn lines, that have ever been thrown into this form of poetry; others are full of beauty and tenderness; those on lighter subjects are often struck off with an easy flow of wit and humour, both pleasing and original. No student of Spanish Literature or History should be unacquainted with the sonnets of Gongora.

The reader will find in the following pages our translation of the greater proportion of these sonnets. We have omitted a few complimentary ones, which appeared less striking; a few, which were so like to others, that they may be considered different versions of the same thought; one or two, it must be confessed, so obscure in their allusions or form of expression, that we could not attempt them without the help of a more skilful interpreter; and one or two, printed among our poet's sonnets, which are more probably Villamediana's, or Argensola's.

(147.) The next portion is made up of Lyrical Poems, Odes, and Songs, on a similar variety of subjects, and equally various in style. Of these we have selected for translation those which appeared to relate to the most interesting historical subjects, as Lepanto, the Armada, the death of Philip III., and a few which were of intrinsic merit as poetical exercises.

(148.) There follow a large collection of those poems, which are more peculiarly Castillian, *Romances* and *Letrillas*, Ballads and Songs for the Guitar. In this kind of composition, the critics have generally allowed the great merits of Gongora. "He was quite a king," says Quintana, "in his Romances: never had any one before written with such grace, such brilliancy, such true poetry." We have selected largely from them, so as to exhibit what appeared to us the best specimens, whether of grave or gay, sad or merry. The power of the poet shews itself in these, as in the sonnets, by the readiness with which he could apply himself to every variety of subject.

(149.) Of the longer poems, which appear towards the close of the original editions of our poet, we have already mentioned the "Polifemo" and the "Soledades." There is also an elaborate poem in the Italian heroic stanza; which seemed to deserve translation, "The Vision of Saint Ildefonso." The devout Spaniards always to a late period entertained a persuasion of the truth of this marvellous vision; which is related with much poetical skill by Gongora, as a vivid waking dream. Father Florez records it as matter of history:* and Thomas Antonio Sanchez, the learned editor of the Reliques of Ancient Spanish Poetry, a contemporary of Bishop Percy, living when a little wholesome scepticism had begun to prevail about some of these old legends, prefaces one of his selected

* España Sagrada, iii. 270, V. 279.

pieces with a caveat against "the indiscreet and too simple devotion, which had believed and propagated the belief of several unreal miracles. But," he thought it necessary to add, "it is not my intent to comprehend in this caution the miracle of the Descent of our Lady, and the *casula*, or vestment, which she gave to St. Ildefonso."*

In the "Panegyric on the Duke of Lerma," also written in *ottava rima*, there would be little to interest the reader at the present day. It is a poem of seventy-nine stanzas, and must have cost the poet some labour. We have given specimens, which will probably be thought sufficient, in the preceding pages, where they fell in with our historical sketch of the poet's life at court.

(150.) To the edition of Hozes, 1633, there are added three fragments of Comedies, which were probably juvenile efforts of Gongora, and were never completed by him. The first is however completed, as it is stated in a brief advertisement, prefixed to the volume, by his brother Don Juan de Argote, of whom we have found no other literary record. It is not without some characteristic touches; but is otherwise of no striking merit. The genius of Gongora, as he himself probably found when he abandoned these attempts, was not dramatic. The second looks like an offensive personal satire; and what remains of it might as well have been suppressed by his surviving friends. But the last,

* Coleccion de Poesias Castellanas, 1779.

a short fragment of what is called a "Hunting Comedy" or Masque, contains three stanzas in *ottava rima* of wonderful sweetness, and such as could only have been invented by an observant lover of nature.

The two earlier editions also contain a few *Villancicos* or Sacred Carols, such as were in much acceptance with the Spanish peasantry, who sang them on church-festival days. Gongora seems to have supplied them with the same good-nature as Cowper shewed, when he supplied the Northampton parish-clerk with an annual contribution in verse. Some of these carols are by no means without beauty; and the beauty is of that simple kind which suited the people for whom they were intended.

The Sonnets and the Romances, then, according to the judgment of the most judicious critics of his country, are his best poems. We must not attempt further to bespeak the attention of the reader to what we rather desire that he should discover for himself; but we may express a hope that we have done something to contribute to the stock of bright-eyed fancy and generous mirth by turning many of these poetical exercises into the vernacular tongue of Englishmen. Few readers, we think, will fail to be amused with the lines which we have entitled "Love in Reason," and "The Country Bachelor's Complaint." But that the poet was also able to give expression to the deeper and more solemn feelings, when the subject called for them, will be evident to the reader of many of his historical

and elegiac sonnets, and several of his longer compositions. Indeed the varied power, shewn in treating of so many widely different subjects, appears to the present writer one of the principal charms of Gongora's poetry.

Our poet, as Le Sage correctly states it, wished to have nothing of his writing printed, while he lived, but contented himself with reading what he wrote to his friends. In dealing with the literary remains of a man, who can scarcely be said to have published anything, selection is not only expedient, but becomes a duty. There are many trifles of a light satirical cast, one very much like another, which he may have written to divert a fit of spleen, or which may have served for temporary amusement to those to whom they were addressed, but were not worth preserving. As Hurd said of Cowley, "What he wrote is so good, or so bad, that in all reason a separation should be made." And it would be a wrong to the memory of a man, who has left so many proofs of his having been guided by religious feeling and a sense of moral beauty, to reproduce what the zeal of some of his friends may have too fondly preserved, but what we can hardly doubt that his own deliberate judgment would have suppressed.

In what we have selected and translated, we wish we could hope that we had succeeded half as well as Professor Longfellow in his noble version of the solemn old "Couplets of Manrique;" or as the Dean of Westminster in his tasteful critical and poetical

Essay on Calderon. But the reader will remember what the author of Don Quixote says of like producing like. We must leave our light labour in the hands of an indulgent public, with the brave resolution of the gallant Ensign Bermudez, when he had set his wits upon a cast in a stage-play: "I have done the best I could; let Fortune take it as she will: Yo he hecho lo que he podido; Fortuna lo que ha querido."

POSTSCRIPT.

For the Engraved Portrait of the poet Gongora, which is prefixed to this volume, the work is much indebted to Henry Reeve, Esq., a name well known in literary circles; by whose permission it has been taken from a valuable picture in his possession, the exact counterpart of the painting by Velazquez in the Madrid Gallery. It was no uncommon thing for great portrait-painters in the age of Velazquez to reproduce, or further to multiply their most successful portraits of remarkable persons; and there is sufficient reason to suppose that this, equally with the Madrid picture, is from the master's hand. Sedano has an engraved likeness taken from a painting in the possession of Don Eugenio de Llaguna y Amirola, the author of the History of Spanish Architects, which, he says, appeared to be an old copy of the original by Velazquez.*

The later history of Mr. Reeve's picture is this. It was sold at a public sale about twenty years ago as a portrait of Count Gondomar, the name of the old statist being probably more familiar to the salesman

* Parnaso Español, vol. ix. vii.

than that of the poet. It was formerly in the collection of Mr. Ottley, the Author of the "History of Engraving," and to him it is believed to have come from Sir William Hamilton's collection, which was formed at Naples. It is not impossible, that it may have been first carried from Spain into Italy by some Spanish admirer of Gongora, who was concerned with the Viceregal Government of Naples in the time of Philip III. or IV.

TRANSLATIONS
I. HISTORICAL POEMS

POEMS ON THE TIMES OF PHILIP II.

THE SONG OF LEPANTO.

Lo! the Paynim's pride is broken,
  Torn and shatter'd, wings and van,
Where we closed, with fiery gun-decks,
  Plank to plank, and man to man.

Where is now vain Uluc-Ali?
  Fled to sea in shame and fear:
And the Pasha's head, grim ensign,
  Frowns on Spain's avenging spear.

Slaves are free, who toil'd in galleys:—
  Pitying God, Thy grace alone
Saved them by the threefold succours
  In the bond of Truth made one.

Victory! let the shout in thunder
  Roll afar to seas and sky;
Memory waft it on, and Glory
  Wake her trump with "Victory."

Glory waits on thy returning,
John of Austria, to the sound
Of the cannon's voice, and clarions,
Heard these sea-girt isles around,

Where all fiery red with slaughter
Breaks the bubbling foam and spray;
Smouldering spars and turbans floating
Crowd each cove and inland bay.

Victory speak each blazing beacon,
Victory speak each booming gun;
Victory speak each rock and headland
By the Christian victors won!

Victory! let the shout in thunder
Roll afar to seas and sky;
Memory waft it on, and Glory
Wake her trump with "Victory."

HERRERA'S SONNET ON LEPANTO.

Deep Sea, whose thundering waves in tumult roar,
Call forth thy troubled Spirit,—bid him rise,
And gaze, with terror pale, and hollow eyes,
On floods all flashing fire, and red with gore.
Lo! as in lists inclosed, on battle-floor
Christian and Sarzan, life and death the prize,
Join conflict: lo! the batter'd Paynim flies;
The din, the smouldering flames, he braves no more.
Go, bid thy deep-toned bass with voice of power
Tell of this mightiest victory under sky,
This deed of peerless valour's highest strain;
And say a youth achieved the glorious hour,
Hallowing thy gulf with praise that ne'er shall die,—
The youth of Austria, and the might of Spain.

See Note.

TO JUAN RUFO,

ON HIS POEM ENTITLED THE AUSTRIAD.

Rufo, thy muse hath told in such high lays
The deeds of our new Cæsar, brave and young;
So gallantly he fought, and thou hast sung,
That Fame awhile in doubt suspends her praise;
Or rather, since for both to Time's last days
The chords of Memory's living lyre are strung,
On either brow she bids her wreath be hung,
Proof to Oblivion's power, immortal bays.
'Tis meet it should be thus: of equal worth,
Each in his several art, ye were and are,
Alike in arms or letters each alone;
With more than mortal succours issuing forth,
He with the falchion of the God of War,
Thou with Apollo's lute, by grace thine own.

See Note.

ON A PORTRAIT OF ALVAR BAZAN,

FIRST MARQUIS OF SANTA CRUZ.

No need of mortal hand to make or mar
Thy form in short-lived bronze, whose peerless worth,
Illustrious Bazan, led our warriors forth
Arm'd as with godlike power of fate and war:
Bright as the sun in arms, or eastern star,
Thy praise is in those ensigns gather'd home,
Won in stern conflict on the salt sea foam,
Faith's triumph and Spain's praise exalting far
O'er English, Turk, or Lusitanian foe.
The Atlantic white with sails, the Midland sea
Swept with thy dashing oars, thy conquering skill
Shall image more than painting: hues that glow
With deathless rays are round thee: Time in thee
Hath won a soul Oblivion cannot kill.

See Note.

ON THE TOMB OF ALVAR BAZAN.

BY THE COUNT OF VILLAMEDIANA.

Here, where the bravest son of warlike Spain,
In honour's toil untired, to rest is laid,
And sheathed is now that well-empurpled blade,
Which wrought in victory's hour on either main;
Let all Hesperia weep, in woe and pain,
Heaven's wrathful sign in his sad loss display'd;
Whereby our island-foes, no more afraid,
Look up, and launch their pirate-craft again.
But Time or mute Oblivion here shall hold
No sway; for Immortality enshrines
His memory with the great that cannot die;
And laurel, wreathed by Mars for warriors bold,
Amidst the cypress, which his hearse entwines,
Bourgeons in bud and bloom triumphantly.

THE COUNT OF FUENTES.

Gaze on that steel-clad form in harness bright,
That mocks the diamond's beam of keenest power:
This was Spain's mirror of a courteous knight,
War's lightning ray in battle's darkest hour.
Gaze on the laurel-wreath, proud Victory's dower,
Earn'd when beneath his stern yet gentle mood
Bold hearts were yoked, in Lombard town and tower,
Like youthful steers, to willing servitude.
What wonder, when no mail his lance withstood?—
When serried squadrons felt his thundering sword?—
His horse-hoof trampled standards dyed in blood?—
Bear witness, France and Cambray, to the word.
But let not France or Cambray deem or say,
Spain hath no muse to sing that glorious day.

See Note.

ODE ON THE ARMADA.

"No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope." In the third stanza of this Ode the reader will perhaps be tempted to join in the exclamation of Sheridan's Critic. But it is sometimes useful to see ourselves as others see us. For the rest the reader is requested to refer to the Hist. and Crit. Essay, sec. 9.

The last line of the third stanza is taken from Petrarch, and stands mixed with the Spanish in its native Italian: "Fiamma dal ciel su le tue trecce piova." Son. xiv. sopra Var. Argomenti. Garcilaso had sometimes adopted an Italian verse in the same way.

I.

Uplift thy glorious hand, majestic Spain,
From bordering Frank to misbelieving Moor,
From Pyrenee to Atlas far away:
Let the war-trumpet peal from shore to shore,
And call thy valiant sons from hill and plain:
Then, visor'd close in hardest steel, display
Thy conquering ensigns in the blaze of day:
That so the lands in our weak mercy strong,
Nations combined our holy Faith to wrong,

Dazed by the flash of swords, and gleaming arms,
In mortal fear's alarms,
Backward may turn their eyes,
And, as the foggy clouds from bright sunrise,
Or wax dissolved in noonday's golden light,
May shrink before thy radiance, scared and blind,
Their dull and clouded sight
As dark and dim as their ungracious mind.

II.

Thou, who in holy zeal and generous rage
Hast peopled watery Neptune's billowy breast
With mast-trees, like tall forests, tossing high,
And rank'd each knight of thine, with lance in rest,
Against presumptuous Britain war to wage,
Without delay or dread, with pageantry
Of numbers that might ocean-waves outvie,
With sails that might exhaust the fabled store
Of Eolus for winds to waft them o'er;
Doubt not, those English pirates soon shall stain
The green and whitening main
With dark and crimson gore,
And strew with costly wrecks old Ocean's floor.
Yea, though from far the trophies hither come,
Thy ports and strands shall see the spoils outspread,
Proud banners gather'd home,
Batter'd and captive ships, and weltering dead.

III.

O Island, once so Catholic, so strong,
Fortress of Faith, now Heresy's foul shrine,
Camp of train'd War, and Wisdom's sacred School;
The time hath been, such majesty was thine,
The lustre of thy crown was first in song.
Now the dull weeds that spring by Stygian pool
Were fitting wreath for thee. Land of the rule
Of Arthurs, Edwards, Henries! Where are they?
Their Mother where, rejoicing in their sway,
Firm in the strength of Faith? To lasting shame
Condemn'd, through guilty blame
Of her, who rules thee now.
O hateful Queen, so hard of heart and brow,
Wanton by turns, and cruel, fierce, and lewd,
Thou distaff on the throne, true virtue's bane,
Wolflike in every mood,
May Heaven's just flame on thy false tresses rain!

IV.

Meantime do thou, dear Country, turn thine eye
Southward to watch the Ionian waves, thick sown
With Turkish masts and sail-yards; mark their pride,
Whose yoke on many a Christian neck is thrown,
Whose chains gall Christian hands, whose navies fly

By many a sandy creek, and, while they ride
At anchor, spoil fair islands far and wide,
And multiply their captives. For such foe,
So insolent, if thy just wrath be slow,
Thy Christian ardour cold, yet mark from far
The ensigns of their war,
Their standard's mock profane,
That to believing eyes, as in disdain
Of Christ's most holy Cross, exalts in sight,
Streaming and trembling in the fitful gale,
With spangled crescents bright
The portent of a horse's triple tail.

v.

Gaze on those horned moons of silvery ray,
And watch them, while thy hope is on the prize
Of naval glory from the British war;
Lest the fell hawks to spoil, unheeded, rise,
And sweep along thy coasts, and truss their prey,
Spurning thy keys, which now their outlet bar,
Beyond the pillars of the Western Star.
No, let the time instruct thee: hoist on high
Thy topsails, bid thy streamers flout the sky:
Arm thy brave sons, great Mother; bid Castille,
And Leon, firm as steel,
Uplift in battle line
Above their feudal blazonry the sign

Of Judah's Lion: He shall nerve their hands,
Till Pagan wrecks shall throng the sea's deep flow,
And of their felon bands
The floating turbans tell the dead below.

VI.

My song, since my rude lyre
Doth now to strains of martial trump aspire,
Hereafter, if the augury be not vain,
The fiery zone alike, and icy car,
Shall hear me sing of Spain,
Her deeds of high emprize, and laurel'd crowns of war.

THE WINNING OF CALES.

BY CERVANTES.

We saw a banded confraternity,
  By soldiers call'd a squadron, men, whose blows
  Were dreaded more by friends, than English foes,
Holding an Easter May-game in July;
All plumed, as if they meant to mount and fly:
  What wonder, if, ere fifteen days had close,
  This pomp of Babel vanish'd, as it rose,
Giants, and dwarfs, with all their surquedry!
Oft, like a valiant bull-calf, at their drill
  Had stout Becerro roar'd; pale grew the sun
Beneath their smoke; earth trembled at their din:
But all too late at Cales to fight or kill;
  The English Earl was gone; his booty won;
And in grand triumph march'd our grand Duke in!

See Note.

THE ESCORIAL.

This gorgeous sacred dome,—no pile profane,—
  Whose glories leave the clouds of morn outdone,
  Flouting the sun-rays, where in dazzling stone
The columns rise like giants from the plain,
Provokes no wrath from heaven, no jealous pain
  In day's bright lord. The splendour but makes known
  A temple rear'd to Spain's great martyr'd son
By the great king of ever-faithful Spain.
A great Religion works this marvel rare,
  Meet for the monarch, whose unquestion'd sway
The new-found West and Eastern Indians own:
Stern Fate, be gentle: Time, the beauty spare
  Of this eighth wonder; spare for many a day
In peaceful age our second Solomon.

TO LEWIS DE CABRERA,

ON HIS HISTORY OF KING PHILIP II.

In this recording volume, once again,
  Time's heir and Memory's, lives the glorious king,
  Whose ashes rest in marble, made to spring
Anew from dust, and reassert his reign.
How polish'd is the style! How fine the strain,
  That bears thy muse, Cabrera, as on wing
  Of eagle, telling of his deeds, that ring
From Gaul to Thrace with victory, that to Spain
Gave Lusitania, humbled Belgian pride!
  What fretting toil of Envy can consume
That strength, through fiery sunbeams form'd to ride,
  Deeds, that the World shall hear till crack of doom,
Where its twin mainlands trend from side to side,
  Where its twin main seas roll in Ocean-room!

See Note.

TO LEWIS DE CABRERA,

ON THE SECOND PART OF HIS HISTORY.

These too are plumes of glory, every word,
Good reader, in this volume wise outspread,
Plumes ever glorious,—not of fabled bird,
That in sweet spices builds its funeral bed;
But of a Royal Eagle, with the dead
Now sleeping, where sweet Peace hath seal'd the stone,
The marble cell, which guards his sacred head,
No more to meet our gaze on earthly throne.
But far the living spirit forth is gone
Unshrouded; and the world, in spite of death,
Tracks his high-sounding flight, and hears his wars.
And these new plumes, Cabrera, are thine own,
Our Spain's new Livy;—let thy muse's wreath
Endure, as Philip's diadem of stars.

POEMS
ON THE TIMES OF PHILIP III. AND IV.

SONNETS.

I. EMBASSY OF THE ENGLISH LORD ADMIRAL.

Our Queen had borne a Prince. When all were gay,
A Lutheran envoy came across the main,
With some six hundred followers in his train,
All knaves of Luther's brood. His proud array
Cost us, in one fair fortnight and a day,
A million ducats of the gold of Spain
In jewels, feasting crowds, and pageant-play.
But then he brought us, for our greater gain,
The peace King James on Calvin's Bible swore.
Well, we baptized our Prince. Heaven bless the child!
But why make Luther rich, and leave Spain poor?
What witch our dancing courtiers' wits beguiled?
Cervantes, tell these doings: they surpass
Your grave Don Quixote, Sancho, and his Ass.

See Hist. and Crit. Essay, sect. 26.

II. VALLADOLID.

Valladolid, thou art the Vale of Tears;
Whose are the eyes that weep, I need not say;
The Vale of Josaphat for gloom all day,
A gloom, which light of judgment never clears:
A sham each hearer deems it, when he hears
That thou dost hold Spain's Court; he wonders how
Thy burly form should play the courtier now,
Who wast so fine a clown in other years.
Thy titled Counts, we know them to our cost,
Well may the Andalusian say, who rests
In lodging dark as purgatory-shade:
While no good Earl of Fairlight* plays the host,
But evermore Lord Knox, and, winter guests,
Count Rainham, Snowdown, and Lord Slough and Slade.

III. BULL-FIGHT AT VALLADOLID.

The place, a garden gay,—the round stockade
Festoon'd with flowers,—the bulls, some twelve or more,
Fierce as flesh'd tigers in their rush and roar,
Right gallantly dispatch'd with lance and blade:
The riders on their posts in troops array'd,

* Original, "Buendia, Chinchon, Niebla, Nieva, and Lodosa." See Hist. and Crit. Essay, sect. 18.

Princes and peers, who throng'd the grassy floor;
Their rival hues, such gorgeous suits they wore,
Outspangled heaven's bright rainbow ere it fade.
Their steeds Valencian children of the wind,
For whose rich bits Peru gave bars of gold,
Whose burnish'd reins threw back the dazzling sun:
And when o'er western hills the sun declined,
A game of shields Pisuerga might behold,
That had old Genil's Moorish vaunts outdone.

IV. GROWTH OF MADRID.

The Nile endures no shores; Madrid no walls:
Mark, stranger, how the flood is on its way,
The flood of houses; scarcely will it stay,
Where Manzanares into Tagus falls.
It is a sight, that back to memory calls
The glory of Egyptian Memphis; nay,
More great the wonder; to a later day
Shall stand these firm and rock-built palace-halls;
Imperial seat of Monarchs throned on high,
Birth-place of princes, Beauty's beaming sphere,
And scene of proudest Fortune's pageantry:
Whose state shall Envy's venom'd fangs outwear,
Howe'er she chafe in secret. Homeward hie
In peace, and bid thy land the tidings hear.

V. TO FELIX HORTENSIO PARAVICINO.

Good man, who, like an oracle inspired,
Dost our Third Philip's conscience keep and guide,
I've seen thee stand, where random shafts were fired,
Firm as a mark, nay, like a martyr tried;
Where suits, like cross-bow pellets, from each side
Were shower'd by hands from crowds that hemm'd thee round,
Till 'twas a marvel, while their game they plied,
That thou couldst last entire, and feel no wound.
If such be audience-law on courtly ground,
What hunted prey fares worse in hardy chase,
Beset with darts, or fangs of mangling hound?
But hence our king hath found such patient grace,
Gladdening with modest heed each suitor heard,
While courteous pleasing rules each answering word.

VI. JUAN DE ACUÑA.

This gracious figure, clad in civil gown,
Illustrious, not from flattering pencil's hue,
But from the generous stock, from which he drew,
In happy hour, a splendour all his own:
This pillar of the laws, the State and Throne,
This oracle of right, so wise, so true,
He might have held the scales, while earth was new,
Ere yet Astrea sought her starry zone:

Nor great Alcides with more firm right hand
The monsters of the present time could tame,
Or leave more wonder to an age unborn:—
This champion tried, this glory of our land,
Is Juan of Acuña. Let his name,
Engraved in brass, live to the world's last morn!

See Note.

VII. CHRISTOBAL DE MORA.

Brave Tree, whose happy branches, richly dight,
Bear not red fruit, but shields of monarchs old,
Tinged with the blood of chiefs, whom Truth made bold,
Not luckless lovers, wreck'd by Fortune's spite;
In the broad fields, where Tagus most in might
Rolls down his crystal flood o'er beds of gold,
Thou dost above the laurels high unfold
Thy bourgeons, like the palm's majestic height:
Let me, poor worm, by those bright leaves be fed,
Glad as a bird, amid the covert rest,
Like pilgrim, hail the shade beneath the bough:
And I will weave thy praise in famous thread,
My song, through rival choirs, shall be the best,
Thy hearth shall be the temple of my vow.

See Note.

VIII. THE FIRST ASSAULT ON LARACHE.

A DIALOGUE.

Whence come you, Cousin John, with no good hose?
—Dear Aunt, from Alarache, that place uncanny.
—O good! And, Cousin, were your comrogues many?
—Some thirty soldiers; but 'tis said,—who knows?—
Three thousand galleys.—Did you win or lose?
You won, no doubt? you landed?—Not so fast.
We gave them one Santiago, and in haste
The shores all swarm'd.—With pilgrims?—No, with foes.
—What then? the Moors still keep it?—Dear Aunt, yes!
Great cry, and little wool.—Was much harm done
By the unbelieving dogs to you?—No fear:
For, when they bark'd with long shot, we made press
Of sail, and at the sound had such a run,
'Twill keep us in brisk health for all the year.

See Hist. and Crit. Essay, sec. 38.

IX. ON THE CAPTURE OF LARACHE.

The fortress, which, infesting other lands,
The silver crescent on its towers display'd,
The port erewhile for Belgian pirate's trade,
The portal now to Afric's sunny sands,
Yields to Spain's lion-hearts and iron hands,

Which dyed the sea with crimson's deeper shade,
And scarce for winds or threatening storms delay'd
Their onset vow'd to Faith and Spain's commands.
Henceforth with sails high riding o'er the flood
May merchant court the breeze, or fisher's barque
Let down frail nets in Gaditanian bay,
Secure from roving tyrants fierce and rude,
No Dutch Mynheer, nor Paynim corsair dark
To wrong their freedom, or disturb their way.

X. THE EXPEDITION TO MAMORA.

Ho! for Mamora! knightly warriors strong!
Ho! for Mamora! courtly gallants gay!
Be Captains now in earnest, who so long
Have dreamt of being Dukes some other day.
Arm! arm! to horse! mount! charge!—What! pistols!—Nay,
Good fool; but prime with sack this cooling-vase
Trim plumes! gild spurs!—To take a Moorish bey?—
No, but to ride a Moorish ostrich-chase.
On! on! good droll!—Lady, to win whose grace,
I fain would go, yet linger;—for whose worth
The spoils of Afric were a prize too base;
Let others cross the sea; and I hereafter,
When they bring home their tale of woe or mirth,
Will play my part with tears of grief or laughter.

XI. THE WINNING OF MAMORA.

I landed at Mamora, my dear Aunt,
And thro' the morning mist so pale and wan
I spied, well-arm'd with pike and partisan,
A Moorish rabble, nothing militant.
Our warlike plumes, finding no foe to daunt,
Went waving o'er the shore; each busy man
From all Spain's provinces to forage ran,
To fry veal cutlets, or with water scant
To furnish his canteen. One level'd smooth
The hostile ground,—to sleep, when work was done.
One, more awake, on biscuit hard and stony
Work'd like a pioneer. But, by my troth,
Fort, save of our own raising, I saw none.
Mamora. Wednesday. From your nephew Johnny.

XII. AUTO DE LA FÈ AT GRANADA.

A timber-frame, of fashion new and rare,
Which served a spacious scaffold high to raise,
Whereat Granada's cross-grain'd crowd made gaze,
Thronging through mist and rain the spungy Square;—
Some fifty womankind, not chaste, nor fair,
Born of his race, of whom the Text-Book says,
Dry-shod he cross'd the sea in Pharaoh's days;—

A lawyer,—what strange quirks had brought him
there?—
Two lewd ones,—six blasphemers,—one vile friar,
Who madly took, more madly broke, his vow;—
Another blind as he, nor more worth pity;—
Five effigies of dead men borne in show,—
One only sent alive, to feed the fire;—
Made up Faith's Stage-Play in Granada city.

See Note.

XIII. ON THE DEATH OF HENRY IV.

Henry the Fourth of France lies wounded, slain,
By traitor vile,—the warrior, who was wont
To face a thousand deaths in battle-front,
When life-blood pour'd like equinoctial rain:
Illustrious Frank, whose glory knew no stain,
Leader of armies, did thy hoary hair
Thus all in vain the golden lilies wear?
Did thus thy royal archers guard in vain?
Base treason's guile has mock'd thy fenced state,
Nor watchful care could stay crime's desperate will;
So by false Greeks was sacred Troy o'erthrown:
O Spain, my country, Victory's peerless mate,
Be first in open war, be loyal still,
And, arm'd, from foreign treachery guard thine own.

See Hist. and Crit. Essay, sec. 83.

XIV. THE DUKE OF MAYENNE.

The Frenchman is dispatch'd with right good grease,—
  Forgive me, wits :—good grace I would have said :
  Spain paid her duties when Vendôme was dead,
But this fat Duke came asking double fees.
Our royal Margaret's immature decease,
  Bright Pearl, too soon enchased in meagre lead,
  Had dash'd our mirth, nay, kept our board unspread,
And spoil'd Mayenne's ragouts and fricassees.
A Frenchman's joy is dining: failing this,
  He'd find a flaw in diamonds, though their hue
Might top Arabia's topaz: well, he's gone:
But yet a parting cup he would not miss,
  And pledged our High Estates to drink adieu
In healths so many, that they marr'd their own.

See Hist. and Crit. Essay, sec. 32.

XV. THE CARDINAL INFANT.

We greet thy purple dawn, thou glittering ray
  Of the grand Sun of Spain: in years to come
  The Tiber shall salute thee Lord of Rome,
Ruling where'er his sacred stream hath way.
Then, with the triple crown of awful sway
  Girding thy brows, the world, in reverence dumb,
  One flock redeem'd from Error's deadening gloom,

Shall thy firm staff, thy sire's strong sword, obey.
Live, and to Time such destinies unfold,
  Illustrious youth, to whose bright sacred vest
Morn's orient splendours are but shadows faint;
And let the name of your twain fathers old
  Revive in you, with Faith's memorials blest,
The Catholic Fernando, and the Saint.

See Note.

XVI. THE COUNT OF LEMOS.

O young in years, but in staid prudence old,
  Who, where the niggard streams, through heat and toil,
  Bathe with scant rills Italia's thirsty soil,
With constant hand the reins of state didst hold;
And oft didst hear, by tongues of Sirens troll'd,
  The glees that men of manly strength despoil;
  Yet with firm soul, unbound, their spells didst foil,
At sea o'er Naples' soft still waters roll'd.
O let thy name's bright honour, during long,
  In marble live, Time's boast, Oblivion's bale,
Firm to rough seas, deaf to vain soothing song;
  De Castro's eagle son! nor let me fail
To tell thy birth of fame, with flight as strong
  As daring eagle's battling with the gale!

See Note.

XVII. TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN, PRAYING FOR THE HEALTH OF PHILIP III.

Lady, we bring no vase of crystal bright
To breathe sweet odours from Arabian strand;
Our signal towers, that eastward gleam with light;—
Our banners dark o'ershadowing Western land;—
And, strong as adamant, our forts that stand
Watching from shore the pirates on the main;—
The generous zeal, that arm'd with glowing hand
The false dissembling turbans drove from Spain;—
All speak our country's vows. O let the pain
Of hard-besetting fever flee away:
Long as the fabled bird, let Philip reign,
With strength renew'd, from this distressful day:
For on his life, to thy exalted praise,
The peace of two great worlds suspended stays.

XVIII. THE POET OFFERS A WAX-CANDLE TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN FOR THE HEALTH OF PHILIP III.

This pillar composite, from bloom and bud,
With skill industrious, not to say, divine,
Close-wrought by swarms of spring,—no rude design,
Though fashion'd in laboratory rude,—
Which, like the old felon born of Titan's brood,

Hath stolen the rapid fire, and boasts to shine,
All reckless how the flame doth undermine
Its strength, insatiate of such flowery food,—
This towering mass, in short, with splendour crown'd,
A splendour to its own destruction fed,
Mother and Maid, for our good King I raise:
Restore his health, whose sword, in earth's wide round,
Where sun or silvery moon their lustre shed,
Hath heralded thy Son's immortal praise.

See Note.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF PHILIP III.

Stay here thy steps, sad stranger: let this tomb
Thy tear-dimm'd eyes delay,
This royal pile, amidst the minster's gloom,
Bright as the diamond's sparkling ray,
And of such form, as Egypt's age of fame
Rear'd to her barbarous kings in pyres like pointed
flame.

Stay here; but not to mark the costly store
Of metals, or of stone,
Nor art, whose power may add one triumph more
To times by many a wonder known;
Though with a strength unyielding to decay
To ages yet unborn this glittering pile shall stay.

Call it not pomp profane: such splendour due
Its own mute tale would tell:
This outward beauty, sadly fair to view,
Invites thine inward sense to dwell
With Reason in thy heart's recess, and own
The lore that Truth reveals to hearts that muse alone.

A mighty King lies here: his ashes sleep
Beneath this stately mound:
Lo, the recording marble seems to weep,
And sculptured forms are bending round:
Religion mourns, at whose sustaining breast
Devotion and young Zeal, her twinborn children, rest.

Sweet Mercy mourns his end, in manhood's prime,
Though not unblest he died;
And with her tears upbraids the wrong of Time;
And grasps the arms she used to guide,
The right-defending lance she bade him bear,
And his unconquer'd sword, less prompt to strike than spare.

And wise Munificence stands weeping by,
As lavish now of tears,
As for four lustres of her rich supply
Of gifts to Philip's grateful peers,
When the New World could scarce with all its store
Satiate the liberal soul abounding more and more.

Gaze on that jasper pale: the form it gives
May solemn thoughts inspire:
It is a gentle grace, whose memory lives
Beyond his funeral's smouldering fire;
Pure Chastity; his youthful years she led,
And bless'd with purest joys his fruitful marriage-bed.

These were the Virtues of our King and Saint,
Philip the Third of Spain.
Let not the royal tomb with carvings quaint
Invite thy pitying tears in vain;
But pray thy prayer, and haste, that duty done;
Brief is thy light: the realm hath lost its Royal Sun.

ON THE VISIT OF CHARLES,

PRINCE OF WALES, TO THE INFANTA MARIA.

Fair from his cradle springs the star of day,
  Rock'd on bright waves, fair sinks his parting light:
  Such be thy course, in sunlike beauty bright,
Daughter of kings, and born to be, as they,
The world's majestic wonder. Lo! thy ray
  Hath call'd a royal bird, in venturous flight,
  From realms where keen Arcturus fires by night
The polar skies: from regions far away
He wheels on swiftest wing: within thy sphere
  Secure his bold eye drinks the soft clear fires.
Now, Heaven and Love, be kind; and, both, ordain,
  What time his suit shall win thy beauty's ear,
  The Northern Eagle, won with chaste desires,
By Truth's pure light may live to God again!

POEMS ON RODRIGO CALDERON.

The reader is referred to the Hist. and Crit. Essay generally, for all that concerns the history of Rodrigo Calderon, and the Poet's relations to him. See particularly sections 123-126.

TO RODRIGO CALDERON.

WRITTEN BEFORE HIS FALL.

Stay thy speed, thou puny River,
Break thy vain ambition's dream:
Would'st thou be the Guadalquivir,
Or the lordly Ocean stream?

Fond one, thou wilt end in sorrow;
Swelling pride must shrink in shame:
Nought will rest of thee to-morrow,
Save the warning of thy name.

Poorly born in barren mountain,
Creeping where thou couldst not go,
Wouldst thou now forget the fountain,
Where thy weakness learnt to flow?

What shall be thy glory's waning,
When this noisy hour is past;
When thy chafing and complaining
Have complain'd and chafed their last?

When has night in slumbers bound thee?
When does morn thy peace restore,
While the world is smiling round thee,
Murmuring still with fretful roar?

'Tis the very mood of madness,
Where thy course each barrier stays,
Vex'd and moaning loud in sadness
On the rocks thou canst not raise.

Wouldst thou seal thy own death-warrant?
Warning speaks in every wave:
Thou art rushing fast, poor torrent,
From thy cradle to thy grave.

Fate the funeral shroud is weaving:
Wouldst thou court her hand to slay?
Ah! for woe! thy self-deceiving
Will but pass with life away.

ON THE DEATH OF RODRIGO CALDERON.

Seal up the shrouding cere-cloths :—he is gone :
His restless soul hath pass'd its mortal bourn :
Light be his sleep, no more to watch the turn
Of Fortune's tide, beneath the cold gray stone.
Hapless, yet happy ! For not all undone
He dies, though judgment grant no funeral urn :
Him, whom his pitying country deigns to mourn,
Time cannot all destroy, nor Fame disown.
The flattering World, most false when seeming fair,
For four long lustres smiled to see him great,
And kept behind her smiles her killing sword :
Then from the palace to the scaffold-stair
How rush'd he like a meteor ! Mighty Fate,
What trumpet speaks like thy mute warning word !

ON THE DEATH OF RODRIGO CALDERON.

Well might thy funeral hearse be deck'd and piled
With woods of price, with balmy odours rife,
Bright Phenix, in thy death, if not in life,
Escaped from snares, that once thy feet beguiled.
Die, die in peace, consoled with Mercy mild:
Mount,—since, instead of flames, the vengeful knife
Hath purged thy dross,—from agony and strife,
To tread in courts no more by sin defiled:
A phenix in thy state on earth; but ne'er
Thy phenix-state allured admiring eyes
So numberless, as those that weep for thee:
Nor mortal Fame could give thee wings so fair,
As those that waft thee from thy bier to rise,
Plumed with glad Hope, to Faith's strong victory.

ON RODRIGO CALDERON.

The fatal sword, that bade thee die,
So glorious made thy dying name,
'Twere meet the loudest trump of Fame
Thy stedfast end should glorify:
But if she cannot worthily
Adorn a tale beyond her power,
The terror of that torturing hour
May well demand of mighty Death,
To tell how thy victorious faith
Approved thee more than conqueror.

THE DEATH OF RODRIGO CALDERON.

BY VILLAMEDIANA.

A herald's voice I hear,
A harsh ill-boding cry:
The crowd in sadness and in fear
Stand listening silently:

"This day a felon bleeds
For crime of murder done:"
No other charge the doomsman reads;
He dies for this alone.

Stern harbinger of woe,
Amidst this tragic scene
Thy voice proclaims how false the show
Of Glory's pomp hath been.

Fain would I view him near;
But access none is found:
The trooping horsemen every where
So closely guard him round.

The mounted alguacils:
In mournful guise they come;
And every lip mute silence seals,
With grief and terror dumb.

But soft! Can that be he?
In outline dim is borne
A form of dread. O can it be
For him that I too mourn?

A cross is in his hand;
On that his earnest eyes
Are fix'd: that key may best command
The portal of the skies.

I see, I see him now,
Calm, still as marble stone;
The firmness of that settled brow
Death's terror ne'er hath known.

Of three heart-wearying years,
His term of prison long,
No trace his outward semblance wears,
His sinewy frame is strong.

His beard and auburn hair,
In flowing curls outspread,
Unchanged by grief or pining care,
Adorn his reverend head:

And on his slow-paced beast
He sits erect and high,
As though he rode to courtly feast,
And not in shame to die.

Save when that form on rood
He bathes with many a tear,
And prays the Just One and the Good
His dying suit to hear.

The friars, whom pity drew
Their comfort to apply,
Are awed to silence, while they view
His wonderous constancy.

Just heaven! Is this the same,
So late in glory shown,
Whose pride would mate with kings, and claim
In Spain a second throne?

Who balanced, firm of hand,
The trembling hopes of all;
To fickle Fortune gave command,
And stood, and fear'd no fall?

If such the transient bliss
Of unsubstantial power,
O who would risk for prize like this
One brief unclouded hour?

The hopes in misery flee,
That lured the wretch to rise;
The flowering spring-tide past, the tree
In naked ruin dies.

Yet fearless still and strong
He mounts the scaffold-stair:
The fate that dogg'd his steps so long,
He knows, will meet him there.

Once more with flowing tears
He humbly turns to kneel:
It is his pardoning God he fears,
And not the avenging steel.

He rises to his doom;
His last meek prayer is pray'd:
On the dim threshold of the tomb
His step is undismay'd.

He takes the fatal chair:
The headsman at his knee
He raises up with speeches fair,
And grants forgiveness free:

"Alike both thou and I
To law's constraint must bow:
Despatch,—the blinding headband tie
Around my dying brow."

'Tis done: the bloody knife
Is launch'd: on scaffold floor
A headless corpse is stretch'd; the life
Is fled for evermore.

POEMS RELATING TO JUAN DE TASSIS, COUNT OF VILLAMEDIANA.

For the history of the Count of Villamediana the reader is referred to the Historical and Critical Essay, Sections 111-117. Any other historical allusions in these poems will be briefly explained in the notes.

TO THE COUNT OF VILLAMEDIANA

ON HIS POEM ENTITLED PHAETON.

Those daughters of the Sun, by banks of Po
  Transform'd of yore, now stand, as in a ring
  The Muses stand around their bright-hair'd King ;
Clear as Po's amber-streams their voices flow :
And that sad swan, whose hues outvied the snow,
  Who found his oary feet and mantling wing,
  When Phaëton was slain, now seems to sing,
As though Apollo breathed his dirge of woe.
But who is he, whose magic tones restore
  The poplar-sisters, and the white-plumed bird,
And bid the hardy youth aspire again?
O, wheresoe'er by ocean-stream or shore
  The sunbeams play, let that brave song be heard,
Thou Mercury of the sceptred Jove of Spain.

TO THE SAME,

ON HIS JEWELS, PAINTINGS, AND HORSES.

Gems, such as Eastern realms ne'er yielded yet,
  Brute earth, yet rivals of the star of day,
  Thy caskets rich from many a mine display,
In lead, if not in nobler metal, set:
And foreign art in thy rare cabinet,
  Match'd well with home-born skill, doth so portray
  Mute forms of men,—so full of life are they,—
That fancy hears them speak in council met:
And scarce the beauteous dam to life hath given
  Her colt or foal, the fruitful wind's fleet brood,
Around whose arching neck the bow of heaven
  Plays where they bathe in dews of Bœtis' flood;
But their young fire is tamed with curbs of gold
For thee, O glorious heir of barons bold.

NINE SONNETS, BY VILLAMEDIANA.

I. SAY, WHAT IS BEAUTY?

Say, What is Beauty? 'Tis a ray of light
From light's first fount, shower'd in ten thousand streams;
A glory from the eternal daystar's beams,
Telling of realms with living truth made bright;
A hue, though changed by sorrow, fair to sight,
Not lost, though sin obscure its gladsome gleams,
Whereof, though art's discourses are but dreams,
Haply the soul's clear vision reads aright.
Where'er the silvery moon, or golden sun,
Dart radiance, she is with them as they roll;
Earth's utmost poles her temple rear afar:
The wonders Love Divine for man hath done
Her pencil paints alone, her gorgeous scroll
The spacious world, each character a star.

II. FAITH.

Shall Faith unwitness'd perish? Nay, the wave
Of dark blue ocean first shall cease to roll,
And Memory on its tides, as on a scroll,
Her deeds in stedfast characters engrave.
The barque of God, unterrified, may brave
The dim untraversed flood of either pole,
Defy conspiring winds, or treacherous shoal,
In night's blind darkness find a light to save.
Still shall he speed to port, though tempests blow,
To whom her compass fervent Zeal hath given,
With Faith, and Hope, and God to point his road:
He shall behold heaven open'd from below,
Or by his prayer to earth shall bring down heaven:
Such might awaits the soul that trusts in God.

III. THE CRUCIFIED.

When on Thy form I gaze, all-pitying Lord,
Upon the bitter Cross in anguish hung,
Mock'd with fell taunts from many a slanderous tongue,
And with sharp spear Thy sacred bosom gored;
I tremble at the thought, what stern award
Awaits my sins, since pains so fierce and strong
Were borne by Thee, unstain'd by thought of wrong

True Light of Light's pure Fount, Incarnate Word!
Yet in that fear glad hope finds strength to grow,
  Hope, by that guiltless blood's remembrance taught,
Which gave its life to cleanse my guilty stain:
And Faith, whose breath is comfort, bids me know,
  The soul, by its dear God's own lifeblood bought,
Shall to its being's Author live again.

IV. ON THE DEATH OF THE COUNT OF CORUNNA.

When youth, impetuous as the boiling flood,
  Courts danger's maddening waves, sworn foe to peace,
  The sudden blow, that bids his day-dreams cease,
Comes with a force as terrible as rude:
High Providence alone, still just, still good,
  Can in one moment from all guilt release,
  From light neglect and long forgetfulness,
When with one pang the heart its guilt hath rued.
Lord, grant it now! such grace were meet from Thee:
  For ne'er was crime so deep, or space so brief,
But Thy sweet mercy could suffice for all:
Let Pity trust that such this end might be,
  Though far from safety's port, and Fear and Grief
Abhor blind pride's stern mood and bitter fall.

V. PRAISE OF THE DUKE OF LERMA.

On strong Alcides' shoulders Atlas laid
A weight which strong Alcides best could bear:
Two worlds by thee upheld attest thy care,
Firm to sustain, beneficent to aid.
Zeal at thy side with mercy mild array'd,
Greatness with gentle train of almsdeeds fair,
Comfort the good, and bid the bad despair;
The constant thou hast cheer'd, the weak upstay'd.
These virtues, and thy generous heart and hand,
Best graces, which to generous blood belong,
Have made thee meet on fortune's heights to stand:
Mild meekness, which base Envy dares not wrong,
Free bounty, large as space of sea and land,
Ordain thee heir of Time's enduring song.

VI. REASONS FOR RETIREMENT.

If each man may by choice his fortune frame,
And he who highest aims is envied more,
Be mine the golden mean, the modest store,
Which, settled in the mean, is still the same.
Let others, fool'd by hope, more venturous game
Essay, where flattering, envying, throngs adore:
But unbeguiled, within my humble door

Let me no claimants hear, and urge no claim.
Sooner than on my shoulders bear the load
  Of princely sway, provoking still anew
The murmuring plaint of censure's varying strain,
Let me in dim retirement's safe abode
  Forgotten live, forget life's dreams untrue,
And die unvex'd by wrong'd ambition's pain.

VII. WRITTEN IN HIS BANISHMENT FROM COURT.

I gaze upon the unquiet sea from shore,
  As the glad pilot, who safe port hath won,
  Long toss'd at Fortune's will in gulfs unknown,
Who hears the hungry billows round him roar:
Gladly I gather up the remnants poor
  Of my wreck'd hopes, which have not quite gone down,
  Taught wisdom by the light of Fate's dark frown,
Alive to knowledge now, to hope no more.
Patience, the skill to splice thy rudder-band
  Needs breath more firm, and arms more strong, than mine;
The drifting keel its guiding helm hath lost:
To break my fall I found no pitying hand;
  My cheated trust sank foundering in the brine,
The prey of mocks and scorns,—too dear the cost.

VIII. PHILIP IV. IN COUNCIL.

"The English and the Persians, for our sin,
Have taken Ormuz, Sire: the Philippines
Are ruin'd by the Dutchman's brigantines:
Brazil and Lima tremble at the din
Of pirate war: the Lutheran foe within
Our Indian Isles has rear'd his hostile signs:
The Valtoline, or twenty Valtolines,
If Rome should win them, soon the Turk will win:
The foes join league, and all the horizon lours:
Your scatter'd empire totters far and near,
Danger at hand, and succour all too slow."
The king replied: "For this we give full powers
To the Count-Duke. Now let his daughter dear
Be wed; and to the boar-hunt we will go."

See Note.

IX. HARD WORDS ON STEENIE AND BABY CHARLES.

By Heresy upborne, that giantess,
Whose pride heaven's battlements in fancy scales,
With Villiers his proud Admiral, Charles of Wales
To Mary's heavenly sphere would boldly press.
A heretic he is, he must confess;

Heaven's light ne'er led his knighthood's roving sails;
But the bright cause his error countervails,
And heavenly beauty pleads for love's excess.
So now the lamb with cub of wolf must mate;
The dove must take the raven to her nest;
Our palace, like the old ark, must shelter all:
Confusion, as of Babylon the great,
Is round us, and the faith of Spain, oppress'd
By fine state-reason, trembles to its fall.

RHYMES ON THE MINISTRY OF OLIVARES.

The king a child,—the favourite, king,
Vice-favourites round him many a one:
A President, who cannot bring
His mind to dwell beneath the moon:
The Confessor, an ox that might
For sleekness win the prize at show:
Cheap ministers, whose rule of right
Veers round with all court-winds that blow;
Slaves, that to upstart favourite pay
The worship due to truth and heaven,
And in their idol's refuge pray
To find all past offence forgiven:—
When flesh and blood make league so strong,
And prudent Mammon serves his friends,
Well fare the world, where present wrong
For older wrong makes sweet amends!

See Note.

GONGORA

ON THE DEATH OF VILLAMEDIANA.

He lies in earth's dark bed,
Whose living rancour vex'd our noblest dead;
The bloodstain'd breast is bare,
Which search'd all other breasts, and would not spare.
He who before his fall
Spoke wildly, more than wisdom bade, of all,
Dies unregarded;—none
Speak of his fate, or mourn his spirit gone.
Mute silence best may veil
The sin, the shame, the terror of the tale.
How should that spirit fell,
That spoke so ill in life, in death speak well?
First courier of ill news he fain would be;
Such losing office none might seek but he:
But Death indignant, ere his task was done,
The posting mischief in its course outrun;
And shamed to brook, that tongue of venom'd breath
Should with bad haste o'ermatch the dart of death,
In life's mid race snapp'd short his vital thread,
And left the breathless corpse, ill fenced, ill sped.

POEMS

ILLUSTRATING THE POET'S PRIVATE HISTORY AND PERSONAL FRIENDSHIPS.

SONNETS.

I. ON HIS YOUTHFUL SICKNESS.

The Tormes upon his banks had mourn'd me dead,
Laid in a swoon and trance of sleep profound,
While thrice the ruddy God of Day unbound
His team, and stall'd his steeds in Ocean's bed:
Rare marvel was it, when I rear'd my head,
And gazed, as Lazarus might, all wondering, round;
Or rather, like the tricksy vagabond,
Of whom Castille in merry tales hath read:
For I, like Lazarillo, be it known,
Served a blind beggar, oft in fire and flame
Emperill'd, till my life was scarce my own.
O joy! if my deliverance be the same
As Lazarillo's, that base service done,
And witty vengeance salve the smart and shame.

See Hist. and Crit. Essay, sec. 6.

II. TO DON GERONYMO MANRIQUE, BISHOP ELECT OF CORDOVA.

Not as a stranger guest, good reverend Sire,
I came to your fair palace: Heaven above
Is witness, how the thought of friends we love
Makes sweet the rough road's toil, that else would tire.
But, ah! the cruel sickness, herald dire
Of that stern Power, whose pity none can move,
Dogging my steps, my feeble force outstrove,
Till One more mighty heard my heart's desire,
And cherish'd, by your guardian care benign,
I rose to health and safety. For such boon,
May life unvex'd by suffering long be yours,
Where Bœtis through dark woods is seen to shine,
Honour and age in happy union,
And God's sweet comfort speed the white-wing'd hours.

III. PRIMERO.

I play'd with Time upon a rising ground
The spring-game of Primero. Hands were shewn;
And at the third card dealt to me I found
The trump of price, whose worth was twenty-one.
Age now held stakes for me: the score went on
To forty-five. Ambition then drew nigh;
The sharper bade me wear, as though I'd won,

Her tinsel crown, in sign of victory.
What next? One deal was lost; my hope less high:
"What if old Time," methought, "should play his mace
With heavy power against me?" Age look'd shy,
More pale her mien, and changed her careworn face.
Yes! Time and Age had tricks I could not see,
Old gamesters both! Life's game was lost with me.

See Note.

IV. THE POET AND HIS PATRONS.

To Naples my good lord the Count is gone,
The Duke, my good lord too, is gone to France:
Heaven speed you, Princes both; for this day's chance
Will leave your stairs to some men dull and lone.
With learned clerks the Court is all o'erdone;
My muse shall ask no patron's countenance:
Give me, in my poor Andalusian manse
Safe shelter from grandees and summer sun.
There, with some few free books,—free, I would say,
From censures rash,—I walk and pass my time,
Ere, like the mellow fig, Time pass o'er me.
For what I cannot hope, I do not pray;
I hope at last, what not to hope were crime,
To reach that haven, where the just shall be.

V. ON THE CENSURE PRONOUNCED AGAINST HIS "LONELY MUSINGS." I.

With little wit, and polish next to none,
So says a great strong critic, no great clerk,
With heavy pace slow-wandering in the dark,
My lonely muse had to the Palace gone:
The pedant closed the gate with jealous frown,
An angry man, in learning much to seek,
Who sleeps in Spanish, dreams and snores in Greek,
And drops the Church's Creed, to preach his own.
Light was the weight of censure; yet it flew;
No road to Fame was open: every tongue
Malign'd my verse as strange,—more strange than new.
The grave Memorial envied the poor song
It would not study. Spite its worst may do;
But victory comes by patient suffering wrong.

VI. ON THE CENSURE PASSED ON HIS "LONELY MUSINGS." II.

Return, my lonely muse, and dwell alone,
More blest in wilds, where Horror broods around,
Than taught in courts base Flattery's songs to sound,
Like bird in cage, with voice no more thine own.
Like the wise consul, leave without a moan

The trammels gay that Virtue shuns to wear,
And seek the wood's green cloister, happiest there,
In wild deer's secret haunt by moss-clad stone.
List to that mellow note, the stockdove's wail,
From yon old oak, as though in mournful ways
She wooed the chequer'd brake to learn her tale:
O let her love-dirge from that woodland maze
Breathe warning: Like the still forsaken vale,
The lonely muse is deaf to blame or praise.

VII. POLYPHEME AND HIS CRITICS.

My gallant youth, the sea-maid's one-eyed lover,
Walk'd forth upon the pavement in Madrid,
When such a pack of curs as ne'er lay hid
In hamlet rude, to vex some harmless rover,
Came round him, with a noise like whelps in cover,
Pedants, and those who rail as pedants bid.
My goat-herd brave the causeway-path bestrid,
Snorting, and whistling like a startled plover;
Then drove them with his thundering voice away:
"They tell me I'm obscure," I heard him say;
"If once their lean wits land upon my coast,
I'll help them to the light that they desire;
Their paper-trash shall serve to make the fire,
At which their critic-limbs I'll grill and roast."

VIII. THE POET'S TROUBLES AT VALLADOLID.

I go, devour'd by bugs and mules; for one,
Thanks to a dire old bedstead; for the other,
Thanks to a friend, who, kind as any brother,
Left them with me; and twenty days are gone.
Farewell, old frame, whereon I lay to groan;
Old fragment of some ship from broker's yard,
Whose crew, like true *red rovers*, never spared
Their prize, till they had made my blood their own.
Come, mules; your master is not lapt in proof
Against compassion, nor in cruel scorn
Would wish me done to death with heel and hoof.
Farewell, poor Court, close hid in town forlorn;
Bull-ring in rural meadow. My low roof
Will find us, man and beast, cheap bread and corn.

IX. HOW LOAN OFT LOSES BOTH ITSELF AND FRIEND.

My lord the Count has to Charela gone,
Strapp'd all his packs, and spurr'd his mules amain:
Farewell, my good broad pieces, ne'er again
To visit my sad pouch. 'Twere vain to moan.
My lord's young page in leash now leads them on,
Turn'd into puppy greyhounds, dog or bitch;

'Tis right and fit; for holy Church is rich;
And why should priests have food, and dogs have none?
But my lord Count, they say, is to his wife
Less kind than to his hounds. Had wisdom ruled,
I ne'er had lent to him Segovian crowns.
But, if old saws are true, the happiest life
Is theirs, whom most goodnature has befool'd,
"Saint Mary aids, when cheating fortune frowns."

X. THE POET'S LIFE AT COURT.

Ye gallants, who in court your manhood waste,
Whom wild ambition cheats, or favour vain,
When all your teeth are drawn, like mine, at last
What prince of belt or sword will pay your pain?
I ne'er made count with lords to break my fast,
Or dine with princes: give me but at home
My mutton-gigot: such my plain repast,
As sober as a Jesuit's house at Rome.
I talk with none in secret: one and all
Are my good masters; but unask'd to give:
Those grand old trees their own grand boughs must keep:
'Tis not to lend or borrow, if we call,
But now and then we meet, to shew we live:
So let my sonnet end, and Care go sleep.

XI. ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM COURT AFTER THE CHANGE OF MINISTERS IN THE YEAR 1618.

Farewell the moral strain I lately took,
Babbling of lowly rills or mountain flood;
Howe'er they run, slow-paced, or swift and loud,
I'm neither Count of Fountains, nor Lord Brook.
The madding crowd my absence will o'erlook,
And I shall hide me from the madding crowd:
A humble cot my waning years shall shroud;
Cheap cost repairs the hermit's straw-roof'd nook.
New satraps of my king, a blunt farewell!
But whether more in reverence, or in fear,
I pay this distant homage, none shall tell.
Farewell, thou boisterous world: sweet Quiet here
Will lull my fading age in secret cell:
Thanks to Toledo's generous priest and peer.

XII. TO HIMSELF, ON THE DEATH OF HIS FRIENDS.

I made my rest beneath an Oak, so tall,
It was the forest's envy, fair as proud;
Alas! one morn beneath the steel it bow'd;
Deep horror thrill'd me at its sounding fall.
The Laurel, on whose boughs her coronal
My rustic muse had hung, to friendship vow'd,

A blow struck down, like lightning from a cloud;
Alas! a pen provoked it, steep'd in gall.
Erewhile the cultured Olive, gray while green,
Fair tree, took fire beneath the sun's fierce ray;
Pale ashes lay, where late its shade had been.
How long shall hope beguile me where I stray?
What undeceivings yet must fill the scene?
What warnings, ere life's bondage pass away?

See Note.

XIII. TO AN EXCELLENT FOREIGN PAINTER, WHO WAS TAKING HIS PORTRAIT.

My likeness thou hast stolen :—such grace it owes
To thy strange pencil, strange with art unknown,
So warm, so bright, each feature wakes and glows
With colours on the patient canvas thrown;
I fear, lest all this skill be destined soon,
Like his, who dared to animate dull clay
With solar fire, to die in embers down,
And all the ethereal essence pass away.
But no! thy noble theft shall ne'er decay;
Go on, dear Belgian, fear no lightning-blast
For gentle art like thine: for many a day,
To age of forest-oaks, the work shall last:
The senseless image lasts: but oh! the span
How brief of him it pictures, godlike man!

XIV. TO HIMSELF. HOPE DEFERRED.

I linger, like the wretch to death resign'd
In prison-cell, condemn'd with life to part:
But more the fault torments me, than the smart,
Forced out, like men besieged, by hunger pined.
My fault hath been my fortune's star unkind,
But more my tongue, its grief that could not tell;
For both I take the blame in this farewell;
To die, confess'd at least, with lighter mind.
Now let the keen axe come to end my woe,
How sharp so e'er it be. There's comfort still:
The great of soul feel ruth for mortal pain:
The words, which dumb reserve forbade to flow,
My verse may speak, and find the happy skill
Of voice and tears that shall not plead in vain.

XV. TO HIMSELF. DEFIANCE OF FORTUNE.

Forth, Fortune, forge the fetters,—bind them round
My growing hope,—thy bands but make me bold
To sing my song of freedom uncontroll'd,
As though their clank had music in the sound.
The youth of yore through Envy vex'd and bound,
At length by Truth redeem'd from prison cold,
By false ones, who refused him worship, sold,

E'en through their sin who sold him, worship found.
What rock has dared oppose my Sovereign's will,
Fenced with his royal seal,—to bid me pine
With grace deferr'd, who dreamt of joy erewhile?
No matter,—be it lawyer's busy skill,
Or statist's craft,—they fear this muse of mine,
Too high and pure for Flattery's venal style.

XVI. TO HIMSELF. RESIGNATION AND CONFIDENCE.

Away! let wrathful Auster rage and roar
Against my barque with all his storms combined;
Fate, till my life's last gasp, my arm shall find
Holding the steadfast anchor evermore:
Why not, since Hope, who drew me first from shore,
Still in the heart's firm temple reigns enshrined?
Hers are all masts, that trade with every wind,
Each sail that studs the sea's untrodden floor.
The twin-born starry fires, which Greece adored,
So oft around my maintop dance and play,
I hold them now for safety's signals fair;
While for six lustres, toiling still on board,
Through rocks and shelving sands I plow my way,
Too sad for joy, too buoyant for despair.

XVII. LEAVING THE COURT.

My lords, I take my leave: the look'd-for grant,
So my hard lot hath will'd, I ne'er shall see:
My kinsmen, bound by debt of love to me,
Will shield me from the debts that threaten want,
You doom me to the friar's rude portion scant,
Deem'd worthy once of garb of chivalry:
I care not: I shall nestle, poor but free,
In Andalusia's clime, my childhood's haunt,
With Andalusian breezes round. Unmeet
Was I to bear the chaplain's honour'd name
Of that great king, whose sway both Oceans own:
His servant still, at Fate's imperious feet
With lenten vow my baffled hopes I'll tame,
Ungraced, but to myself no more unknown.

DESPONDENCY.

To think that thinking brings relief
  To rankling thoughts conceived in pain,
  Is but to think by fiercer strain
To soothe the tortured body's grief.
The seas that break through all the year,
  On rocks their idle foam-showers leaving,
  Outwork not my sick thoughts, fast heaving
Each day, to break and disappear.
They call it melancholy fear:
  O no! 'tis truthful undeceiving.

Vain dreams of promised joy, away!
  Vain flatteries, leave me to repose!
  Come, Reason, spectacles on nose,
Aid me, with old Experience grey!
Hope's buoyant wings of ill-weaved thought
  Will shrink and burst, as those that bore
  The venturous Attic boy of yore:
The wax, by Truth's bright sunbeams caught,
Will melt, the fabric sink to nought,
  Drown'd in dark seas without a shore.

The Sirens cannot lull to sleep
  The wretch who knows himself a slave,
  His oar may dip in calmest wave,
But bondage bids him wake and weep:
The secret wounds that inly bleed,
  For all that changeful thought can do,
  Change not, or changing bleed anew:
The poor chameleon, doom'd to feed
  On air, may change its shifting hue,
But cannot change its heavy speed.

LOUISA DE CARDONA.

Louisa of Cardona, gentle maid,
So brightly arch, so delicately pale,—
So ne'er may painted gallant's false love-tale
Move thee, or hooded fop's in masquerade;
But from thy presence let them slink dismay'd,
Wondering with what rare twinge their left sides ail,
Or how Dan Cupid's birdbolt should assail
The fort that vanity so sure had made;—
As I protest, since doom'd from thee to part,
Full oft the pulse of sense hath ceased to beat
For hours,—I mean, while sleep would with me be:
But now awake to thee I send my heart;
While thy sweet marmalade, thy jelly sweet,
Feeding sweet thoughts, evoke sweet vows to thee.

See Hist. and Crit. Essay, sec. 7.

ON THE

DEATH OF LOUISA DE CARDONA.

And art thou dead, sweet Lady?
How oft, amidst the wreath,
That decks young brows at May-day,
Lies coil'd the serpent death!

Those arrows, heavenward tending
On love's young eagle-wing,
The bow too rudely bending,
Have left a broken string.

The shepherds mourn, the sad ones,
For thee in hawthorn wild;
For thee the village-maidens,
The true and unbeguiled:

And echo's voice, replying
From stock or cavern'd stone,
Ne'er mock'd, in all its sighing,
So pure a sorrow's moan.

Thou wind, that through the forest
Sad-sounding, bidst the tree
Deplore whom thou deplorest,
How mourn the woods with thee!

For they had seen her follow
The Virgin Huntress-Queen,
By many a tangled hollow,
Or fountain's margin green:

Through glades by wild deer haunted
Her speed outstripp'd the roe;
With bristling boar, undaunted,
To combat would she go.

The transient fault forgive her!
The maiden fair and young
Soon left her idle quiver
In sacred grove uphung;

The laurel-grove, that shadeth
The ground where she is laid;
No scorching sun invadeth
That chaste and verdant shade;

The tree, that sheltereth ever
Her memory chaste and blest,
Which clamorous bird may never
Profane with wanton nest;

But in the leafy dwelling
The turtle's voice alone,
With tender sorrow swelling,
Its widow'd love shall moan.

There virgins shall assemble,
The choirs that loved her best,
Whose hearts with hope shall tremble
To share her spirit's rest.

No tomb shall there be builded,
Where flaunting sunbeams play,
And costly marble gilded
Outbraves the dazzling day;

Nor curious art emblazon
The quaint sepulchral urn,
For wandering eyes to gaze on,
To wonder, not to mourn.

But where the ground is holy,
And meek ones walk with pray'r,
The modest stone and lowly
Its lasting scroll shall bear:

"Stay, stranger, if thou carest
True virtue's praise to know;
A form of hers, the fairest,
Here rests in earth below:

"Valencia's starlike daughter
She rose by Turia's wave,
And here to Tâyo's water
Her parting radiance gave."

LINES TO PEDRO DE ANGULO AND OTHERS.

TO PEDRO DE ANGULO.

The moist serenes of dewy night,
Dear gossip, play such tricks with me,
I dare not walk, when stars are bright,
In your serenest company.

I caught of late a fierce catarrh
By vapours from our heated plains:
The night-air in its cruel war
Will make no terms with poets' brains.

My keen desires, that fain would roam,
Close prisoners to the house I bind;
My person dwells immured at home,
With thirty bolts and bars confined.

Therefore a truce to mirth and fun;
A truce awhile to graver things;
For where Health comes not, room is none
For grace of Heaven, or grants of Kings.

Ah, friend, I fear you; for these eyes
Beheld the cards, one, two, and three,
Which once you chose to victimise,
That certain sinners might go free.

Poor sinners! when your rage burst forth,
How did their valour rise to swear
By all their grim moustaches' worth,
Henceforward they would play you fair.

But on the cards, in generous scorn,
Wisely your untamed wrath you broke;
Like the brave bull, that turns his horn,
Not on the cheater, but the cloak.

No doubt, the ruby Lizard-Cross,
Which decks your breast, with many a pang
Has vexed you; when your chance was loss,
You felt it bite with mortal fang;

Or with its sword-point at your heart
You found it gave a keener sting,
Where grief had cower'd beneath the smart,
Like tender bird with bating wing.

But Heaven forefend, that Cross, which gave
Such might to Christian chiefs of yore,
The swarming Moslems to outbrave,
Till streams ran red with Moorish gore,

That ensign fair, St. James of Spain,
Oft borne on royal banners high,
Courage of knight in battle-plain,
And grace of peaceful chivalry,

Should see a comrade of its vow,
Who in its order'd ranks hath stood,
Take arms in Pride's bad service now,
And burn to shed poor Christians' blood.

Well, after all, no risk I'll fly;
With you at eve I'll walk the town:
But, mark me, none shall fight or die,
And we will part when day goes down,

At that good hour, when like a king
The mule-boy feasts, his day-work done,
And hawks on perch are dieting
On bittern-legs or jay's breast-bone.

Good night! May yours be evermore
Sound sleep, unvex'd by pain or care,
And the grave doctor by your door
Pass on, and find no patient there.

See Hist. and Crit. Essay, Sec. 52.

TO PEDRO DE ANGULO,

STAYING AT GRANADA.

His snow-white hair with dark-leaved poplar crown'd,
Old Genil hears thy pipe, and stills his roar,
Nor envies, while he listens to the sound,
The wealth that Darro rolls in golden ore:
And, should thy reed, like tuneful lute of yore,
Call forth his marble blocks and boulders gray
To rise in walls along his pleasant shore,
The living stones would waken and obey.
Return then, rival of Amphion's lay
In polish'd song, or his, who could recall
The ghosts that roam'd the abyss to upper day:
For Bœtis, in whose grot the scant waves fall
Through summer dry, thy absence soon will mourn
With floods of tears outwelling all his urn.

TO LEWIS DE ULLOA,

A GENTLEMAN OF TORO.

High on the front of Spain's embattled brow,
With generous splendour, not vain glory, crown'd,
Fairest of seats which Douro's waters bound,
Stands Toro; and fair Toro's boast art thou:
Why roam thy steps in other regions now,
Love's pilgrim? Vain is flight from arrow's wound,
Barb'd with hard steel from mountain caves profound,
And temper'd in the fountain's icy flow.
As vainly stricken deer his hurt might hide,
Pierced by the envenom'd shaft. A braver part
Be thine: at Beauty's feet lay down thy pride.
Flight from fair nymph may suit the fearful hart:
The gentle spirit hastes, where Love will guide,
To kiss the hand that points the unerring dart.

TO JUAN DE VILLEGAS.

In lowly charge, but no ignoble ease,
Thy good lord's vassals thou dost govern well,
Not born to mate with princely dignities,
But where the free-born virtues love to dwell,
With honest gentlemen. The Muse's cell
Thy happy age from barbarous din will save,
With refuge sweet as Ida's secret dell
From burning Troy to old Anchises gave.
Then envy not, dear friend, the silken slave,
Who shines in courts, proud Fortune's minion gay;
Harsh is Court-convent law, where no poor knave
Finds entrance, but by favour, or for pay.
Content's calm footsteps tread the firm dry shore,
While round Ambition's barque wild breakers roar.

END OF VOLUME I.

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